

PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAY 1973 ONE DOLLAR

CC

THE APATHY OUTBREAK-
A NATIONAL REPORT

GEORGE C. SCOTT:
EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW

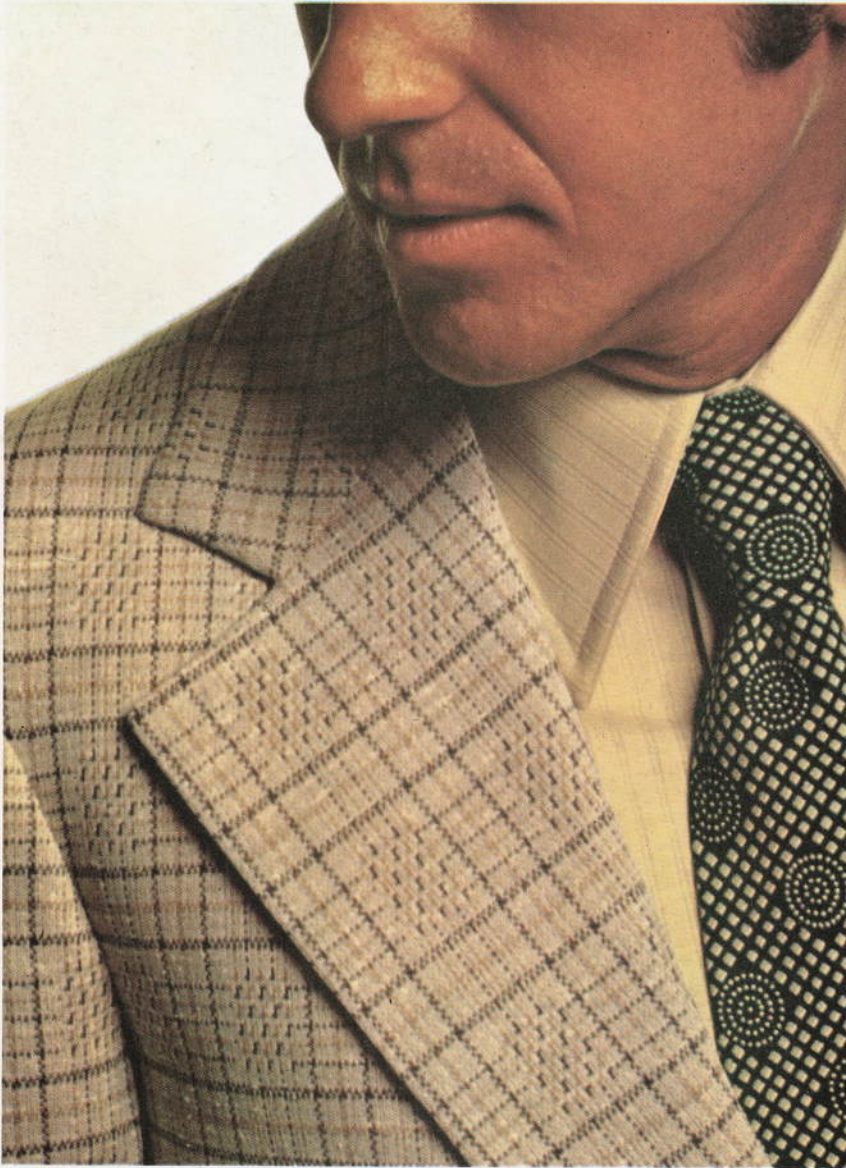
HENRY MORGAN'S
DOUBTFUL
DICTIONARY

CLOSE-UP OF A
COUNTRY
LAWMAN

THE HOW OF
HEIGHTENED
CLIMAXES



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a while.

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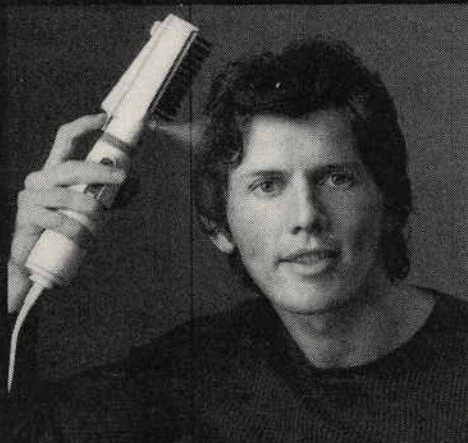
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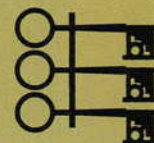


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The International Magazine for Men/MAY 1973
World-wide sale: 3,500,000*



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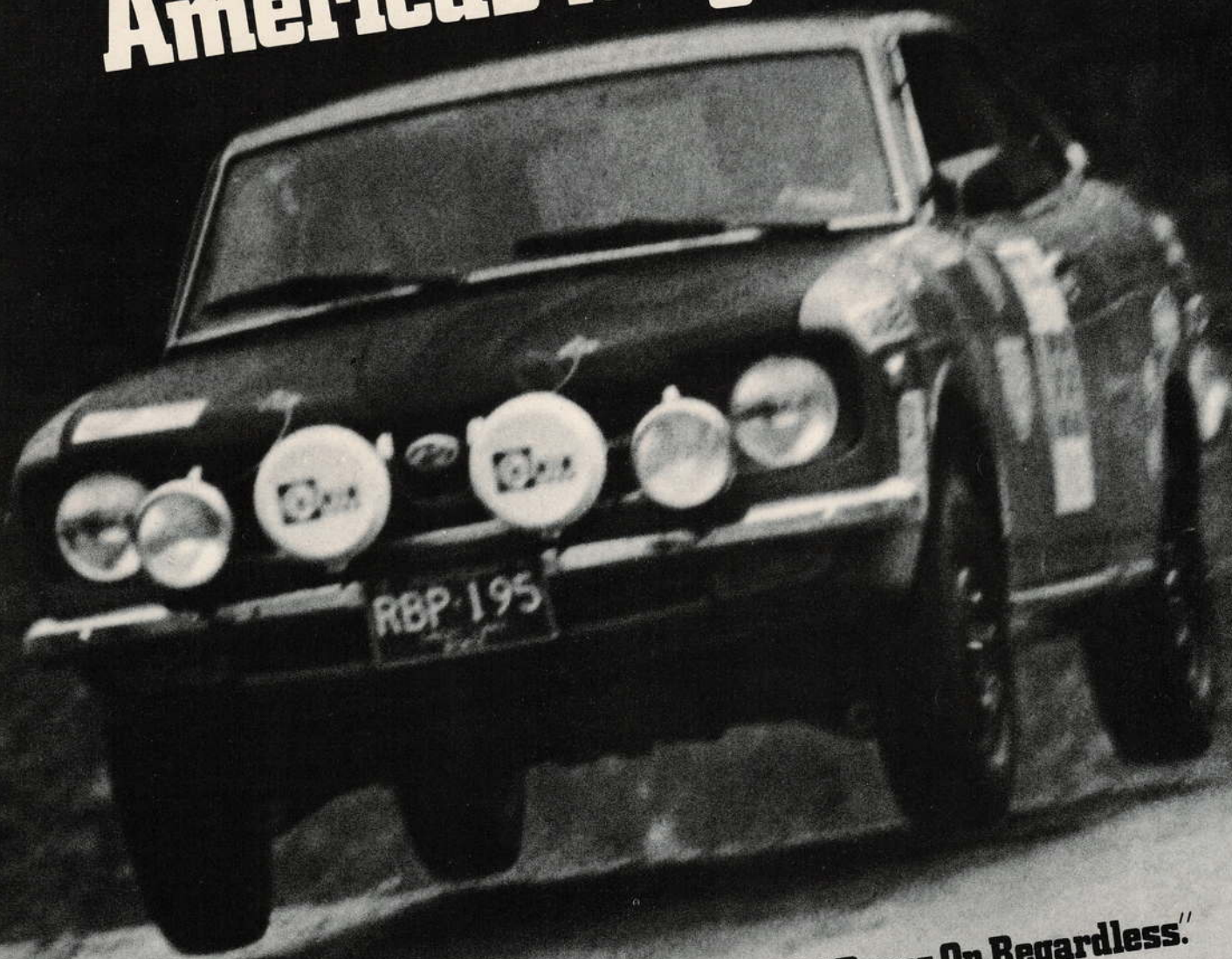
PENTHOUSE, 1973, U.S. Volume 4 Number 9; published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, 27th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022 (tel. 212 593 3301). U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB (tel. 01-385 6181). Entire contents copyrighted © by Penthouse International Ltd., 1965-6-7-8-9-70-1-2-3. All rights reserved. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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Advertising Offices: New York, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, 27th floor (tel. 212 593 3301); Midwest, Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1303, Chicago, Illinois 60601 (tel. 312 565 0466). West Coast, J. E. Publishers Representative Co., 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069 (tel. 213 659 3810); Southeast, J. E. Publishers Representative Co., 2001 Bryan Tower, Suite 1053, Dallas, Texas 75201 (tel. 214 651 1420). U.K. Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH (tel. 01-262 0331) Telex 919865. Printed in the U.S.A. by Wisconsin Cuneo Press Inc., 5400 West Good Hope Road, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Color origination by Mansell Litho Ltd., London. Distributed in the United States, Canada and all U.S. territorial possessions by the Curtis Circulation Co., 841 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., 19105, and distributed throughout the rest of the world by Magazine Division, New English Library Ltd., Barnard's Inn, Holborn, London E.C.1. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York © 12 August 1969 Penthouse International Ltd.

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HOUSECALL

When Penthouse published a much contested "Consumer Guide to Mysticism" there was no entry for the peculiar variety represented by Carlos Castaneda. In retrospect it is clear that Castaneda would have needed a category of his own. Surely it is a unique kind of mystic that repudiates his association with an article about himself in which he co-operated willingly with the author? Yet this is what happened to **John Wallace's** excellent account of Castaneda's alleged encounters with Yaqui sorcery (December). Wallace, associate professor of administration and psychology at the University of California at Irvine, was commissioned by Penthouse to report on the Castaneda phenomenon while Castaneda was lecturing there. The two held numerous conversations, and Wallace accompanied Castaneda (as the article related) to a "place of power" above the Malibu hills. Wallace was also given, among others, a manuscript described to him as a Ph.D. anthropology dissertation. According to *Time* however, Castaneda, whom it characterized as "infuriated", seems to have regarded our article as unauthorized. Perhaps in the world of mysticism truth is whatever you care to make it. Certainly this is Castaneda's method with his own personal history. Representing himself to be the son of a university professor, born in Brazil (which Wallace duly noted), he turns out to be, by *Time's* account, the son of a watchmaker, born in Peru—and 10 years older than his professed 38. We have to hope there is no sorcery among our present contributors, whom we once more rely on for personal data. **Craig Karpel**, who makes a welcome reappearance with an exploration of trendy apathy (page 44), tells us that at the University of Miami he learned that the only burning issue was the towing away of students' cars—only to discover that, outside, this was happening to his own. A swift interruption of apathy was necessary before he could continue his study. Karpel was lately in Morocco and will be reporting in *Sounds* next month on the local music scene. **George C. Scott**, subject of this month's interview (page 60) once worked at the New York Shakespeare Festival at the same time as his interviewer, **John Weisman**—but the two never met there. Weisman spent several years in stage management before turning to full-time writing. Now 31, he published this spring his first book, a collection of notes, letters, scripts etc called *Guerilla Theater: Scenarios for Revolution*. (Doubleday/Anchor). Also in print this spring is **Brian Boylan**, with three titles coming out, including *Orgasm* (Dell) from which we extract the article on page 107. Besides being a prolific author, Boylan has directed three off-Broadway plays, and wrote *The Trial of Major Andre*, produced at New York's Playwright's Workshop Studio in April. Two more of this month's contributors are in the year's book lists. **John Bowers** has a new novel *No More Reunions* (E. P. Dutton), and **Robert Silverberg** has a sci-fi story in Trident's forthcoming collection *Eros in Orbit*. We publish the story on page 80. Silverberg, a New Yorker now living in Oakland, Calif., has more than 60 published books to his name. John Bowers's contribution is a profile of a southern sheriff (page 94), a figure from the hills of East Tennessee where he himself grew up. 



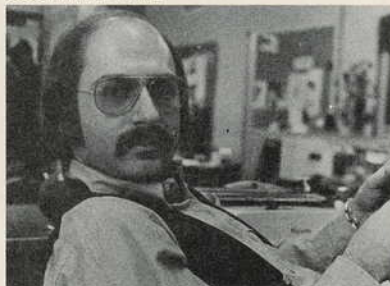
WALLACE



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SCOTT AND WIFE



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in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals please), though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, 27th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Revivals and rackets

Marjoe (February *Interview*) is still a shuck. Witness, brother. In response to your question on page 108, "You wrote the stuff yourself?" our boy says, "Yeah, I'd say: 'I met a man who for four years was a heroin addict . . . He was high riding and low sliding. Busting heads and popping reds. Slashing tires and setting fires. Sneaking in doors and banging whores. Shooting and looting . . . I thought of that in the middle of the night.'"

On page 27 of *Soul on Ice* by Eldridge Cleaver, a man in a gathering of blacks at Folsom Prison discussing the Watts riots says: "Baby, they're walking in fours and kicking in doors; dropping Reds and busting heads; drinking wine and committing crime, shooting and looting; high-siding and low-riding, setting fires and slashing tires . . ." Hmmm . . . — *Al Smith, Rochester, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Of course, I have nothing but contempt for the dishonest preachers—those blasphemous hypocrites—whom Marjoe Gortner has rightfully smitten. On the other hand, I deeply admire Marjoe himself as a man whose righteousness is as rare as it is praiseworthy. Marjoe's conversion has been truly selfless. In return for his noble action, Marjoe has sought no benefit

(except perhaps a cool million dollars).—*Robert Goldberg, Starling Ave., Bronx, N.Y.*

My favorite President

In recent years I have been saddened by the apparent loss of Al Capp's sense of humor. Great humorists and satirists are hard to come by in any age, and ours seems to be less encouraging to them than most. Their general absence from the scene is very distressing.

But Capp's piece in your magazine proves conclusively that the Old Master still retains all the verve and élan of his former days. Without doubt *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* (January) is the funniest thing Capp has come up with since Sadie Hawkins' day. Some of the lines in this article are consummate models of preposterous satire. The caricatures of Nixon as "a towering intellect", of Agnew as "honest and useful", and of Reagan as "the savior of higher education in California", had me literally falling out of my chair with laughter.

Capp wasn't content simply to fire such shafts with their unerring slivers: he went on to find the absolute ultimate in absurdist comedy, characterizing George Wallace as "a friend to the blacks". Thank you, Penthouse, for proving to us that Capp has finally managed to get it all

back together again. With people like him living here among us in Massachusetts, it's no wonder we're the only state in the Union that managed to retain a semblance of sanity during the recent November debacle. Cheers.—*Robert E. Toomey Jr., Byers St., Springfield, Mass.*

It is heartening to see your magazine present the work of one of America's great dissenters, Al Capp. As one of the first American public figures to question the efficacy of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy's tactics, Capp, unlike most of us, seems to re-examine constantly his own attitudes and positions.

It is common knowledge that Capp voted for Kennedy, Johnson and Humphrey in that order throughout the 1960s. As a former member of the Cambridge Politbureau (Galbraith, Schlesinger *et al.*), it must have been particularly difficult for Capp to recognize that at some point liberalism, his political philosophy, was kidnapped and is presently being held for ransom by people who really are not very liberal in the classical sense.

You should be commended for publishing a writer like Al Capp because he and few others today in the public sphere represent the viewpoint of thousands of non-Galbraithian academicians, of hundreds of thousands of non-Fonda-like young people, of millions of non-Carmichaelian blacks, and of tens of millions of Americans of different races, creeds, colors, ethnic backgrounds, wage levels and yes, even party affiliations.—*Daniel J. Rea Jr., Clifford St., Hyde Park, Mass.*

Just read the excellent Al Capp article. I for one will continue buying Penthouse as long as you keep publishing articles like this that give us a relief from cliché-ridden, adolescent, peer-group test opinions. How about some articles by Dr Shockley?—*Martin Millard, Ashbury, San Francisco, Calif.*

I read Al Capp's article with great interest. It was a change of pace from my daily media consumption. Yet, I found one of Capp's comparisons a bit hard to swallow. In analyzing Mr Agnew, Capp slighted Ralph Nader for "safe" attacks against big business and government and a closed-mouth approach to the press. But it seems obvious to me that Capp's complaint of "lack of editorial balance" on the part of the *New York Times* or any magazine or newspaper is the constitutional right of the publisher and the consumer to express and to buy any political, social or religious opinion, view or philosophy. Who is to judge what is harmful to any man's mind? Criticizing erroneous news is one thing; criticizing editorial balance is quite another. If you don't like their views, buy another newspaper.—*Tom Siemers, Eastlady Dr., Birmingham, Mich.*

The poor, misguided, silent majority thanks you.—*P. R. Puma Jr., Escubedo Drive, Woodland Hills, Calif.*

After reading Al Capp's article in the January issue, somehow the air smelled sweeter.—*S. C. Wentworth, Manchester Road, Eastchester, N.Y.*

From the outset Al Capp's article is riddled with shallow and pointless clichés, along with nonsensical comparisons (the 100,000 who demonstrated and the 200 million who didn't—please!). It is difficult even to see a trace of any concrete idea, except possibly that the White House outlined the article. Blacks barring whites is comparable to the reverse? It doesn't make sense, Jack, even to a little ol' cab driver like me who sees discrimination and alienation

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

What do you think of a guy who bought a \$150 turntable to go with a \$75 amplifier and a pair of \$40 speakers?

Smart. Audio "accountants" have formulas for appropriating funds to the various components in a stereo system. Usually they recommend about 20% of the total to take care of the turntable and cartridge, which is OK if your total is \$500 or more.

But what do you do if you really love music, and have a 10-LP-per-month habit that leaves you with peanuts to spend for hardware.

If you followed the accountants' advice you might end up with a \$5 or \$10 cartridge in a \$30 changer. It would be arithmetically compatible, and might even sound OK. But later on, when you can afford that monster system

you've had your eyes on, you might find that your records sound worse than they did on your old cheapie system—because the inexpensive changer, with heavy stylus pressure and unbalanced skating force, was grinding up the grooves. And your cheap amp and speakers wouldn't let you hear the damage.

And now that you've spent a pile on high power, low distortion electronics, and wide-range speakers, you have to spend another pile replacing your records.

So, if you think you will want the best amplifier and speakers later, be smart and get the best turntable now . . . the BSR 810. Send for detailed specifications. BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauevelt, N.Y. 10913.



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Roger Williams LOVE STORY FOR ALL WE KNOW YOUR SONG JUNI KAPF 93496	COME FROM THE SHADOWS JOAN BAEZ SONG OF BANGLADESH A&M 94385	JOHN MAYALL Memories THE CITY GRANDAD PLAY THE HARP POLYDOR 94013	I'M ALL YOURS-BABY! Ray Charles I DON'T KNOW WHAT TIME IT WAS MEMORIES OF YOU ABC 91666	GATHER ME Melanie BRAND NEW KEY RING THE LIVING BELL STEPPIN' NEIGHBORHOOD 94352	BEE GEES TRAFALGAR HOW CAN YOU MEND A BROKEN HEART ISRAEL WHEN DO I ATCO 93923	GODSPELL MUSICAL BASED UPON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW BELL THE GRAMMY AWARD WINNER 94437	Patchwork Bobbie Gentry CAPITOL 80494	TYRANNOSAURUS REX HOT ROD MAMA MUSTANG FORD TWIN SET COUNTS AS 1 A&M 94846	Loretta Lynn HERE I AM AGAIN MANHATTAN KANSAS A WOMAN A DAY DECCA 94858

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like never before. That's R.M.N. "bringing the nation together" Al.—*John Dodge, Boston, Mass.*

Pet partisans

Your photos of Maggi Burton (January) helped me understand why Australia is known as the bush country.—*William Mangum, Rosewood Ave., Winston-Salem, N.C.*

When a girl has a beautiful behind like Maggi, it deserves all the admiration and exposure it can get, both publicly and privately. Some women are so exquisitely made—like some flowers—that one is simply overwhelmed by their beauty and perfection. Your coverage of Maggi was superb. I also wish to commend your photographers on the sensuous and classical settings in which they place their girls, as the one complements the other and the sum total makes most of your competitors' pictures in comparison seem amateurish and lacking in aesthetic taste and quality.—*Al Schlich, Main St., Springfield, Ore.*

I loved your "cheek" shots of Maggi Burton, who has as fine an ass as any. I also love to see girls that have a little bit of fat on their bellies, and Maggi's picture on page 64 shows a hint of soft baby fat. If she had worn a pair of 20-inch waist size pants, her tummy would have looked really nice, trying like hell to keep from spilling over her waist band. It gives me such a thrill to see that on the beach. Last summer I saw a blonde explaining to her girlfriend how she just couldn't get rid of her roll of baby fat. She was wearing a bikini and though she was shapely, I was really turned on when she pinched her roll of fat with her thumb and forefinger. More pictures like that,

please.—*R. W. (name and address withheld), Linden, N.J.*

Maggi Burton is the prettiest Pet Mr Guccione has had the pleasure of photographing to date. Maybe the centerfold was chosen for the lighting, but the picture of Miss Burton on page 69 is the best presentation of the female form to pass the lens of a camera that I have ever seen. It is a balance of sensuousness and innocence.—*William "Russian" Kulchitsky, Philadelphia, Pa.*

You really have a winner with Karen Sather (February) and I would like to see more photos of her in Penthouse. I also enjoy reading the letters to Xaviera Hollander and the Penthouse Forum. In the future, I would like to see nude photography of Miss World (Belinda Green), actress Gunilla Hutten and Tara Lee, a former member of the Ding-a-ling Sisters.—*Wayne Denker, Petaluma, Lakewood, Calif.*

All I can say is thankyou, Penthouse, for a chance to view the finest woman I have ever seen. Miss Lynn Carey (December) has it all together and her pictures are beautiful and real. It's hard to pick out which shot I liked the best for they all present different facets of a fascinating person. The cover is a mind blower—one can hardly look away—and the sunlit shot in the chair is like that of a golden Madonna whereas the centerfold reminds me of a superwoman. Thanks for the best Christmas present ever!—*Lloyd Miles, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Brush fire

First, my appreciation of your fine articles, including Leah Wallach on *Change Partners* (January) and the answers to sex questions by Xaviera Hollander. However, it seems fashionable now for magazines to show a woman's

pubic hair. That is beautiful, but is it necessary to brush out the most beautiful part, the love lips? Your pictures of Maggi Burton are beautiful, because she is. The picture on page 67 of the January issue shows her luscious hips to great advantage. Also visible is a brownish area which shows the hair clearly enough, but again the most lovely part has been brushed out. Do you realize how frustrating it is to have you deface the mouth you'd love to kiss? Really, is this brush-out necessary?—*Paul R. Snider, Mt Royal Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Nothing was brushed out. We printed what the camera saw.—Ed.

Show me the way to go home

Statements concerning me in your *View from the Top* article (February) are incorrect. Four points: 1 The United States Government has no pull to get prisoners out, or they would all be out; 2 Mr Wilbur Mills is not one of my best friends; 3 The fact that I do a lot of business with housing authorities financed by the Department of Housing & Urban Development is irrelevant, and (last but not least) 4 I did not make statements to a gathering of peace activists and others the night before they took off to Hanoi to pick up my son.—*Barney Elias, West College, Jacksonville, Ill.*

Fred Darwin comments: "I accept Mr Elias' denial that Congressman Mills is not one of his best friends, and note that he does not deny that Mills is a friend. I also accept that the 'gathering of peace activists and others' was not held the night before the mission to Hanoi. As Mrs Cora Weiss, co-chairman of the Committee of Liaison, now recalls it, the gathering was several nights earlier. It was in the nature of a celebration and she believes Mr Elias may not

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have been entirely serious in the speculations he was heard to make about why his son was selected for release. There was never any intention to make any untrue statement about Mr Elias."—Ed.

Cold-shouldered at zero ft.

Fred Darwin's piece (*View from the Top* January) on the American air passengers stranded in London last summer repeats a *canard* that I thought had been laid to rest. Overseas National Airways was in no way responsible for the stranding. Daedalus Travel, now defunct, asked us to fly back their passengers, who had flown to Europe on other airlines—not ONA. We tried, but on the Friday before their scheduled Sunday departure, we told Daedalus that the British Government had denied us authority to operate the rescue mission so we had to bow out. We had no agreement with them regarding the flight and it is untrue, as Mr Darwin states, that the passengers' travel vouchers "were not honored" by ONA.

We have brought a \$1 million libel suit against Daedalus for their statements to the press attempting to blame us for their snafu. The other day a New York court, acting at the request of New York State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, ordered Daedalus to make restitution to the stranded passengers.—*Raymond J. Blair, Assistant Vice President, Public Relations & Advertising, Overseas National Airways, Jamaica, N.Y.*

Fred Darwin comments: "As the line immediately after the one quoted stated, 'Overseas National denied having any 'written or oral' agreement with Daedalus'. Thanks for the added clarification that the villain of the piece was the State Department, not ONA."—Ed.

In Fred Darwin's piece on the passengers stranded at Gatwick, I was particularly struck by the mention of the U.S. embassy in London and the statement that "... they (the U.S. embassy) were in no position to help anybody in distress unless they had been hit by a car or arrested." All the U.S. embassies abroad are good for, it seems, is to kiss foreign diplomat's asses and throw parties.

I speak from experience. Last March my wife and I went to Jamaica for a vacation. It turned out a nightmare with the lack of help from the U.S. embassy in Kingston. We were driving around a mountainous road in the dead of night when a car came around the curve at us, in our lane. I could not swerve to the left as the mountain wall was in the way. I veered to the right and drove off the road onto a patch of grass. The other car, the driver being stoned out of his mind on grass, hit us broadside. My wife to this day still takes a morphine derivative by injection daily for the pain. I was arrested immediately by the police, who happened to be following the other car and saw the accident. Instead of investigating the circumstances, they took me off to jail while joking with the other driver who was in the police car with me. They took a statement and later released him. I spent the night in jail.

My wife was taken to a hospital where a doctor said that she was alright and should take a tranquilizer. She refused, being a nurse herself and knowing that she had a concussion, later to be diagnosed in the U.S. as a fractured skull. The doctor then told her: "If you don't want the medicine, get the hell out of the hospital and don't come back."

Here is where I find my deep hatred for the U.S. Department of State. My wife called the

embassy in Kingston. She spoke with a Mr Schneider, Assistant Consul. She explained the horror story, told him of my severe diabetes and said that we had no money for a lawyer and that the police refused to set bail for me. She told him also that the police told her that if I died in jail there was a nice funeral home a block away Mr Schneider, in the tradition of the Department of State, said, "I cannot help you. I will, however, extend my deep concern to the Jamaican government." My wife asked if she could cash in our airline tickets for money to hire a lawyer and have the embassy lend us the money to get home with. The answer was "No". She asked for a loan to pay the lawyer. The answer was "No". She asked if he could make arrangements for her to cash a check in a local bank. The answer was "No". The only thing he could do, he said, was to recommend a lawyer or two in Montego Bay.

There you have it. One of the reasons why Americans are fast losing respect for their own government, "... of the people, by the people, for the people". Please print this as I want to do my part in alerting my fellow Americans as to what they can expect from their embassies abroad.—*Andrew Zum, Flushing, N.Y.*

Scent of the month

While reading your last issue, I had an idea which might appeal to you. It would make your magazine's centerfold the first to appeal to two of the senses: sight and smell!

All you need to do is put a small 3M Micro-fragrance "scratch and sniff" strip on the edge of the centerfold. I've suggested this to several other Penthouse readers and they all think it's a winner. Try whiffing some good perfume, and check out one of your centerfolds simultaneously for effect, in the privacy of your office. You might be able to use the favorite scent of the Penthouse Pet of the Month.—*Samuel M. Dabbe, Park St., Peekskill, N.Y.*

Dutch treats

My sexual fetishes are mild and simple, almost backward by Penthouse standards: a pretty face, a clean but round and full body, an all-over tan and a look of genuine mischievousness in the eye. Separately or in any combination, they have the power to turn me on fiercely. December's Diana van Derenter is an excruciating combination of all of them. In my imagination, I am producing some sort of nude performance of the *Volsunga Saga*. In this production Ms van Derenter gets first crack at the part of Brunhilda, if you know what I mean. She also gets first crack at the producer on the side. Further fantasies of nude Circes, Tarzan's Janes, Dianas and others are on the drawing board. Diana van Derenter gets first crack at all parts. And, it seems hardly necessary to add, at the producer on the side.—*Larry Lueck, Villa St., Elgin, Ill.*

I don't know if it was Diana van Derenter herself or the creativity of Johnny Castano's camera, but the pictorial in December's issue will be kept in a manila folder in my bookcase for a long, long time. I have two goals in life now. The second is to write a brilliant introductory statistics textbook but the first is to spend 30 years or so with a girl who lives the type of light-hearted sensuality Diana's pictures suggest.—*Kenneth E. Christianson, Chestnut Ave., East Setauket, N.Y.*

I want to congratulate you on your new column *Call Me Madam*. Xaviera adds spice to Penthouse.—*Marc Marrs, Dodge City, Kans.*

Xaviera Hollander's wit, charm and her frank

style of writing make a welcome change from the usual dismal counsel columns. Miss Hollander, coupled with your fine photographic endeavours, your social commentaries and your excellent fiction, create together a magazine that is a literary work of surpassing excellence.—*Garv Speaks, Fresno, Calif.*

Cartoon carnage

Re the cartoon on page 75 by Tony Escott (February), what queer, malformed side of human nature was that supposed to titillate? Mr Escott and his "human" butchers could learn a lot of decency from the beasts they are about to slaughter. It wasn't funny, and I'll bet you get many more letters like this. Too bad you don't print criticism, only puerile sex questions.—*M.I. Hauben, Bellecase, N.Y.*

A solemn mood is no way to enjoy an Escott fantasy.—Ed.

Sam's song

The other day, while waiting to pay for a pack of cigarettes at a local drugstore, I picked up a copy of what was to be my first Penthouse. After leafing through the first couple of pages, I saw a picture of someone whom I thought I recognized. Reading on, I saw that, lo and behold, Sam Sutherland is writing for Penthouse. My congratulations to you for picking on such a competent writer. Sutherland is one of the few I've read who has been able to put into words what people really feel about rock music. I hope his article *Rock is Sex* (December) is just the beginning of many Penthouse articles by Sam.—*Miles Kapper, chief announcer, WGVS Radio, Lake Michigan Drive, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

Though the Penthouse *Sounds* column is the best I've ever seen, Sam Sutherland made a grievous mistake in January's "Breaking the Three-Minute Barrier". Referring to outstanding extended works of rock music, Sutherland overlooked the near-classic *Ina Gadda-Da-Vida* by Iron Butterfly. This is one of rock's greatest masterpieces and its 17-minute length contains some of the most dazzling mystic symbolism and powerfully sensual rock music ever to appear in the brief but incredible history of the genre.—*Daniel R. Potter, East Tennessee State University, Johnson City, Tenn.*

Digging Diamond

I enjoy the Penthouse Interviews very much and look forward to them. Many of my friends, along with my wife and myself, are fans of Neil Diamond but over the years, while enjoying his music, we have found out very little about him. We saw him live in concert for the first time a few months ago, and this strengthened our enthusiasm for him even more. We would like to see an interview with Neil Diamond.—*Roger W. Holmes, Remsen, New York.*

I have always been a fan of Neil Diamond. I feel that he is a fantastic singer with the world at his feet. His songs encompass every bit of feeling he can find. I was sorry to see that Dave Marsh in "Brother Love" (December) did not mention Diamond's most forceful song after *Brother Love's Travelin' Salvation Show*, which is *I am, I said*. This one song tells more about its singer than any book can. I understand that Neil Diamond is going to retire temporarily to study classical music. True?—*Steve Donovan, Alendale Ave., Billerica, Mass.*

Middle-aged spreads

I am a "dirty old man" of 52 and one of your charter subscribers. Among the other magazines

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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SUMMER HAIR

Face it: long hair looks terrible in the summer. The sun dries it out. The sand sticks in it. The surf pollutes it. Then you shampoo it almost daily. And you wonder why your hair looks like straw.

Shorter hair makes more sense for summer. But don't worry, we're not suggesting crew-cuts. Today, shorter hair is something else. Get your hair cut about 1-1/2" long—all over your head. This means it covers the tops of your ears and the collar of your shirt. You comb it forward, or part it on the side, in the middle—even toss it around with your fingers. (How's that for convenience?)

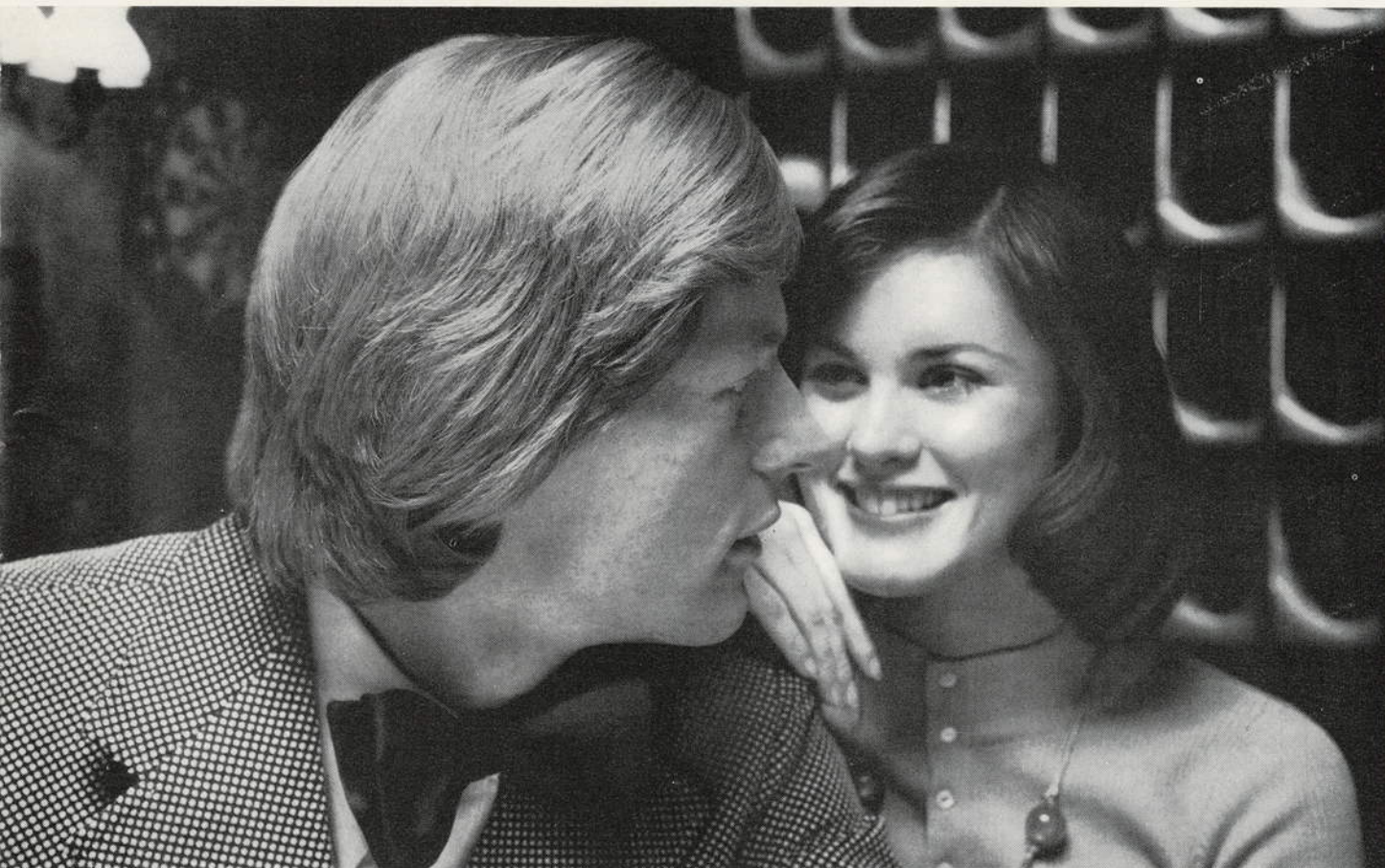
Now that your hair's a reasonable length for summer, how do you keep it looking reasonable? Use a little Brylcreem Hairdressing after each shampoo. It will help put back the moisture the sun, the sand, the surf and the shampoo take out.

Conditioned with Brylcreem, your hair will be manageable and healthy-looking. And great looking hair can do great things for anyone's summer.

WINTER HAIR

Why should you wear your hair longer in winter? Well, for starters, when you wear more clothes you should have more hair. Nothing looks stranger than a lot of clothes and a little hair.

And where do you spend most of winter? Indoors. So you're in greater control of your hair. And how it looks. You're not messing with the elements as much, so they're not messing with your hair as much.



change with the seasons.

Even longer hair looks different today. It's layered now. For more fullness. And for much more style.

But now that it's winter, you've got two new problems. Constant temperature changes (from cold outside to drying steam heat inside) wreak havoc on your hair and scalp. They need help. And since your hair is longer, you've got to style it. You need help.

So there's Brylcreem Soft Hair with Protein. The hairspray that styles and conditions all in one. It's simple enough to use. Spray it on like an ordinary spray. Then massage it in like a conditioner. The protein coats each hair shaft. Which makes your hair healthier looking and gives it more body.

If you don't like sprays, try Brylcreem's new Dry Style. It's like hairspray in a bottle. Massage Dry Style into your hair and comb into place. It gives you control and a very natural look.

Brylcreem thinks that if your hair looks the same all year long, you're not using your head. So, keep your hair at the length that's best for the way you live.

And let us help you do it. Because no matter how you keep your hair, you'll find a product in The Brylcreem Group that will help you.



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I read are *Playboy* and *Oui*, but in my opinion yours is the best of the lot. I fervently hope that you will not, as some of these oddballs are requesting, substitute older women and amputees for the luscious Pets you are now showing. Anyone who finds your magazine distasteful the way it is now must be either sick, queer or dead in the head. Stay the way you are and I'll stay with you as long as I can read and admire the art.—Robert C. Dresser, North St., Bangor, Maine.

We seem to be living in an age where youth is synonymous with beauty, but this is an utter fallacy. I suppose this belief stems from the myth that virginity is purity. Girls of 15 to 25 are generally self-centered, worried about their superficial beauty, egoistic and temperamental. But a woman who has experienced events in her life which strengthen her belief in herself and her capabilities has far more potential for living and loving than a young girl. Older women have learned to submit rather than to defy, and this gives them an aura of grace and mature sexuality. They give where a young girl demands. Their sexuality is hidden and smoldering, but not flaunted. It is subtle and mysterious, rather than vulgar. Therein lies their infinite beauty—there is a difference.

I am only 20 but over the past few years I have found I am more interested in the older woman. It would be a marvelous coup on your magazine's part if you were to do a pictorial on a woman who is successful at being a woman. No other society that I know of has completely written off the older woman as ours does. Does it take a miracle to change that?—Delwyn Tovey Lush, Ingersoll St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Vice anglais?

There is something I have been wondering about for quite some time and I figured maybe this is the best way to get an answer, or at least some opinions. In the past couple of years on visits to southern Spain I have made love to six English women and a German girl who had had an English lover for several years. Their ages varied from 20 to 46. Two of the women were single, two married and the others were divorced. I have also had some quite extended talks with eight or 10 other Englishwomen to whom I did not make love. Incidentally, Englishwomen make excellent bed-buddies!

Almost without exception these women, in one way or another, said the same thing—that Englishmen are fine entertainers and good dancers and that they make nice escorts. But they are lousy in the sack! That's my question—what is wrong with the English male?—J.A.H. (name and address withheld), Virginia Beach, Va.

Are you sure they weren't flattering you?—Ed.

Internal machine

I write the product review column for the *National Informer* and I noticed in your January issue a letter in Xaviera Hollander's column inquiring about a dome-shaped automatic love machine. I reviewed this machine recently (favorably, I might add, if \$99.95 isn't too steep a price) and would like to inform your readers it's available from Johnson-Square Distributors, 7010A SW 4th Street, Miami, Florida 33144. I hope this information puts some additional joy into your readers' lives.—Phil Adams, I.P.S., Key Colony Beach, Fla.

More, more

I agree with the majority—let's see more pictures

of one of the more beautiful parts of a woman's body: the warm, welcoming vagina. It took years for the major magazines to admit pictorially that there was such a thing as pubic hair and the public is now ready to admit that the beautiful Penthouse girls have vaginas even if the centerfold of that other monthly may not.

Speaking of pubic hair, Penthouse has now apparently gone to the other extreme. The prerequisite now appears that the model must have a long and shaggy mop! Miss Barrett (January, 1973 Pet Calendar) has very little pubic hair and she's the most beautiful woman, top to bottom, I've ever seen.—B.O. (name and address withheld), North Bend, Oregon.

Patricia ("Cherokee") Barrett was Pet of the Month in January 1972. Back numbers, \$1, are available from Penthouse Subscription Service, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y.—Ed.

The catalyst

Penthouse has been responsible for a fantastic change in my sex life. My wife and I had a merely adequate sexual relationship, but now I can just about get in the door at night before my wife is going down on me.

She greets me in one of the exotic outfits she has recently started to purchase from a California specialty shop, hands me a drink, and starts to tear at my clothes before I can even put down my briefcase. We immediately head for the boudoir where various issues of Penthouse are spread out on the satin sheets of our king-size bed. While I gaze at the girls, my wife rests her head between my legs and licks my cock and balls till I'm wild with passion. She then gets up to seductively remove her transparent black nylon gown. Clad only in crotchless black nylon briefs, she snuggles next to me and masturbates to an orgasm while she looks at the nude Pets and I suck on her nipples. Finally she climbs on top of me and with a gentle rocking motion brings me to climax.

Not only do we have sex more often (frequently two or three times a night) but each orgasm is much more intense. My wife and I both thank you for the privilege of reading your great magazine, which has proved to be the catalyst in our sexual transformation.—K.W.P. (name and address withheld), Garden City, New York.

Tried and true . . .

I think you should have a department in your magazine titled *Sex-tips you can use*. These would be sent in by your readers and would consist of information that can't be found in books. But hundreds of thousands of readers could pass on what they had learnt so that everyone could benefit from each other's discoveries. That would make human sexual relations much more fun.

I can contribute one secret sex signal, that is now sweeping the country. Some say it was designed by women's libbers, so that either sex could initiate the action. Quite simply, the man gives one wink, which means "Let's ball." If the woman replies by winking twice, that means "O.K." The girls tell me they've even seen this written on the walls in the ladies' rest rooms.

Another tip for those who have difficulty in maintaining an erection. Take a piece of Nupercaine ointment twice the size of a pea and massage it well into the glans penis, then wait 20 minutes till it desensitizes. You can last three or four times as long before orgasm, and the girls love it.

Finally, I was in Paris during World War II and was doing it doggy fashion to a beautiful French babe. She reached back through her

legs and through mine and placed the heel of her hand at the base of my balls. As I made a deep thrust into her on ejaculation, she pushed as hard as she could and I penetrated really far. It was heaven. Surely all your readers have something special they have discovered?—Jim Adams (address withheld), Washington, D.C.

All my own work

The person who writes your letters should write the rest of the magazine.—Ronald Alan Shirley, McCamey, Texas.

Go right ahead, Mr Shirley.—Ed.

The lady and the lion

In your January issue, are you suggesting that Susan Backlinie is for real, alive and still performing with that lion? Or has the lion been sedated with pills? It doesn't look like it, though.—K.L. (name and address withheld), New York, N.Y.

Photographer Ralph Nelson is adamant: "The lion was not tranquilized".—Ed.

Jelly baby

I am a well-built coed with a kinky hangup; I love to tease boys sexually with my body. For example, I enjoy going into a standing-room-only college bar with nothing underneath a sheer blouse and a miniskirt. As I mingle through the crowd, I brush my tits against the shoulders and accidentally pat the crotches of the male patrons. I quickly excuse myself with a seductive smile, but some men do not let it go at that. We are soon talking and drinking.

One student invited me up to his room and introduced me to a ritual I will never forget. We both undressed and started making love when he suddenly reached for a jar of strawberry jelly. He began smearing it over my breasts and thighs. I grabbed some of the gook myself and splattered his penis and testicles.

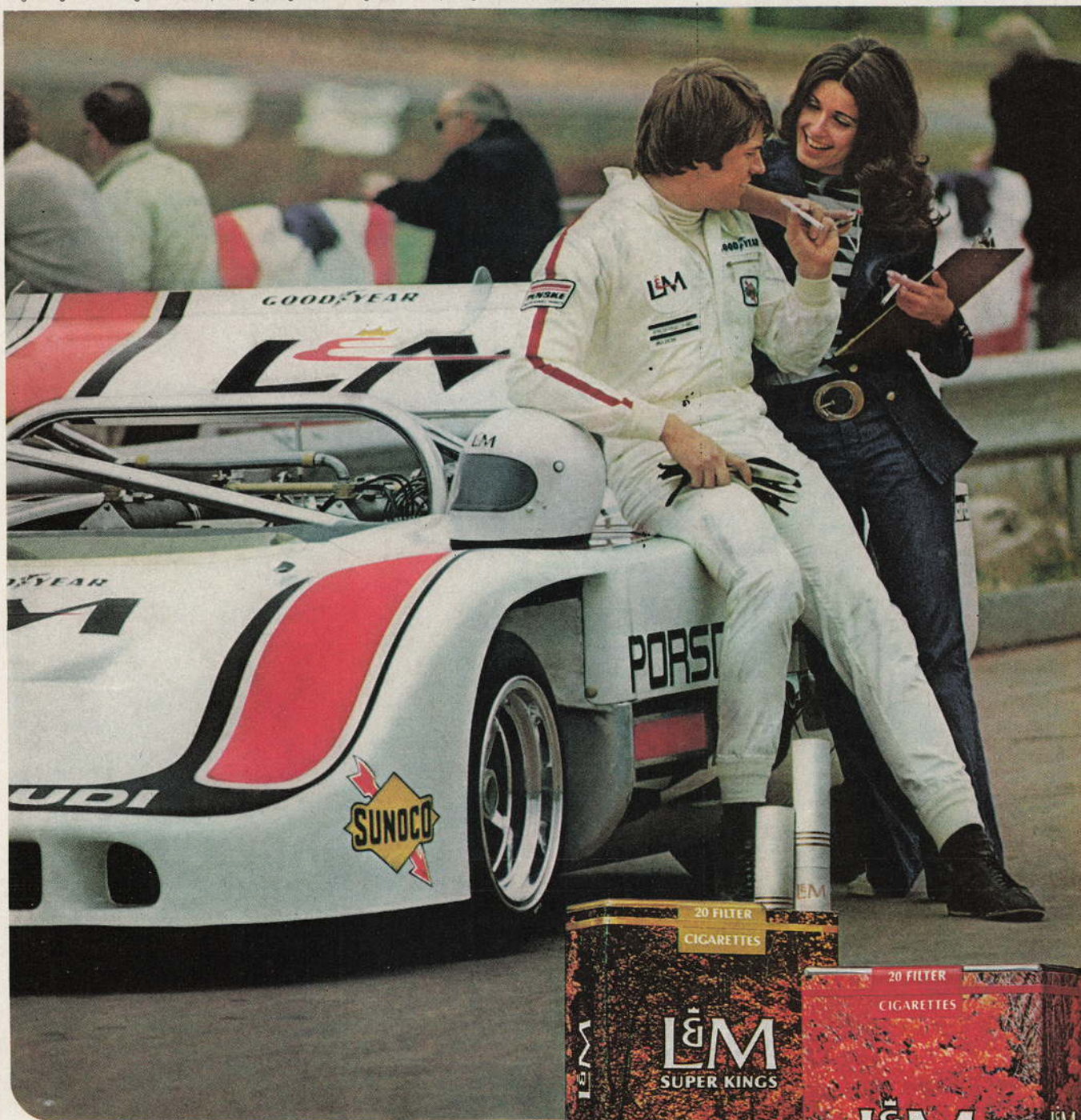
We then began an hour-long session of licking and sucking. Believe me, strawberry jam is one hell of a thing to lick off. But the ecstasy! The meticulous cleansing with our tongues produced many orgasms. I recommend sipping a beverage occasionally to keep the saliva glands operative. An absolute necessity is a shower before and after.—Miss F.B. (name and address withheld), Stevens Point, Wis.

Woman's supreme gift?

I couldn't agree more with Mrs Anne B. (December), who wrote a most knowledgeable letter about the importance of women's breasts to a man. I am 43 and have always been principally aroused to sex by breasts—the bigger, the better. My excitement and pleasure from breast love is immeasurably increased by a woman like Anne B., who realizes the full sexual power of her breasts and uses them generously and imaginatively with men. My most intense sexual pleasures have occurred during my wife's pregnancies and for a few months thereafter when her breasts have swollen to nearly twice their moderate size, becoming full and heavy. On these occasions I have derived great pleasure from covering her breasts completely with a coating of baby oil. Then I lie on my back and have her bend over me and draw those glorious soft melons back and forth over my genitals. Of course, cunnilingus and fellatio follow, though sometimes I have become so excited that I haven't been able to resist reaching down, pressing her breasts tightly around my penis and ejaculating by thrusting against her while she remained motionless. A shower thereafter to clean off the oil also provided thrills and sometimes caused an immediate replay of the session.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

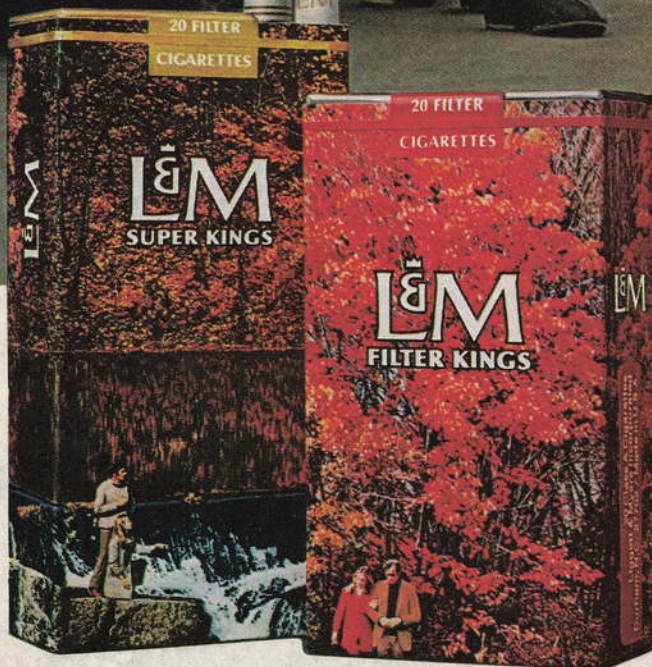
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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE

editor & publisher

Associate publisher

Harry Fieldhouse

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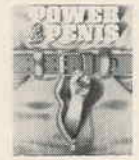
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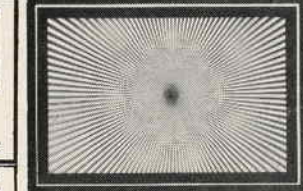
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What most impressed me is the kind and loving character disclosed by Anne B., in giving freely to men what they so instinctively and urgently desire. The suckling of her brothers is a beautiful example of this and I only wish that my older sister had helped me in this way during my difficult teenage years. I will go even farther and hope that daughters will some day share their breasts with their fathers also, as I see absolutely nothing wrong with this, as long as conception is positively prevented.

One can only imagine the amount of hostility and friction that could be replaced by love and consideration if family members would do these things openly and guiltlessly. As a father with sons and daughters I feel I speak from experience of my typical but necessarily secret desires and emotions.—*Richard B. (name and address withheld), Haddonfield, N.J.*

Reading Mrs Anne B.'s most interesting letter, I realized what a great pity it was that more women were not aware of the importance of the female breast in sex play. As a bachelor, I must look for sex among office colleagues, chance acquaintances and members of the oldest profession. My selection is usually influenced by the size and appearance of a girl's boobs. Once I get her to bed, I spend a lot of time licking and sucking her nipples and pulling on them with my lips and teeth. At the request of some of the girls, I have even left my teeth marks on the skin just around the aureola.

A young whore I brought home one night taught me a game called "Giving a girl a pearl necklace". She lies on her back and you straddle her belly and thrust your penis back and forth between her boobs, which she presses together with her hands. When you shoot, the semen hits her under the chin and flows down on either side

of her neck, giving the appearance of a pearl necklace. I have tried this successfully with other girls and one introduced me to her own variation. She keeps her head raised and on each forward stroke, she opens her lips and takes in the head of your penis so that you finish by ejaculating in her mouth. Some girls tie a sash round their boobs, thus leaving their hands free for other things.—*L.S. (name and address withheld), Montreal, Quebec, Canada.*

Theatre notes

There is a stripper in New York City named Honeysuckle Devine whose talent is unique, to say the least. She somehow can fart through her vagina. She can practically make it sing! At one point in her act, she blows out candles this way. Then she fills herself up with hand lotion and, standing on her shoulders, shoots it high in the air in a number of near-volcanic eruptions. For a finale, she does the same thing with talcum powder, creating great clouds of smoke. A real class act, it brings the house down at the 42nd Street Burlesque. What I'm wondering is whether this is merely an act of muscle control, something any girl could do with sufficient practice? I don't think my wife would appreciate my tastes in theatre, so please withhold my name.—*S.C., New York, N.Y.*

Golden showers

I was introduced to your wonderful magazine several months ago by a male cousin. I especially enjoy your Penthouse Forum. I would like to share with your readers my experiences with an activity I have found particularly arousing. I am 24, college-educated and heterosexual. I am single, but have a fulfilling love life. Many of my sexual fantasies concern various scenes of males or females urinating. At the age of 12, while attending a

coeducational summer camp, I chanced on a boy taking a leak in the woods and was violently aroused by this. My first intercourse occurred when I was 18 after a date at a football game. We had been drinking beer during the game and by the time it finished my bladder was full. My date was in a hurry to beat the traffic congestion, so I decided to postpone a trip to the john. However, by the time we reached the car, I knew I had miscalculated. I had to relieve myself desperately and told my boyfriend. We were near the middle of a large underground parking area and as there were no other people around I squatted down, jerked my panties off my bottom and peed copiously next to the car. My date stood by, watching me intently. When I finished, I noticed he had an enormous hard-on. As I had also been aroused by my urination, I propositioned him on the spot. We screwed on the front seat of the car.

Since then, I have had relations with several men whom I have laid by more traditional means. However, when we are alone I try to relieve myself in their presence and watch them do the same. In other societies where urination is accomplished with less privacy and fuss, there is possibly little connection between sex and urination.—*Joyce K. (name and address withheld), East Orange, N.J.*

Special preference

Reading the letter from J.A. of Nutley, N.J. (November) brought to mind what happened to me several years ago, when I was 16, and dating a girl who had an older sister, a graduate nurse. I visited my girl's home frequently and often stayed overnight in their guest room. One weekend, Nancy's parents were away but Karen was home from her hospital job, to supervise us really. I woke up on the Saturday morning with a stomach ache and told Nancy, who called her sister.

Karen insisted that she take my temperature, and fetched a white thermometer case and a jar of Vaseline. Only when she smeared the thermometer with Vaseline did I realize what she was going to do. I felt like leaping out of bed and hiding, but was too embarrassed to move. I hardly felt a thing except the gentle probing of the thermometer as she pushed it in, but she put her hand over my buttocks to hold the thermometer in place and that really caused me to have an erection, covered by my pajama shirt, thank goodness.

Since I had a slight fever and stomach cramps, Karen suggested a mild enema would pep me up. When I said I'd rather not, she only laughed and said it wouldn't hurt. She told me to lie still and relax. A minute or two later, Karen was back with her small feminine hygiene kit and was attaching a small enema tip to the rubber hose. I guess she gave me the enema very slowly because I felt no discomfort at all. A few moments later I went to the bathroom and, sure enough, I felt much better during breakfast. Nancy didn't even mention the incident during the day and neither did Karen, much to my relief.

That evening before bed, Karen came into Nancy's room where we were listening to records and announced it was temperature time again. My face was as red as a beet but Nancy went off to the bathroom while Karen took me to her room where again it was bare bottoms up for her thermometer!

Four years ago I married Nancy after she graduated from nursing school. She's a great wife but when sickness comes along out comes the old rectal thermometer and it's bottoms up again. I really don't mind rectal temps and I take hers that way, too. The only thing I don't like is



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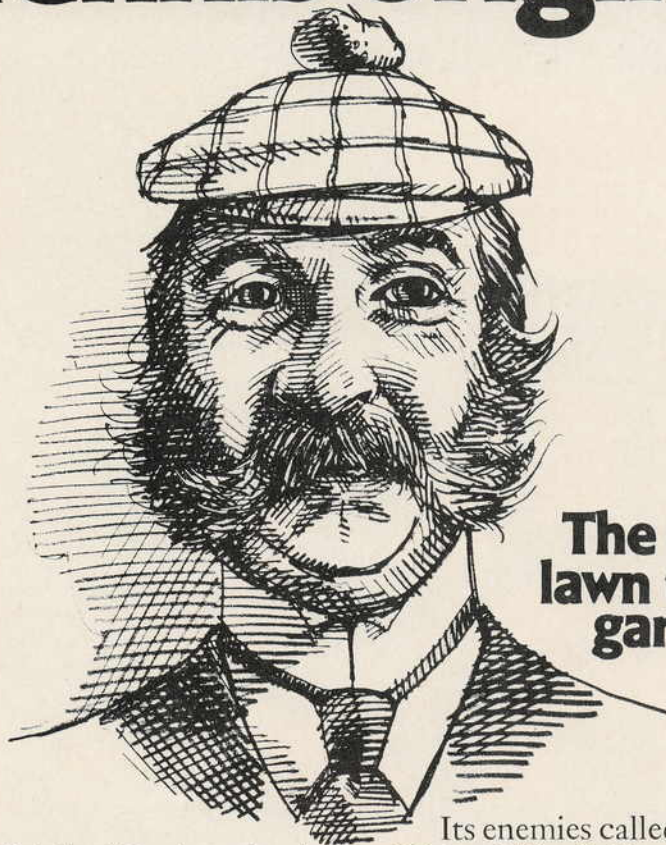
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that Nancy will leave the thermometer and Vaseline out when I'm sick and just about everyone knows what it's for.—R.W. (name and address withheld), Waterloo, Iowa.

Monopede mania

The problems encountered by Jane of Mobile, Ala. (February), since her amputation struck a sympathetic chord with me. I married my first husband when I was 19 and he was 22. He had a tendency to overindulge in alcohol whenever we went to parties. We had been married only 10 months when, returning from one of his drinking bouts at a party, he ran a stop sign. Our car was hit broadside by another car on the passenger side where I was seated. The accident resulted in only minor injuries to my ex-husband. However, it was necessary for doctors to amputate my right leg above the knee, leaving only a five-inch stump. A week later, my right arm was amputated also, about two inches above the elbow. Thank heavens I am left-handed!

After my recovery, our first sexual encounter and those following were a disaster. He said the sight of my stumps sickened him and he could not get aroused. These were strange words! Our marriage didn't last too long after that.

Through a friend I obtained a job as a filing clerk, a job requiring only one arm. After three years I met a man who was able to accept my disfigurement and have since had five years of married happiness. Like so many of the men that write to you, he has a fetish for female amputees. When he returns from work, he prefers to find me not wearing my artificial leg. To please him, I wear hot pants and a sleeveless top, allowing full view of both stumps. The circular movement of the stumps when I hop from place to place usually ends up in the bedroom. So don't worry, Jane of Mobile, you may still find a man who'll appreciate you the way you are now.—Mrs S.P. (name and address withheld), Danville, Ill.

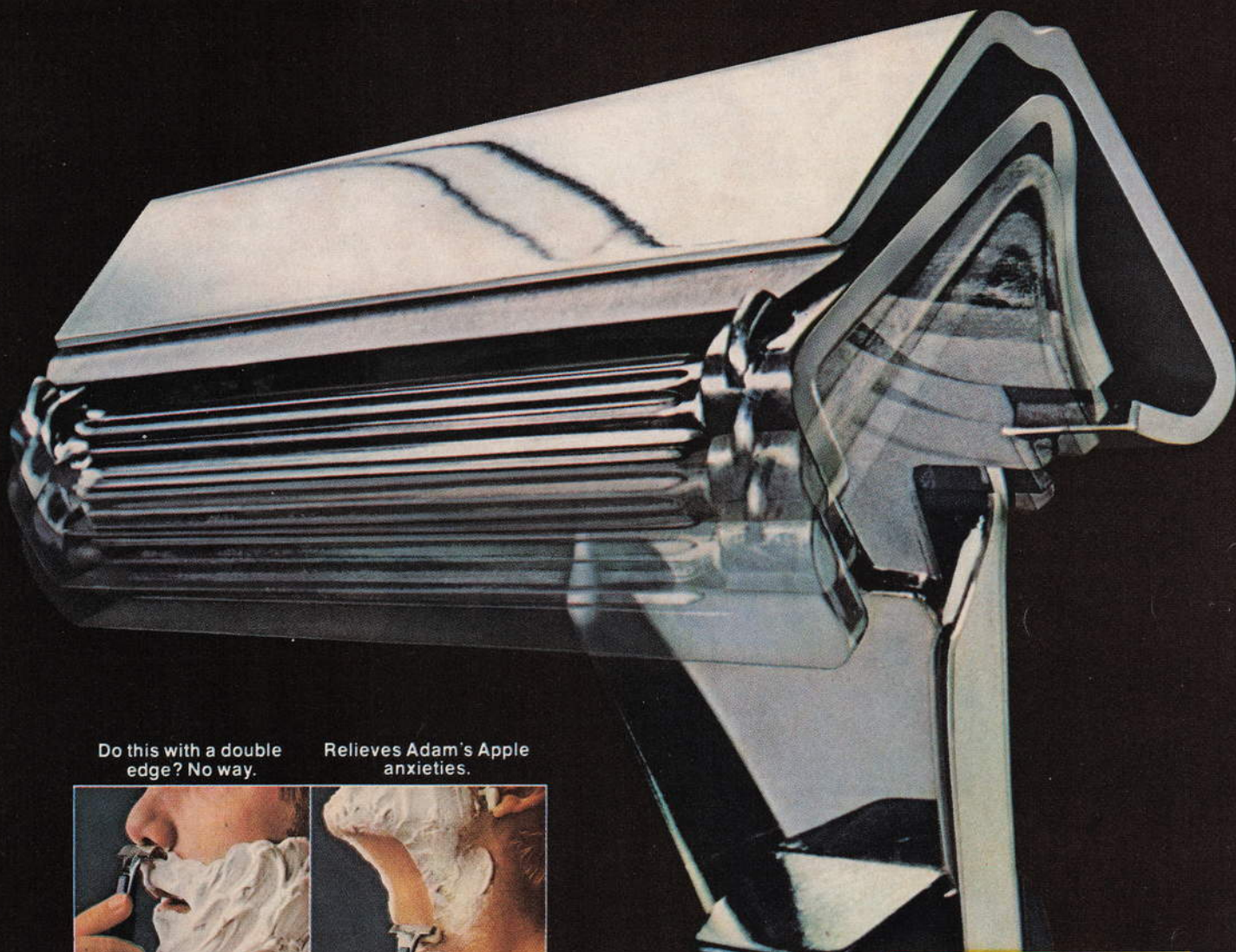
I am 27, and have been an amputee since I lost my left leg at mid-thigh when I was about eight. Probably because I've been an amputee for so long, I've never been shy about my lack of a leg. For the last four years I've been married to a man who, like many of your readers, is fascinated by the stump of a female amputee. As a result, I usually wear short skirts when I go out, allowing the end to show. When my husband is home, I wear short shorts so that my stump is fully exposed. I have never liked to use an artificial leg, and mostly I use a single crutch and, believe it or not, a good ol' peg leg.

When my husband and I go out socially I use a crutch. I have several painted different colors to match whatever outfit I wear. However since a crutch is somewhat cumbersome when doing the housework or grocery shopping, I strap on my peg leg for such occasions. Probably many people think a peg leg is not very feminine, but it's practical for me. Besides, I always wear clothes which show off my very feminine figure (39-23-35). Because very few amputees use peg legs any more I get a lot of stares when I wear it in public, but they don't bother me.

Sexually, I feel I can compete with any two-legged girl. Because my husband is so turned on by the sight of my stump, I usually begin our lovemaking by undressing slowly at the foot of the bed. Once I have my clothes off, I lift my stump so that it points towards my husband and I begin slowly to massage it. This excites my husband greatly, so he takes over and we go on from there.—Ann B. (name and address withheld), Ft. Worth, Tex.

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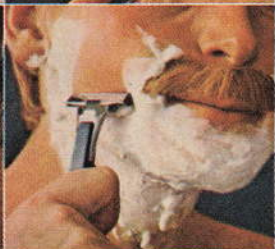
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The first time

In the course of my work as a salesman for a leading northeastern firm, I often find myself in New York City with time on my hands, and six or seven months ago I began frequenting singles bars. This has opened vast sexual horizons for me. Several weeks ago, I met one of the most sensuous women I had ever seen, and, as in most cases, after a few drinks, we wound up in her apartment. She "accidentally" spilled some Scotch on my lap and by the time she finished cleaning it up with subtle, yet deft strokes of a napkin, my well-endowed piece was pounding with anticipation.

Acknowledging my excited state, she suggested that we move into the bedroom, whereupon she immediately went down on me. As we approached total nudity, she swung around into sixty-nine. At this point, I became aware that her "clit" was the largest I had ever encountered. Our union was quickly consummated.

Lying embraced, yet comfortably relaxed on the bed, she hit me with the astounding knowledge that for 22 years she had been a woman trapped inside a man's body. It was only four months ago that she had undergone surgery to enable her to emerge as her true self. On the verge of tears, she confided in me that I had been her first lay since the operation. I was stunned. Then the eroticism of our situation so aroused me that my tool sprang forth to a hardness I had never before known.

We screwed passionately for the better part of the night. I have returned to New York City twice since our initial meeting, and each time we have furthered our experiences.—*R.T. (name and address withheld), Rochester, N.Y.*

Many letters have been written to Penthouse

Forum describing incidents in the writers' sexual experiences, but rarely is there a narrative on that most memorable of moments, the loss of virginity, male or female. When I was a lad of 17, in Europe 40 years ago, the moral standards were far stricter than today. I had many girlfriends, but on only one memorable occasion had I been able to get further than cupping a breast through layers of fabric. I had my arm around a girl whom I had taken to the movies and managed to insinuate my hand into the rather capacious neckline of her dress. I barely managed to get my fingers onto her nipple before she withdrew my hand.

Most of us were still in school, so anything that cost money was a rarity. Our dates were usually spent in the local woods necking frantically. The girl and I had been into the woods several times before, and we had reached the stage of my fondling her small but firm breasts. As she had a penchant for high-necked dresses any attempt to advance in that direction would have been futile.

It was a warm summer evening and I had made a rather poor joke about girls' legs. She pushed me off her and in mock indignation demanded that I check her legs to see "if they aren't the best you've ever seen!" She was wearing a skirt of standard length—a little below the knee—and no stockings. I still am not sure if it was by accident or if she had decided to act the temptress, but when she pulled up her skirt for my appraisal I could see the crotch of her panties. That whiteness contrasting with the tan of her thighs is still crystal-clear in my memory.

I was thrilled at the sight and eased her back onto the grass smothering her with kisses, in hopes of sealing off any protest, as I moved my right hand to her thighs. She closed her legs

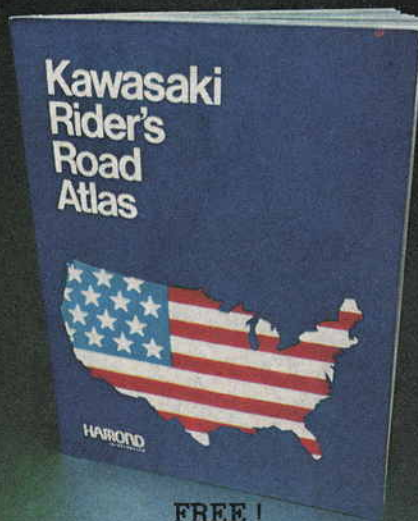
and moved a hand to stop me, but as I touched the fabric and relished the feeling of the stubble beneath she relaxed her grip on my arm. Soon I felt her moisten and her kisses became more responsive.

At each fresh step along the way she moved as if to stop me, then she would relax and I would take advantage of my position. I slowly worked my fingers around the edge of the panties. Then I pulled at them until I could move the fabric aside to get freer access. Now with my right hand caressing her sexually and my left arm around her shoulders, I was faced with the young seducers' problem. How could I get my pants unfastened? Many kisses later I had freed my arm and moved it down to my fly. The fact that I too was soaking with excitement did nothing to help me free my penis.

I slid across until I was lying on top of her and gradually eased her legs apart with my knees. I was gripping my penis in my hand by this time and when I touched it against her vagina I was far too excited to take things gently any more. In a frenzy I was in to the hilt and uncontrollably letting fly. The sensation was so exquisite that I could not have made any voluntary move, least of all withdrawn.

Both rather embarrassed, we rearranged our clothes and I took her home. It wasn't until the following evening when we had reconciled ourselves to the fact that we had gone all the way, that I produced the contraceptive tablets I had been carrying hopefully for some months. She let me introduce one into her after she had removed her pants and during the next couple of hours we enjoyed our new found thrill seven or eight times. These days I don't have that kind of energy any more, but I have learned a lot of tricks over the years!—*Dick Tharur, Cartier Blvd, Richmond Hill, Ont., Canada.*

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TITLE	1956	ARTIST
1. Moonlight Gambler	Frankie Lane	
2. I Walk the Line	Johnny Cash	
3. Blue Suede Shoes	Elvis Presley	
4. Tutti Frutti	Elvis Presley	
5. Born to be With You	Cordettes	
6. Go Away Little Girl	Steve Lawrence	
7. I'm In Love Again	Fats Domino	
8. Blueberry Hill	Fats Domino	
9. Blue Monday	Fats Domino	
10. Just Walking in the Rain	Johnny Ray	
11. Since I Met You, Baby	Ivory Joe Hunter	
12. Long Tall Sally	Little Richard	
13. Love is Strange	Mickey & Sylvia	
14. Why Do Fools Fall in Love?	F. Lyman/Tenagers	
15. Canadian Sunset	Andy Williams	
16. The Fool	Sanford Clark	

TITLE	1957	ARTIST
1. Diana	Paul Anka	
2. That'll Be the Day	B. Holly/Crickets	
3. Oh, Boy	B. Holly/Crickets	
4. Come, Go With Me	Jerry King	
5. Whispering Bells	Del-Vikings	
6. Wonderful Wonderful	Johnny Mathis	
7. The Twelfth of Never	Johnny Mathis	
8. School Day	Chuck Berry	
9. Jamaica Farewell	Harry Belafonte	
10. Banana Boat Song	Harry Belafonte	
11. Bee-Bop Baby	Ricky Nelson	
12. Stood Up	Ricky Nelson	
13. Butterfly	Charlie Cracole	
14. Party Doll	Buddy Knox	
15. Kisses Sweeter than Wine	Jimmie Rodgers	
16. Honey Comb	Jimmie Rodgers	

TITLE	1958	ARTIST
1. Maybe Baby	Buddy Holly	
2. Book of Love	B. Holly/Crickets	
3. Happy, Happy Birthday, Baby	Tony Martin	
4. For Your Precious Love	Jerry Butler	
5. Susie Q	Robbie Lee	
6. Tears on My Pillow	Lil Anthony/Imperial	
7. Summertime, Summertime	Jimmie	
8. Big Man	Four Preps	
9. Whole Lotta Lovin'	Fats Domino	
10. Sixteen Candles	Crests	
11. Summertime Blues	Eddie Cochran	
12. Johnny Be Good	Chuck Berry	
13. A Lover's Question	Clay McPherson	
14. To Know Him is to Love Him	Teddy Bears	
15. Lonely Tears	Jackie Wilson	

TITLE	1959	ARTIST
1. There Goes My Baby	Drifters	
2. Lonely Boy	Paul Anka	
3. Put Your Head on my Shoulder	Paul Anka	
4. Teenager in Love	Paul Anka	
5. Come Softly to Me	Fleetwoods	
6. Mr. Blue	Fleetwoods	
7. The Big Hurt	Tony Fisher	
8. Teen Angel	Mark Dinning	
9. Broken Hearted Melody	Sarah Vaughn	
10. We Got Love	Bobby Rydell	
11. Tragedy	Thomas Wayne	
12. M.T.A.	Kingston Trio	
13. Have Comes Summer	Gene Krupa	
14. Waterloo	Stonewall Jackson	
15. It Doesn't Matter Anymore	B. Holly/Crickets	
16. Heartbeat	B. Holly/Crickets	

TITLE	1960	ARTIST
1. Blue Angel	Roy Orbison	
2. Lonely Teenager	Dion/Belmonts	
3. Where or When	Drifters	
4. This Magic Moment	Drifters	
5. Harlem Nocturne	Drifters	
6. Puppets	Paul Anka	
7. Georgia On My Mind	Ray Charles	
8. Chain Gang	Sam Cooke	
9. Walkin' to New Orleans	Fats Domino	
10. Mule Skinner Blues	Fender Man	
11. Tell Laura I Love Her	Roy Peterson	
12. Wild One	Bobby Rydell	
13. Calendar Girl	Neil Sedaka	
14. Devil or Angel?	Bobby Vee	
15. Rubber Ball	Bobby Vee	
16. Mr. Custer	Larry Verne	

TITLE	1961	ARTIST
1. Running Scared	Roy Orbison	
2. Candy Man	Roy Orbison	
3. Moody River	Pat Boone	
4. Spanish Harlem	Ben E. King	
5. Stand By Me	Ben E. King	
6. Some Kind of Wonderful	Drifters	
7. Twist	Chubby Checker	
8. Cupid	Sam Cooke	
9. The Mountain High	Dick & Dee Dee	
10. Tonight	Ferrante & Teicher	
11. Gypsy Woman	Impressions	
12. This Time	Troy Shondell	
13. I've Told Every Little Girl	Linda Scott	
14. A Hundred Pounds of Clay	Gene McDaniels	
15. Moon River	Henry Mancini	
16. Raindrops	Dee Clark	

TITLE	1962	ARTIST
1. Only Love Can Break a Heart	Gene Pitney	
2. If I Didn't Have a Dime	Gene Pitney	
3. She Cried	Jay & The Americans	
4. When My Little Girl is Smiling	Drifters	
5. Up on the Roof	Drifters	
6. Twistin' the Night Away	Sam Cook	
7. Shout	Joey Dee	
8. Sealed with a Kiss	Brian Hyland	
9. Torture	Kris Jensen	
10. Wolverson Mountain	Claude King	
11. Love Letters	Ketty Lester	
12. Let's Dance	Chris Montez	
13. Leah	Roy Orbison	
14. Any Day Now	Chuck Jackson	
15. The Night has a Thousand Eyes	Bobby Vee	
16. Sheila	Tommy Roe	

TITLE	1963	ARTIST
1. Surfin' USA	Beach Boys	
2. Hey, Baby	Bruce Channel	
3. Let Your Music Play	Drifters	
4. Ruby Baby	Dion	
5. Donna the Prima Donna	Dion	
6. Detroit City	Bobby Bare	
7. Rhythm of the Rain	Cocacola	
8. Mean Women Blues	Roy Orbison	
9. Twenty Four Hours from Tulsa	Gene Pitney	
10. Man Who Shot Liberty Bells	Gene Pitney	
11. More	Kai Winding	
12. Silver Threads, Golden Needles	Springfield	
13. Since I Fell For You	Lenny Welch	
14. Puff the Magic Dragon	Peter, Paul, Mary	
15. If I had a Hammer	Peter, Paul, Mary	
16. Blowin' in the Wind	Peter, Paul, Mary	

TITLE	1964	ARTIST
1. California Sun	Riviera	
2. Fun, Fun, Fun	Beach Boys	
3. Needles and Pins	Searchers	
4. Comes a Little Bit Closer	Jay/Americans	
5. Oh, Pretty Woman	Roy Orbison	
6. Dawn	Four Seasons	
7. Glad All Over	Dave Clark 5	
8. Do You Love Me	Dave Clark 5	
9. She's About a Mover	Sir Douglas Quintet	
10. Wishin and Hopin	Dusty Springfield	
11. Suspicion	Terry Stafford	
12. Memphis	Johnny Rivers	
13. Don't Let Sun Catch You Cryin	Gerry/Pacemakers	
14. Under the Boardwalk	Drifters	
15. I Believe	Bachelors	
16. House of the Rising Sun	Animals	

TITLE	1965	ARTIST
1. It Was a Very Good Year	Frank Sinatra	
2. California Girls	Beach Boys	
3. Do You Wanna Dance	Beach Boys	
4. What the World Needs Now	Jackie DeShannon	
5. Mrs. Brown-Lovely Daughter	Herman's Hermits	
6. Baby the Rain Must Fall	Glen Yarbrough	
7. Five O'Clock World	Vogues	
8. You Were On My Mind	We Five	
9. Spanish Eyes	Al Martino	
10. Down in the Bottom	Billy Joe Royal	
11. Game of Love	Wayne Fontana	
12. You've Got Trouble/I've Got	Fortunes	
13. Keep on Dancing	Gentry	
14. Ferry Across the Mersey	Gerry/Pacemakers	
15. Cara Mia	Jay/Americans	
16. Some Enchanted Evening	Jay/Americans	

TITLE	1966	ARTIST
1. These Boots are Made for Walkin'	Nancy Sinatra	
2. Soop John B.	Beach Boys	
3. Bang Bang	Cher	
4. Red Rubber Ball	Cyril	
5. Cherry Cherry	Neil Diamond	
6. Fought the Lady Fuller 4	Bobby Fuller 4	
7. Love's Made a Fool of You	Bob Lind	
8. Saw Her Again	Mama & Papa	
10. Woman	Peter & Gordon	
11. Lady Godiva	Peter & Gordon	
12. Where Were You, Needed You	Gentry	
13. George Girl	Seekers	
14. I'll Never Find Another You	Seekers	
15. A Place in the Sun	Stevie Wonder	
16. Guantanamera	The Sandpipers	

TITLE	1967	ARTIST
1. Baby I Need Your Lovin'	Johnny Rivers	
2. A White Shade of Pale	Procol Harum	
3. San Francisco	Scott McKenzie	
4. Brown Eyed Girl	Jan Morrison	
5. There's A Kind of Hush	Herman's Hermits	
6. Judy in Disguise	John Fred/Playboy Band	
7. To Love Somebody	Animals	
8. San Francisco Nights	Neil Diamond	
9. Kentucky Woman	Neil Diamond	
10. Carole Anne	Hollies	
11. I'll Never Fall in Love Again	Tom Jones	
12. Jackson	N. Sinatra/L. Hazelwood	
13. Different Drum	Grass Parovies	
14. Silence is Golden	Tremeloes	
15. Somebody to Love	Jefferson Airplane	
16. White Rabbit	Jefferson Airplane	

TITLE	1968	ARTIST
1. Young Girl	G. Puckett/Union Gap	
2. This Magic Moment	Jay & Americans	
3. MacArthur Park	Richard Harris	
4. Abraham, Martin & John	Dion	
5. Words	Bea Gees	
6. The Unicorn	Irish Rovers	
7. The Look of Love	S. Mendes/Brazil '66	
8. Tuesday Afternoon	Moody Blues	
9. Hold Me Tight	Johnny Nash	
10. Simon Says	1910 Fruitgum Co.	
11. Ramblin', Gambelin' Man	Bob Seger System	
12. Born to be Wild	Steppenwolf	
13. Turn Around, Look at Me	Vogues	
14. My Special Angel	Vogues	
15. Master Jack	4 Jacks & a Jill	
16. She's a Heartbreaker	Gene Pitney	

TITLE	1969	ARTIST
1. Suspicious Minds	Elvis Presley	
2. In the Ghetto	Elvis Presley	
3. Everybody's Talkin'	Nilsen	
4. Good Morning Starline	Oliver	
5. Jean	Oliver	
6. The Boxer	Simon & Garfunkel	
7. Games People Play	Joe South	
8. Traces	Classics IV	
9. Lodi	CCR	
10. Saire: Judy Blue Eyes	Crosby/Still/Nash	
11. Sweet Caroline	Neil Diamond	
12. Laughing	Guess Who	
13. Ruby, Don't Take Love to Town	K. Rogers/1st Edition	
14. Baby, It's You	Smith	
15. Welcome Me Love	Brooklyn Bridge	
16. One	Three Dog Night	

TITLE	1970	ARTIST
1. Ride Captain Ride	Blue Image	
2. It Don't Matter to Me	Bread	
3. Ticket to Ride	Carpenters	
4. Make Me Smile	Chicago	
5. Knock Three Times	Dawn	
6. Your Song	Elton John	
7. Reflections of My Love	Marmalade	
8. Question	Moody Blues	
9. Big Yellow Taxi	The Neighborhood	
10. Mr. Bojangles	Nitty Gritty Dirt Band	
11. Band of Gold	Freddy Payne	
12. Black Magic Women	Santana	
13. Celebrate	Three Dog Night	
14. Have You Ever Seen the Rain?	CCR	
15. For the Good Times	Ray Price	
16. Long, Long Time	Linda Ronstadt	

TITLE	1971	ARTIST
1. American Pie (Full Version)	Don McLean	
2. Superstar	Carpenters	
3. Joy to the World	Three Dog Night	
4. Colour My World	Chicago	
5. Night Drove Old Dixie Down	Joan Baez	
6. Stones	Neil Diamond	
7. She's a Lady	Melanie	
8. Me and Bobby McGee	Janis Joplin	
9. Me, You, a Dog Named Boo	Lobo	
10. Brand New Key	Tom Jones	
11. Without You	Nilsen	
12. It's One of Those Nights	Partridge Family	
13. Moon Shadow	Pat Stevens	
14. Gypsies Tramps & Thieves	Cher	
15. I Don't Know How to Love Him	Yvonne Elliman	
16. Superstar (Jesus Christ)	M. Head/Trinidad	

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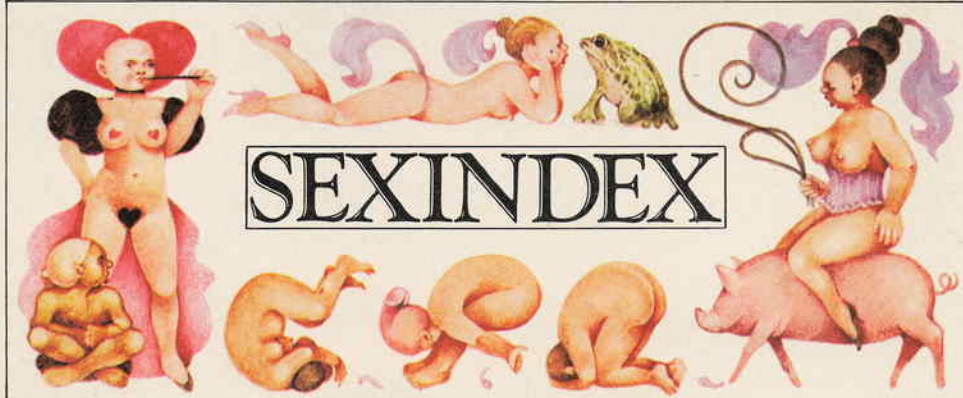
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SEXINDEX

AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

hormones: Glandular secretions which regulate body changes. The sex hormones—chiefly male testosterone and female oestrogen—are responsible for sexual development. All men and women have hormones of both types in their blood, but in men the male hormones predominate and in women the female ones. Some experimenters have argued that homosexuality may be caused by an excess of the opposite-sex hormone—i.e. in men, too much oestrogen—but attempts to cure homosexuals by injecting them with more of the "right" hormone have proved unsuccessful. In puberty, the sex hormones trigger the secondary sexual characteristics (e.g. growth of pubic and facial hair, deepening of voice in boys; breast development, onset of menstruation in girls). If they are deficient these fail to develop. Similarly a malfunction of the hormones in early childhood may produce a precocious puberty: Dr Anthony Cooke reported in *Forum* two cases of boys, aged three and a half and four, whose penises were respectively four and four and a half inches long when flaccid. They showed frequent erections and an obvious interest in sex, and pubic hair was already apparent. Many such hormonal imbalances can be corrected if detected in time. In the US, oestrogens are widely administered to menopausal women to help maintain the vagina's elasticity, but some experts question the necessity of this practice. Male transsexuals who determine to undergo a sex-change operation are prepared for it beforehand by the administration of oestrogens to induce breast-development and repress beard-growth. Male hormones given to women will increase their sex-drive, but usually at the cost of side-effects such as beard-growth. Attempts to cure impotence by means of testosterone injections have so far proved unsuccessful. A new chemical substance, known as an anti-hormone, cyproterone acetate, is used in the treatment of homosexuals and sexually aggressive delinquents. This drug prevents the male hormone from getting to its site of action. Unlike oestrogens it has no feminizing side-effects. As a byproduct of this discovery, it has been learnt that the adult, once a pattern of sexual response has been developed, needs a very small amount of sex hormones to maintain normal sexual behaviour.

"Horsebreakers", the: Nickname given to a select group of society courtesans in London in the 1860s who displayed their horsemanship—and other attractions—in Hyde Park's Rotten Row. The name may have been a pun on "where". One contemporary ballad described their attractions:

"The pretty little horsebreakers
Are breaking hearts like fun,
For in Rotten Row they all must go

The whole hog or none."
The set included "Skittles" (q.v.), Cora Pearl (q.v.) and Laura Bell, a Belfast ex-shop-assistant who became known as the "Queen of Whoredom" after she had relieved General H.R.H. Prince Jung Badahur of £250,000 for a one-night session. Laura Bell later reformed, married a nephew of the Bishop of Norwich, and became a lay preacher.

Horsey, Adeline Horsey de, Countess of Cardigan & Lancastre (1824-1915): Victorian courtesan whom "Skittles" (q.v.), a contemporary adventuress, described as "the head of our profession". She was the mistress of Lord Cardigan (who led the Charge of the Light Brigade) for many years, before marrying him on the death of his first wife. Far from possessive, she allowed Cardigan to take his girlfriends up a tower in the garden, from which he had ample warning of anyone approaching. "Cut" by Victorian society, she got her revenge by talking of the sexual misdemeanours of other peeresses in a loud voice in the gallery of the House of Lords. She also published her reminiscences. After Cardigan's death, she married the Portuguese Count de Lancastre, but still sometimes wore the pink tights of Cardigan's 11th Hussars (the "Cherry Bums") and scandalized society by smoking in public.

"Hottentot apron": Artificially enlarged and elongated labia, prized as a feminine erotic attraction by many African tribes. Ethnologist Felix Bryk in *Voodoo-Eros* describes its appearance: "Its colour ranges from brown to violet. In profile the labia hang down limply like brown, wrinkled, india-rubber bands." The length is usually between two and eight inches, but even longer aprons have been recorded, especially in tribeswomen of high status. In tribes where the apron is customary, a woman without one would be considered unfit for marriage, and so girls set to work at an early age by plucking at the labia or even tying weights to them. Presumably the long flaps of the apron are considered to increase sexual enjoyment.

hymen: Membrane partially obstructing the vaginal opening in virgins, also called the maidenhead. Usually broken, with slight bleeding, during first coitus but can also be ruptured by violent exercise such as horseriding or cycling, or can be congenitally absent. Occasionally the hymen is so flexible that it remains intact despite coitus and even childbirth—a condition sometimes exploited by prostitutes who "surrender" their "maidenheads" several times a night at premium prices. The hymen has no known anatomic function.

hypnosis: Artificially induced sleep-like condition, sometimes used as a therapy for sexual deviation, especially homosexuality and



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fetishism, the patient being encouraged to remember some repressed traumatic point in his sexual development. Before the invention of painkilling drugs, hypnosis was used as an anaesthetic (especially in childbirth), and some dentists have recently revived the practice successfully. Subjects under hypnosis usually—but not always—reject suggestions which are contrary to their ethical code: when an assistant of Charcot, the 19th-century French neurologist, suggested to a young girl in a deep trance that she remove her clothes, she immediately awoke, slapped his face, and flounced from the room.

hysterectomy: Surgical removal of the womb, commonly performed in the US for post-menopausal women, though its usefulness is now seriously questioned. Usually the ovaries are left in place to maintain hormone supplies (if removed, oestrogen tablets must be taken instead). The only noticeable after-effects are that menstruation ceases and pregnancy becomes impossible. Contrary to popular belief, the vagina is not shortened by hysterectomy—if anything, it is lengthened—and sexual intercourse and enjoyment can continue as before.



I am Curious (Yellow): Controversial Swedish film, directed by Vilgot Sjöman (1967).



Monsieur Ragazzoni hypnotising women at a soirée in Paris, c. 1855

with explicit scenes of sexual intercourse (including one session up a treehouse and another in front of Stockholm's Royal Palace). It was initially banned in the US but eventually shown there and in Britain in 1969. A sequel called *I am Curious (Blue)*—blue and yellow are the colours of the Swedish flag—was made in 1968, shown in the US in 1969. Rumour has it that the films took an unconscionably long time to shoot, owing to the male star's inability to achieve erections on demand.

illegitimacy: Birth of a child out of wedlock

(children conceived out of wedlock are not illegitimate). About 7-8% of all births in Britain and the US are illegitimate, which is fairly low in the world league table. Jamaica has an illegitimacy rate of 75%, closely followed by other Caribbean countries and South America. European rates range from Iceland at 27% to Italy at 2%. In the Far East and Middle East illegitimacy is extremely rare—Israel has one of the higher rates at 0.33%. With increased contraceptive information available and freer abortions, the illegitimacy rate in the West might be expected to go down. On the other hand, now that there is less social stigma attached to the unmarried mother, more women are prepared to have children out of wedlock (e.g. Eva Bartok, Georgia Brown, Bernadette Devlin).

Imperia Cognata (c.1480-c.1510): Italian Renaissance courtesan, so celebrated that when she lay dying (at the age of 31), bulletins were issued daily to the public. Pope Julius II sent his apostolic blessing, and the whole city went into mourning. Born in Ferrara, she came to Rome as the mistress of a rich banker. Her splendid house reputedly bore a legend requesting every visitor to bring wit and good humour with him and leave a gift when he departed. Like most great courtesans, she was interested in the arts: she wrote poetry and could play the harp and she modelled at least twice for the painter Raphael. Her bed was covered in black sheets, the better to show off her white body.

implantation: Stage of pregnancy, about a week after ovulation, when the fertilized egg becomes embedded in the wall of the uterus, enabling it to grow. Occasionally the egg becomes embedded somewhere else, e.g. in the Fallopian tubes, on the ovary, or even (rare) attached to the large intestine. Most of these so-called ectopic pregnancies are detected after six weeks, because the mother complains of severe pain, and the embryo is surgically removed. But in Chesterfield in 1965 a 7½-month pregnant mother complained of pain, and an operation revealed a 4 lb 6 oz baby in the Fallopian tube—mother and baby survived. In India in 1965 a 7 lb baby was found lying free in the mother's peritoneal cavity and was successfully "delivered". Even stranger cases are recorded of babies being born with other foetuses inside them; one three-month-old boy in Hongkong was found to have three foetuses in his abdomen, one two inches long and

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Censor's headache — *I am Curious*

well-formed.

impotence: Male inability to perform intercourse (masturbation may not be affected) due to failure to achieve and/or maintain an erection. Most men suffer from it occasionally, especially after an evening's drinking ("brewer's droop"), but some men can never, or only rarely, sustain intercourse to orgasm. Kinsey

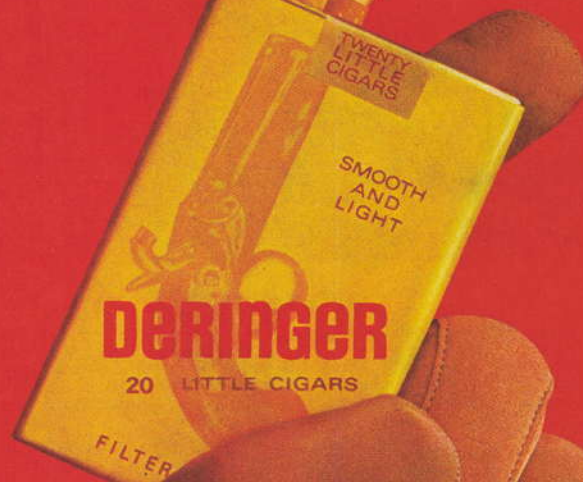
found that 0.4% of his sample were impotent at age 25 or earlier; 6.7% by age 55; and 25% by age 65. Most men (but not all) are impotent after 80. The most recent and illuminating study of impotence was made by Masters & Johnson (*q.v.*), who treated 32 cases of primary impotence (men who had *never* been potent) and 213 cases of secondary impotence (men who had been potent on at least one occasion). They found that impotence is usually of psychological origin, though physical factors, especially alcoholism, heavy drug abuse and diabetes, were sometimes involved. Background factors which recurred with more than chance frequency among impotent patients included: a traumatic first sexual experience with a prostitute; homosexual involvement during the teens; an orthodox religious and strict upbringing; dominance by one parent; and (in secondary impotence) a prior history of premature ejaculation. In 27 cases studied, a doctor or psychiatrist had actively contributed to the severity of the impotence by *e.g.* telling a patient that he must be a latent homosexual, or that he was being "punished" for an adulterous affair. Too many doctors still write off impotence in 55- or even 45-year-old patients as due to aging, without investigating its causes. The main problem is that the fear of failure is self-fulfilling, so the goal of therapy is to remove anxieties about performance. The Masters & Johnson two-week treatment consists of treating both partners of the marriage, first by counselling and discussion, second by "sensate focus" sessions in which the couple are encouraged to stimulate each other's bodies short of intercourse; third by "passive" intercourse in which the wife astraddle the man guides his penis inside her but without any

thrusting movements; and finally by full intercourse to orgasm. Using these techniques (more fully described in their book *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, 1970) they achieved a success rate of 59.4% with primary impotence and 73.8% with secondary impotence.

inbreeding: Child-bearing between close relatives, deplored by geneticists because it increases the odds on harmful recessive genes in the child. US studies indicate that offspring of first-cousin marriages are four times more likely to die in their first 10 years than offspring of non-related parents. But Britain and most US states allow marriages between first cousins, and a few US states even allow uncle-niece and aunt-nephew marriages. Inbreeding, a feature of isolated communities, tends to decline with improved communications—in Northern Italy before the invention of the bicycle a man used to find a bride, on average, at a distance of 600 yds; after the advent of the bicycle, the range went up to 1,600 yds. Even without first-cousin marriages, a certain amount of inbreeding is inevitable in closed communities over three or four generations: doctors who examined the Tristan da Cunjans evacuated to Britain in 1971 when their island volcanically erupted agreed that many of them showed the effects of this sort of unintentional, cumulative inbreeding.

incest: Sexual intercourse between close blood relations, legally defined as between a man and his granddaughter, daughter, sister or mother, or between a woman and her grandfather, son, brother or father (apparently a grandmother-grandson liaison is allowed!). Since incest, by definition, remains "in the family" it is rarely brought before the courts, but

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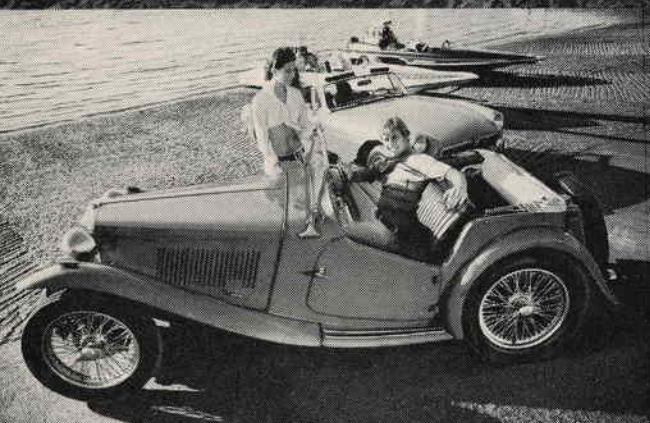
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in Britain the number of convictions is rising—from fewer than 100 a year before the second World War to 349 in 1964. Social workers believe that the incidence may be many times greater than police statistics indicate: a recent Chicago study of 72 delinquent girls brought before the Juvenile Court found that 32 of them had had incestuous relations with their fathers. Kinsey found that 16% of all sexual approaches by adult males to pre-adolescent girls were made by relatives, most commonly uncles. Incest can involve the additional crimes of rape and child molestation: in 1895, at Liverpool Assizes, one Michael Crowley, aged 24, was found guilty of raping his *four-year-old* daughter. The Institute of Child Health in London examined 13 children born of incestuous unions and found only five of them physically and mentally normal. Nevertheless, incest has its advocates: in 1967 a Liberal member of the Swedish Parliament suggested that the law should be changed to permit brother-sister marriages. He was outvoted. Virtually all societies have laws against incest (the Judaeo-Christian proscription is stated in Leviticus XVIII) but an occasional exception is made for royal families. The Incas of Peru allowed brother-sister unions, as did the Egyptian Ptolemies. Pharaoh Rameses II had 50 daughters and married several of them, and the chiefs of the Azande tribe in Africa are encouraged to marry their daughters. The motive for royal incest is usually to ensure the succession, especially when this is passed through the female line so that a king must either marry his daughter or, when his wife dies, be deposed.

incubi & succubi: Supernatural beings said to assume human form (incubus as a male, succubus as a female) to have sexual intercourse with a member of the opposite sex. Specifically, a phenomenon of Christian sexual repression in the Middle Ages. Widows and virgins were said to be most troubled by incubi and, as for nuns, the saying was that "incubi infest cloisters". Though enlightened medical men recognized that incubi were delusions or wish-fantasies, the Roman Catholic Church continued to assert that they were devils in human shape long after the Middle Ages. Pope Innocent VIII (1484-92), in his Bull *Summa desiderantes*, notes that in parts of northern Germany, "many persons of both sexes have abandoned themselves to devils, incubi and succubi, and by their incantations, spells and conjurations have slain infants yet in their mother's womb, as also the offspring of cattle, afflicted men and women with terrible pains and sore diseases", hindered men from performing the sex act and women from conceiving. The 16th-century writer R. Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, wrote that "in truth this incubus is a bodily disease, although it extend unto the trouble of the mind". Of its sufferer, he commented, "Melancholie abounding in their heads . . . hath deprived or rather depraved their judgments." When Salazar was sent as Inquisitor to Spain in 1611, he reported that of 1,300 accused of witchcraft, there was not one genuine case. Women who claimed to have had intercourse with incubi were medically examined and found to be virgin. But the Inquisitors Sprenger and Kramer found that these delusions were often followed by phantom pregnancies. Describing women who thought they had been made pregnant by an incubus, they wrote, "Their bellies grow to an enormous size; but when the time of parturition comes, their swelling is relieved by no more than the expulsion of a great quantity of wind." (*continued next month*)



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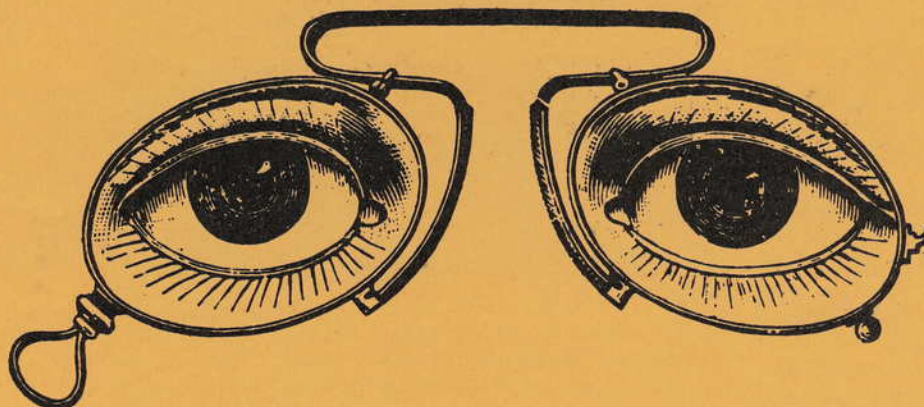
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VIEW FROM THE TOP



BEWARE THE BACKLASH

Face it, sexual freedom fighters—your movement is running into a genuine backlash. Not just the kind of resistance always encountered on the path to progress, but something much more vociferous. It threatens to develop into a full-scale sexual counter-revolution.

Joining the ranks of the ordinary upright uptight clamorers for "decency"—through-ignorance-through-censorship is a new horde of respected social commentators who tell us that sex is okay but that "the pendulum has swung too far" in one direction (freedom) and must now achieve some balance by moving for a while the other way.

They see our society as ailing from a kind of national hedonist syndrome. An over-abundance of sexual diversion which, they argue in the jargon of the economists, is counter-productive because it cheapens the product. They point to the proliferation of porn in films and print, the massage parlors, the swap-and-swing clubs, the topless-bottomless bars, sex education, co-ed college dorms, wide dissemination of contraception and abortion on demand. And they cry: "Too much! The market is being glutted!"

It's a disarming approach, because it enables them to drape themselves in what appears to be a pro-sex flag. And a lot of the more gullible among us are already saluting it. For example, "We're on a sexual binge in this country," wrote *Newsweek's* Shana Alexander a couple of months ago. "Never mind that this binge follows a long sexual famine that in its denials of sensuality may have been even more injurious to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is possible to have too much of

even a very good thing."

You see? In two words—"never mind"—she seeks to dispose of the fact that undermines her premise; namely, that the alternative and precursor to the so-called "binge" was even more harmful to us and destructive of our basic rights.

The lady is careful to acknowledge that sensuality can be a very good thing. But because it is possible to get too much, or it might be marketed too aggressively, she shouts to those involved, "Begone! . . . shut up! . . . I am sick of you all." And this, of course, to the thunderous applause of the Neanderthals who still insist that sex is dirty and that all sexually oriented literature must be catalogued as "filth".

Of course it's possible to get too much. That's as true of peanut butter as it is of sex. But it hardly justifies the easy leap to suppression. We tried that disastrously with booze, as we do now with pot. And we frequently try it with freedom itself, though the attempt is usually foreshadowed by an effort to make freedom less popular by having it relabeled "permissiveness". And damned if Miss Alexander doesn't do even that as she suggests that nothing would be lost to art, even to pornographic art, "by the suppression" of such things as the film version of *Oh, Calcutta!* and a couple of Andy Warhol movies. After seeing only a few moments of the film *Deep Throat*, she says, "One's lifelong opposition to any form of sexual censorship becomes difficult to defend."

Well, hang in there, Shana! Freedom is still worth defending. If nothing else, it at least gives you the right not to see the things that

make you sick.

It happens that at the very moment that outburst hit the stands, the venerable *Reader's Digest* was filling the daily papers with ads promoting its February issue. The ads carried the blazing headline: "What makes a woman RESPOND SEXUALLY." Beneath the headline we were told, "Here are the highlights from a monumental new study, 'The Female Orgasm' " revealing "the key factors that make a woman orgasmic . . . important and surprising insights into a woman's sexual life." At the same time, copies of the magazine appeared on newsstands and at supermarket checkout counters throughout the nation with front cover paste-on labels bearing in large type the words: "What makes a woman RESPOND SEXUALLY?"

Should *Reader's Digest* be banned or suppressed as a contributor to the surfeit of sex and the hedonist wave in America? God forbid! If the day ever comes when we are forced to buy it, that will be the time to man the barricades. Likewise when we are forced to join the swingers' clubs, or have abortions, or attend the "pop porn" shows, or patronize the kind of body-rubbers who really do make you feel good all over.

The fact is, we've always been subjected to an excess of titillation in advertising, theater and the novel, compared to the opportunity for gratification. That lack of opportunity was forced on us by an anti-sex minority in a position to legislate their hangups. It made us, more than any other factor, a frustrated and therefore aggressive people. The new availability of gratification will doubtless serve as a stabilizing factor.



Snell Putney, in his enormously perceptive book *The Conquest of Society*, speaks of the fundamental conflict in advanced countries between what he calls the Tighteners and the Looseners. The former believe in increasing control by institutions over people's lives, while the latter strive for personal autonomy. "Ultimately," he says, "the Tighteners seek a situation in which everything not required is forbidden, and everything not forbidden is required."

They're not likely to achieve their goal on sex: a society that tolerates it only for procreation and forbids it for recreation. We've come too far for that. But neither are we going to continue on the road to autonomy if those who should know better and pay lip service to freedom join the censors in drawing lines for the rest of us at their own personal thresholds of tolerance.

Free people draw their own lines in the marketplace where nothing survives unless it's wanted. Watch out for the guy who talks about the danger of "too much freedom". It's usually your freedom—not his—he has in mind.—*Fred Darwin*

SHIP OF GHOULS

"When Cunard liner *Britannic* called at Cork, most of the 260 passengers were trunkless."—*Evening News*.

And welcomed the opportunity to stretch their legs again?

RAISING CAIN

"Quite a number of killings, burnings and robberies occurred during the holidays. One fellow killed his brother, for a Christmas trick."

—*Dahlonga Nugget*, Georgia.

Who said vaudeville was dead?

CUSTARD'S LAST STAND

"An amazingly gripping story of ten men lost in the dessert."—Book review in *Wilts Weekly*.

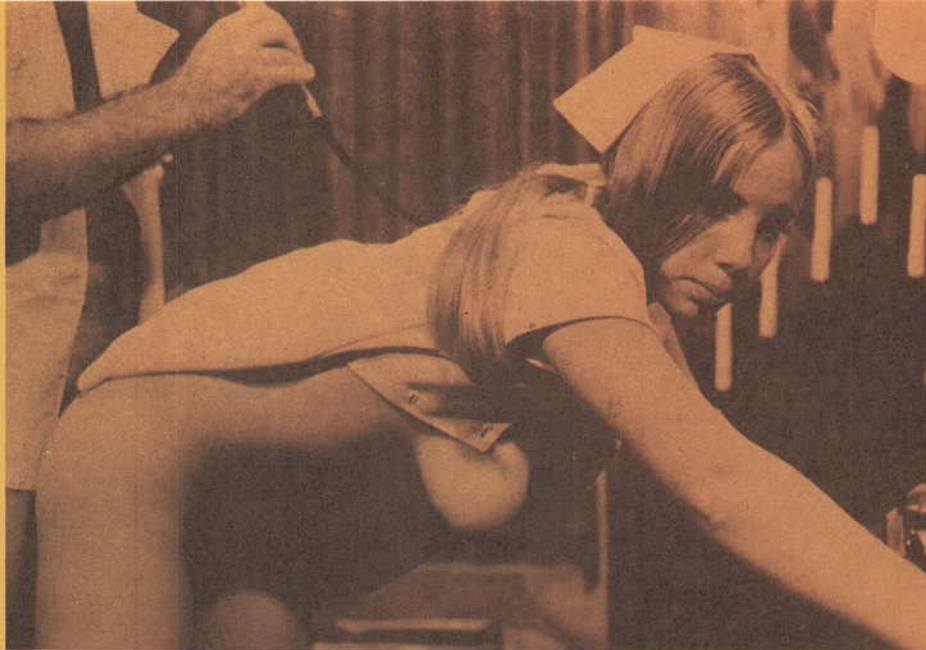
Of course, they come to a sticky end.

SCENES

... NOW SWALLOW HARD

One thing's for sure, and that is that *Deep Throat* will never figure in the Academy awards. But it has carved itself some sort of niche (or should we say cavity?) in movie history. Sixty-five minutes of almost uninterrupted cock-sucking would be enough to constitute a movie record, even without the obscenity prosecution. The plot tells of Linda Lovelace and her quest for sexual gratification, a quest complicated by the fact that the heroine's clitoris is embedded deep in her throat. The hero is nine inches long.

Needless to say, the movie was an instant boxoffice smash. Needless to say, it was prosecuted. What Judge Joel J. Tyler had to



Deep Throat: free sex lesson for Judge Tyler

decide was whether Linda Lovelace had her tongue in her cheek when it wasn't otherwise occupied. During the long Manhattan trial, defense witnesses contended that *Throat* was justified as a spoof of contemporary sexual mores; as satiric rather than satyric. But other experts, called by the prosecution, said the film's purpose was to pander not to ponder. Either way, the trial with all its attendant publicity served to make fellatio a household word.

For the defense, film critic Arthur Knight found the story to have "redeeming social value" because, among other things, it showed sympathy for the idea that a woman's sexual satisfaction is as important as a man's. He also gave the film passing grades for "character development". "There is a testing," Knight said, "a groping, on the part of the girl, until she finds the root of her problem."

Other defense witnesses echoed these sentiments and made the additional points that the 35 mm film (most pornos are shot hurriedly in 16 mm) expanded viewers' sexual horizons and educated them in sexual techniques. "It showed that fellatio and anal intercourse were within the limits of sexual expression," said New York psychiatrist Edward J. Hornick. "It takes away the taboo on the graven images of sexual organs," added Professor John W. Money of Johns Hopkins University.

Not all the witnesses reacted so favorably. "I do not see how you can spoof continuous fellatio by performing continuous fellatio," confessed sociologist Ernest van den Haag. "It appeals to prurient interests," declared psychiatrist Max Levin, "because it arouses sexual interest outside of love and marriage" and "for commercial motives". Levin had an anatomical objection, besides: "It might mislead women into thinking that the clitoral orgasm can give the maximum sexual gratification, which is incorrect," the septuagenarian testified. "I am of the view that the vaginal orgasm is superior to the clitoral." (Which is incorrect too, as any reader of *Masters and Johnson* could tell him.)

The question focuses on a lively issue of the Women's Lib Movement, a cause which was often invoked during the three-week trial. Defense witnesses contended that the movie, which celebrates cocksucking, somehow advances the theme of sexual equality. "The central theme," said Hornick, as a pregnant female court stenographer avidly recorded his words, "involves a young woman finding orgasmic satisfaction as a working life right." But, try as he might, defense lawyer Herbert S. Kassner could not come up with a feminist spokeswoman to defend the film. Women's rightist Susan Brownmiller had dismissed it as "just another male fantasy". *New York Times* reporter Grace Lichtenstein, an active feminist, put it more bluntly: "From a woman's point of view," she said, "this movie sucks." Apart from stenographer Francine Garb, who worked only one day, there were no female witnesses or participants in the trial at all.

Nevertheless, women have gone to see *Deep Throat* in unprecedented numbers. "During the day we don't get many," said Bob Sumner, owner of the New Mature World Theater. "But at night they're 50%. We get a lot of women coming in alone or with other women. You never used to see that at a sex movie."

Sumner, 26 and longhaired, looks more like an English rock star than the proverbial pot-bellied, cigar-chomping smut-peddler. The charge of promoting obscenity was filed against his company, Mature Enterprises Inc., operators of the theater at 153 West 49th Street where people have been queuing up in record numbers for the privilege of paying \$5 a seat. Sumner's company had grossed about \$712,583 on the film by the time the trial ended. The maximum legal penalty was a \$5,000 fine, but in terms of free publicity Sumner recouped this many times over. "We broke another box office record last night," he would say, chuckling to reporters in the courtroom corridor each morning. Harry Levine of Aquarius (Releasing) Inc., the film's distributor, reported that the movie had grossed more than \$3.2 million from showings



Last Tango in Paris: *first/last binge for Marlon and Maria*

in 70 cities. It cost about \$25,000 to make.

In Binghamton, N.Y., two days before the Manhattan trial started, a jury said that *Throat* was not obscene. But under New York City law the defendants were not entitled to a jury trial: Judge Tyler alone had to be critic, judge and jury. The Judge, formerly a license commissioner in the Lindsay Administration, showed open enjoyment in the trial and, at its conclusion, commended both Kassner and Assistant DA William Purcell for their legal work. He also admitted that he got what amounted to a free course in sex education from the various expert witnesses. When he learned early in the trial from critic Arthur Knight what the "missionary position" meant he exclaimed happily: "It's worthwhile for me, if nothing else happens, to have gotten this education." But the education of Judge Tyler didn't end there. Before the trial was over, the 51-year-old jurist found out many other things that he always wanted to know about sex but might have been afraid to ask. They included the possibility of clitoral erection and the existence of "pheromones", a hormone-like characteristic which is said to enhance the enjoyment of oral sex.

It is obvious that *Deep Throat* was selected as a test case, as part of New York City's drive to disinfect Times Square and its environs. But on an even wider level, it revived the whole question of whether government has any right to determine private morals. For, as witness van den Haag succinctly put it: "If there are any standards at all, this movie has exceeded them."—Anthony Mancini

SHOWS

TAKE TWO TO TANGO

Over the credits of *Last Tango in Paris* you see a painting of first a man, then a woman, in writhing torment. The man is Paul (Marlon Brando), an older American in Paris whose wife has just committed suicide. The woman is Jeanne (Maria Schneider), a microskirted teenager who meets Paul by chance at a rundown apartment in Passy where both have

come to see about renting the place.

In an attempt to run from his recent hell, Paul tries to make a private little heaven inside this apartment. Minutes after they meet, Paul kisses her. She kisses back and he picks her up by the crotch, sets her down, pulls off her tights and gives it to her without so much as taking off his pants—standing up. "There'll be no names here," says Paul. "I want to know nothing about you. You and I are gonna meet here without knowing anything that goes on outside, O.K.? We don't need names here."

It's not the sort of first encounter you've seen in any feature film before and for that reason writer-director Bernardo Bertolucci is being celebrated as this season's *enfant terrible* of the cinema. But he deserves credit for more, much more, most particularly one of Brando's finest performances ever. Bertolucci wrote the picture but, according to reliable reports, he let Brando re-write it—that is, he had Brando get inside Paul and carry the character along according to his own inspiration. It's like a kind of psycho-drama and the effect is dynamite.

Jeanne goes along with Paul's plan to create an escapist world that is purely erotic. In the apartment's isolation, the two of them play with a lack of inhibition that makes most stag films look prudish. And Paul almost achieves some surcease of pain. But not quite. "You hate women," says Jeanne. "What the hell have they done to you?" Paul's response makes chilling good sense: "Either they pretend to know who I am or they pretend I know who they are and that's very boring."

Yet Paul, much to his surprise, is not bored with Jeanne and he falls into a trap he'd warned her to avoid: he begins "to build a fortress for himself of her tits and her cunt". He wants her, needs her, too much. He loves with kinky, sado-masochistic overtones, but he obviously loves.

That's the beginning of the end for Jeanne. Now she cannot dance and sing with Paul like a child. He says they have to act "like adults". He changes the rules, tells her all about himself and his past. They venture out of



Steel Dawn Blues: *hi-jinks for Fonda and Co.*

the apartment together for the first time, wind up in an echoing dance hall, watch a tango contest, get drunk together—also for the first time.

"It's finished," says Jeanne. She gives him a hand job in the bar as a kind of last farewell, then dashes off. He chases her to her home, and she reacts to the all-too-real threat of love—to her, a kind of death threat. Soon, she is rehearsing her story for the police. "I don't know his name. I don't know who he is. He tried to rape me. He's a madman. I don't know his name. I don't know who he is. He tried to rape me. He's a madman."

There is a rumor that Brando will not talk of his role here, that he is unhappy with Bertolucci and with the film. There may be much that is wrong. But there is too much that is right for Brando to brood. He should be proud of his part in it, and of helping to encourage film-makers to treat serious themes in ever more serious ways.

LORDS OF MISRULE

Steel Dawn Blues won't win any Academy Awards, but it must've been one helluva fun movie to make. Here, that Fuck The Army couple, Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland, are lovers, though she is a hooker by trade and he a guy who can't help destroying things, including all the other cars in whatever kind of demolition derby he can get into and his straight brother's political career. Their off-screen friend, Peter Boyle, is very much around, too. He plays a lovable psycho and costume fetishist. They and about a dozen of their friends tear around Stockton, California, invade a U.S. Navy Base, recondition an old flying-boat and finally elude the pursuing system in a wacky finale.

Sutherland's screen brother (Howard Hesseman) is the District Attorney, you see, and he wants (too much) to be the state's



Attorney General, which is why he has such a stake in seeing Sutherland go straight. But law 'n' order is just too damn manipulative for his own good (or society's) and so, sorry citizens, you'll just have to root for anarchy, especially when anarchy is so well celebrated by some excellent rock music (fashioned, according to the credits, by Peter Gravenites, Michael Bloomfield and Paul Butterfield).

There's some good, tough dialogue here, written by scenarist David S. Ward, and Boyle, Gary Goodrow and John Savage demonstrate eleven different modes of petty thievery in a good cause (to make audiences laugh). But Sutherland has the funniest scenes: some great jail encounters; superb put-ons of his uptight brother; a couple of fine work stints in the city zoo (picking up lion shit inside the lion's cage); and finally racking up his life demolition derby dream—he incapacitates a '50 Studebaker with a stolen city ambulance.

DIRTY BURTY RIDES AGAIN

Burt Reynolds is *Shamus* and we first meet this private eye in the rack with a dame. But wait. As the camera pulls back, we see his "bed" is a pool table. When he climbs down—you guessed it—he slaps another score on the overhanging wire. The women, apparently, flow in and out of his poor walk-up as frequently as his cat, so a guy has to keep score some way, doesn't he? Well, whether he has to or not, he does.

But *Shamus* is not all steel. "I'm very emotional about dogs," he says. "They scare the shit out of me." In another scene, his beautiful, sexy body is badly beaten and he nurses his wounds in the bathtub—fully dressed.

Shamus is an obvious exploitation of dirty Burty while he's hot: fun and fast action, but mainly a camouflage for a weak plot. A man named Pappas dies a flaming torch: who done it? A wealthy Westchester County eccentric hires the private eye to find out, but he doesn't take time enough to find out his client's motives.

Instead, he falls for his suspect's sister (Dyan Cannon) and she falls for him, too. On the pool table, of course.—Robert Kaiser.

WORDS

THE NAKED AND THE NUDE

George M. Hester has produced a book of photographs of unclothed human beings so beautifully realized that it forces a new look at old questions of art and the human body, especially since he has titled it *The Classic Nude* (Amphoto, \$19.95). In fact the title is inaccurate because the book is not an attempt to represent in photography the classic canon of the nude as an art form, but it may not be too bold to see it as a classic work, embodying

a new aesthetic of the human body that has grown up with photography and may be entering its own classic period.

On this basis it is interesting to compare it with Kenneth Clark's definitive work *The Nude: A Study in Ideal Form* (Pantheon, 1956). Lord Clark distinguishes between the naked and the nude, and startles with the statement that: "The nude is an art form invented by the Greeks in the fifth century, just as opera is an art form invented in 17th-century Italy." He points out that literal transcriptions of nakedness are more likely to dismay than delight and regards the art of the nude as seeking to perfect rather than imitate the body. But for all his concern with formal perfection Clark doesn't fall into the trap of thinking of a work of art as pure form. He quotes, only to refute, a distinguished aesthete who said, "If the nude is so treated that it raises in the spectator ideas or desires appropriate to the material subject, it is false art and bad morals." Lord Clark finds it necessary "to labor the obvious and say that no nude, however abstract, should fail to arouse in the spectator some vestige of erotic feeling—and if it does not do so, it is bad art and false morals. The desire to grasp and be united with another human body is so fundamental a part of our nature that our judgment of what is known as 'pure form' is inevitably influenced by it."

So we're agreed the nude must be sexy, but equally obviously it must be far more than merely suggestive of sex to have that quality of universal and endlessly repeatable satisfaction that separates art from pornography. And here is where Lord Clark comes up against the camera.

He assumes respectfully that photographers are engaged in the same search for perfection as other artists, apparently "with every advantage". But he feels that the criterion of perfection is so much stricter for the nude than, say, for landscape that, "Consciously or unconsciously, photographers have usually recognized that in a photograph of the nude their real object is not to reproduce the naked body, but to imitate some artist's view of what the naked body should be." It is a shrewd judgment, and it is still true of some of George Hester's photographs in *The Classic Nude*, where he reveals quite properly his feeling for the Greek ideal.

Clark doesn't put photographers down for seeking to make nature imitate art but, he says, "In spite of all their taste and skill, the result is hardly ever satisfactory to those whose eyes have grown accustomed to the harmonious simplifications of antiquity." This phrase (our italics) is possibly the key to a re-evaluation of the nude in art. For 2500 years "the harmonious simplifications of antiquity" have influenced our reactions to the

nude. However, it may be that now our eyes have grown accustomed to a different aesthetic that has subtly developed with photography, and will ultimately be realized in that medium.

George Hester, a pro who does commercial fashion work as well as high art, would be embarrassed to hear himself discussed as a founder of a new aesthetic of the human body, and of course he is not. His book is only the latest and currently most exciting in an ongoing development. An earlier outstanding book in the same idiom, which is still available, is Victor Skrebneski's *Skrebneski* (Grosset & Dunlap, 1969). Both men—who will probably resent comparison because their vision is so similar—have eliminated all the props and drapes and distractions of earlier arty nudes. They create poses not just of pretty girls, but of men, women and children of various ethnic types, singly and in groups. Technically they work in much the same way: one camera, one light, absolutely plain background—and perfect nakedness, with no hiding of genitals. One of Hester's models is heavily pregnant; and she proudly displays her condition as a natural, beautiful stage in the life of woman.

She may be a symbol of the new view of the nude. While it is too much to say that all of Hester's and Skrebneski's photographs exemplify a canon as definable as the Greek ideal, there is clearly common to both a way of seeing the body that speaks pathos, energy, ecstasy—qualities that Clark treats at length—as well as a deep respect, which nevertheless admits an occasional playfulness. It is as if the camera is rediscovering the whole and natural body as "the supreme transmutation of matter into form".

If this is true, perhaps there's a societal explanation. The Greeks, who "invented the nude as an art form", had the last high culture that took public nakedness for granted. Through the intervening centuries there was no new aesthetic of the nude because the body was hidden. We are now seeing a great proliferation of public nakedness. If a new "Nude" is born of it, it will surely be expressed in the modern idiom of photography, which has so encouraged public nakedness.

In any case, as we're all agreed, no nudes is bad nudes.

RECOMMENDED READING

Maggie D: A Sexual History by Adam Kennedy (Trident, \$7.95). Unusually convincing fictional account in interview form of a woman's sex life from first kiss to age 36. Never a dull moment.

Strange Games by Heller Toren (Simon & Schuster, \$5.95). A sexually affective novel about a young English girl married to an Italian aristocrat with a penchant for strange sexual rituals.—Norman Hoss

SOUNDS

Reunion at the Telstar Corral

Gravity surrounded them in a familiar envelope as a cactus- and yucca-embossed arm set the controls that would ease them out of orbit. Two minutes later the great gibbous earth had filled the entire screen, and soon a familiar rhomboid curve appeared on the holographic scanner. They'd been away a long time on their intergalactic trails but how could they forget Mt. Shasta's soft contours? The descent is soundless except for the "rrrrr...er" of the humming retros tuned to Roger "Jim" McGuinn's soul sound. A band of ecstatic fans are shrieking, "It's the Byrds! It's the Byrds!" as they touch down. Spontaneously they break out into a wave of dolphin chants. The afternoon dissolves...

An appropriate touchdown for rock's first space-age group—didn't they write Earth's first love song to a quasar ("CTA-102")? And who but cybernetic McGuinn would drag a pet laser (Ruby) about with them for companionship? They encapsulated the mid-60s compulsion to make everything new, to force back every boundary. The New Age required new sounds, new signs, a new language, new myths, and what could've been more perfect than the Byrds' own fantasy of themselves: Space Cowboys!

In flashes and vibrations, they brought us acid Newspeak. Early Byrds fans found only colors to describe them. The harmonies of their soaring vocals and the overtones of the 12-string guitars all buzzed and droned like the whine of liquid oxygen. As McGuinn said on the liner notes of their first album, "We've got the krrriiiisssssssshhhhhhhh jet sound, and all the kids are singing up in there now. It's the mechanical sound of the era: the sounds are different and so the music is different. I trust everything will turn out all right."

They remain *the* American group of the '60s, activating so many of its dominant themes that it's hard to believe the recorded life of the original group barely spanned two years. But during those two years they crashed one sonic barrier after another: the first political protest song in "Turn, Turn Turn"; the first serious country song in '60s rock, "Satisfied Mind"; Bach in the bridge of "She Don't Care About Time"; electronics in "CTA-102"; the infamous raga rocker, "Why"; and, of course, the first psychedelic song, "Eight Miles High".

But "Eight Miles High" was a commercial disaster and it only compounded the already aggravated personal conflicts within the group—this was a pre-underground era and failure to make it on the charts seriously undermined a group's musical authority and per-



Original Byrds: Crosby, Clarke, McGuinn & Hillman in 1966

sonal confidence, as it was to do to the Beach Boys after *Pet Sounds*. Their next move—perhaps in desperation—was to country music. Unlike many big city groups, the Byrds were not wholly foreigners to country. Gene Clark was from Missouri and both he and Chris Hillman were bluegrass freaks. When Gram Parsons joined the Byrds in 1968, these leanings became out of hand, what McGuinn described as "Japanese". Camouflaged in their new sound they even made it to the Grand Ol' Opry.

John Lennon once asked McGuinn why they didn't wear outfits on stage. "We lost them," he said. "I wish we'd lost ours," said Lennon, and that attitude was to become the dominant underground style for both audiences and performers: levis, casual stage manners—even turning your back on the audience during a jam. The Byrds' own casualness on stage, however, was almost always contrived. Ill-at-ease with their image—McGuinn's granny glasses and Crosby's mustache tended to look a little glued-on, like Sgt. Pepper patches—they often overacted (as in Crosby's famous Kennedy assassination speech at the Monterey Pop Festival), distorted their volume (this is rock 'n' roll, baby) or tried to look bored. Most of this came from a folk-rooted embarrassment about how to behave on stage, and is graphically described in their triumph of self-consciousness: "Do You Want To Be A Rock Star?"

According to David Crosby, the Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper roles in *Easy Rider* were based on McGuinn and himself. Only an ego-maniac like Crosby would say it, but it's probably true.

Gene Clark (the Byrd who wouldn't fly) had already left the group by 1966 but when David Crosby left in 1967 it was all over. McGuinn made a series of pleasant albums—*The Notorious Byrd Brothers* ('68); *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* ('68), minus Mike Clarke; *Dr Byrds and Mr Hyde* ('69),—McGuinn now the only one of the original Byrds remaining; *The Ballad of Easy Rider* ('69); *The Byrds, Untitled* ('70); *Byrd Maniax* ('71); *Farther*

Along ('71), all on Columbia—but it was the tension between Crosby and McGuinn that had made the original sound, and without it the new "Byrds" were no longer 5D. Hillman and Clark caught country fever like everybody else at the close of the '60s, and made three subtle nouveau country albums with the Flying Burrito Bros—*The Gilded Palace of Sin*, *Burrito Deluxe*, and *The Flying Burrito Brothers*, all on A&M. Hillman on his own had two other albums, *Hillmen* (Together) and *Cherokee* (ABC) and has been touring for the last year or so with Stephen Sills' Manassas. David Crosby, as everybody knows, went on to become a millionaire with Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young (*C,S&N*, *Deja-vu*, and *4Way Street*, on Atlantic).

In 1969, when everyone thought the original Byrds had finally been scattered to the ends of the earth and no more Byrdsounds would be heard, Together Records released two collections of early Byrds tracks from 1964-5 called *Preflyte* and *Early L.A.*, both so charged with '60s energy they made you long for more, and soon rumors started circulating that Crosby and McGuinn were actually talking to each other again. The old ferocities had cooled and, except for Crosby, nobody was that happy with their present lot.

It is the art of producers and record company executives to conspire, but the plot that Asylum Records President David Geffen and the Byrds' old producer Terry Melcher cooked up was a stroke of genius: to assemble all the old Byrds (only David Crosby was out of town) for a cruise and then sort of see what would happen. The result was the most dramatic reunion since Stevie Winwood reformed Traffic. *Gene Clark, Michael Clarke, David Crosby, Chris Hillman, and Roger McGuinn* (Asylum) doesn't take off where *Turn, Turn, Turn* left us in 1965 (when Gene Clark split) but it is amazing how all the Byrds, all evolved in their different spheres, have produced an album which re-explores the sources from which they originally drew their flashing, pulsar energy, while the sound itself is quite different—drones have become



harmonies, and the jingle-jangle of 12 strings is buried deep in the track. Many people were surprised that the album doesn't rock more, like the first track, "Born To Rock'n'Roll", and that what they are into is closer to folk—to the "tinkling Western sky music" that Hendrix used to talk about. It isn't 1966, but it *is* the closing of a cycle.

Now, if only someone would invite those other four guys on a cruise...—David Dalton

Country comes to town

Ever since it was revealed that L.A. was on the way to becoming a suburb of San Francisco (geologically, that is), cities have been on the move. No one has so far seen Biloxi moving out onto Highway 61, but recently there seems to be a lot of Nashville Tennessee around New York City. WHN, a former middle-of-the-road NYC station, after a six-month in-depth study, just up and switched to a country format at the beginning of the year (as did KLAC last year in L.A.) to become the only country station in the city since WJRZ went top 40. Believe it or not, they found 1.5 million LP-buying country fans in New York. 1972 was also the first year a large number of country singles made it into the pop charts. One reason is that country is expanding its base, even so far as to include singers like Jerry Reed, Donna Fargo, Lynn Anderson, and Kris Kristofferson. It's what the Country Music Association likes to call "modern" country music; "stress the *modern*, honey".

But, if country in general is aiming for a more middle-of-the-road sound, there are still a few of the legendary heavies around, in the tradition of the country rock singers who helped re-shape pop music in the late 1950s. One of the most bad-assed around is Waylon Jennings who "stomped the shit" out of Max's Kansas City (NY's hippest pop restaurant) for a week earlier this year. He is the archetypal country singer. He began his career as a DJ at the age of 12, joined Buddy Holly and the Crickets in 1958, and only narrowly avoided being in their fatal plane crash when he gave up his seat to the Big Bopper. He formed his own group, The Waylors, out of Phoenix in the mid-'60s, Chet Atkins heard them and immediately signed them to RCA.

Waylon has the rugged good looks of the classic country singer and one of those deep Texas voices that are so smooth they sound like they were distilled in charcoal. His singing is the essence of country. Its fluidity and deep resonance make his material almost secondary. Everything he sings is totally real. Not only do you believe him when he sings "The House of the Rising Sun", but he even makes the melting marzipan of "MacArthur Park" bearable; he lets you *hear* it for the first time. His own songs (Dr Hook



Jennings: *macho with a sense of humor*

are planning to record one of them on their new album) are in the great country tradition and run from the merely tragic to the too darn bad. Waylon Jennings, singer of sad songs.

His manager has been able to play on the apparent contradiction of such a mellifluous sound coming from a dude who looks like he just stepped up from the Hell's Angels encampment on East Third street. In a Black Bart type beard he glowers from his poster captioned, "He's not as sweet as he sounds" but, like those other country heavies Johnny Cash and Merle Haggard, he has a sense of humor about the macho, Big Bad John image that country singers like to cultivate. This has saved him from some hairy incidents, like the time a cowboy was going to tear him apart because he wouldn't do his favorite song (a song Waylon had never heard of). "Listen", says Waylon with his gunslinger cool, "I bin in 57 fights and lost every one of them. You know a man's luck is bound to change, so you wanna step outside?" The cowboy cracked up.

But Waylon Jennings at Max's Kansas City? You'd have thought Conan the Barbarian would've been more at home in this androgynous combat zone. The sopor-psyche vibes are so heavy when the Dolls perform that the staff gets a special bonus—"combat pay" as Sam Hood, who books Max's acts, describes it. It's not that Max's hasn't always harbored heavy cowboy fantasies—the juke box is loaded with Tammy Wynette

photos by Andy Dalton



Yoko: *with best friend of the second sex*

and Hank Williams, and cowboy ciphers, levis, and western shirts are standard gear—it's just that all this is pantomime as Max's name implies.

Typical of country music's incredibly wide appeal, Waylon's opening night attracted hip and straight, old country fans and young kids. As a spokesman for WHN said, "Country music appeals to our feminine format, as well as the Lakers fans." There is a basic honesty about even the hokiest country song, and Waylon personifies that. Its day-to-day stories have no sweeping fires or apocalyptic visions—and there is something reassuring about that, as well as its melancholy drone, the sighs of the steel guitar. 1972 was the first year a large number of country hits made it on New York top 40 radio and there are rumors that Tammy Wynette is thinking of playing at Max's, so it really seems as if country music has arrived in New York at last. It couldn't have a better introduction than from Waylon Jennings.—Susann Weiner

Listen to the ocean child

Yoko Ono is probably not only the "most famous unknown artist", as John Lennon once said, but also the most maligned. Everybody knows her name (though not its Japanese meaning: "ocean child"—"small field"). A few people appreciate her poems and participatory art and music-of-the-mind events ("An intensity of a wink is: two cars smashed head on. /A storm turned into a breeze. /A water drop from a loose faucet"—*Wink Talk*; or, "Draw a line with yourself. Go on drawing until you disappear"—*Line Piece*). A few have also admired her extraordinary vocal conceptions in "Don't Worry Kyoko", the soundtrack for the film *The Fly*, and her Plastic Ono band record complementing John's *Mother* album.

In all of these, Yoko's voice reveals itself as a kind of vocal tachystoscope (the shuttered magic lantern that projects images for a thousandth of a second), immediately and almost subliminally communicating move-

ments of the smallest elements of sound, reminding you of the screams, wails, laughter, groans, caterwauls of a primordial, pre-birth, pre-mammalian past, as well as of the fogged-over, pained immediacy of childhood. "She becomes her voice," John once said, "and you get touched."

Most rock fans, however, seem to have remained untouched. Since meeting John, Yoko has recorded musically more conventional songs like "Who Has Seen the Wind?" (the B side of John's "Instant Karma") and "Sisters O Sisters". But if Yoko's "wailing" music baffled most listeners, her mainstream rock and ballad style—simple and unadorned—has provoked an onslaught of criticism, much of which reveals the underlying resentment created both by Yoko's previously misunderstood "new musical" style (though admirers of La Monte Young, Philip Glass, Steve Reich, *et al*, certainly knew where she was coming from) and also by her acknowledged influence on John Lennon (as if his and Yoko's films and music should of necessity coincide with the aesthetic expectations of his rock fans).

Yoko's recently released two-record album entitled *Approximately Infinite Universe* (Apple), dedicated "to my best friend John of the second sex", has certainly opened her up again for more abuse. For the 22 songs featured here are straight-out rock and ballad numbers, and at first hearing it's easy to notice that Yoko isn't Janis Joplin, Françoise Hardy, or Gladys Knight. She comes to rock from another tradition, so her intonation sometimes wavers, you occasionally hear her swallowing before phrases, and her pronunciation "tilts" words so that "body" sometimes sounds like "bawdy". Yet it is precisely these imperfections that, on second hearing, all add to the interest of a genuinely original conception.

For this album is Yoko's "A Day in the Life of . . .", presenting a musical diary of her recent experiences, observations, and feelings. Backed by the Elephant's Memory band (and they've rarely played more diversely and more effectively), Yoko's songs are for the most part about human beings with "wrinkled souls"—a girl with a "thousand holes in her head", a guy named Yangyang "born with a phone chord round his neck", a vampirish and cannibalistic hustler named Peter the Dealer, "cool chicks", and war-sick citizens—"The pure products of America go crazy," as the poet W. C. Williams once wrote.

And Yoko, too, shares, as she understands, this failure of the possibilities of communication. Thus in "Shiranakatta (I Didn't Know)", she sings in Japanese, French, and English, as if to attest to the Tower of Babel of human relationships. Whether using the ballad style of this last song, the cha-cha rhythms of

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"What a Mess", the Motown glitter of "Catman", or the blue-beat lightness of "Air Talk", Yoko specifically reveals her life as a woman in New York City in 1972. And in songs like "Looking Over From My Hotel Window", "What a Bastard the World Is", and "I Felt like Smashing My Face in a Clear Glass Window" (with the line "Trying to talk to them is like eating TV dinner when you're angry"), she expresses an unembellished sense of anger, rejection and resentment. It's interesting that the one real blues

number on the album—"Is Winter here to Stay?"—features Yoko in her "older" vocal style. You hear her intensely sustaining and then pushing one tone, speeding its vibrations until it snaps and breaks into hundreds of ricocheting particles, suggesting a passionate dialogue between ecstatic and haunted birds. It sounds, too, as if Yoko were unwinding from the constraints of all those other songs. Perhaps we can hope that she will soon give us another try at her own unique exorcistic music.—Jonathan Cott

SHORT TAKES

Re-Focus/The Monkees (Bell 6081). Because they were packaged, promoted, and marketed for television, the Monkees were scorned by many during their peak ascendancy in the mid-to-late '60s as a co-optive ripoff of the Beatles. Happily, *Re-Focus* provides a chance to re-evaluate the Monkees' sound without this prejudice, and the experience is surprisingly refreshing. Included are the delightful hit singles "Last Train to Clarksville" (their first biggie in 1966), "Daydream Believer", "A Little Bit Me, A Little Bit You" and "I'm a Believer". "Pleasant Valley Sunday", below its surface charm reveals a deeper darker message about plastic lifestyles that is as relevant today as it was in 1967, while "I'm a Believer" is still a teenybopper classic by any standard. *Re-Focus* is more than just another nostalgic anthology: it's a welcome rediscovery and aptly titled.

Midwest Farm Disaster/Bob Martin (RCA LSP-4770). A serious, beautiful, and depressing debut album by a major new talent, on the theme of the deterioration of rural Middle America. Vocally, Martin expresses the rage of early and middle Dylan, but in his own style which is at once rougher, tougher, and more stoical. His well-wrought narratives are artificially distanced from their subjects to make them effective on two levels: as social statement and as moving or humorous reminiscence. Martin's emotional stance and incisive lyrics hit you in the title cut: "Lorney Taylor died last week/She couldn't take no more/Of welfare lines and real hard times/Living so long so poor/The bank took back the farm one day/Lorney Taylor died of grief/Just one more farm in many that's been taken by a thief/All across the Midwest can't you see what's going on/The farms are all abandoned and the farmers mostly gone."

Greetings From Asbury Park, N.J./Bruce Springsteen (Columbia KC 31903). "Madman drummers bummers and Indians in the summer with a teenage diplomat/In the dumps with

the mumps as the adolescent pumps his way into his hat/With a boulder on my shoulder, feelin' kinda older I tripped the merry go round/With this very displeasing sneezing and wheezing the calliope crashed to the ground . . ." This kind of over-ambitious, pseudo-Dylan-esque drive fatally flaws the debut album of a potentially interesting singer/songwriter. Both melodically and vocally Springsteen is eclectic in the worst way. The one song that seems to have influenced him is Dylan's "My Back Pages"; consciously or not, he refers to it repeatedly. His singing is as overly emphatic as his poetry and just as derivative and he makes matters worse by accentuating his own verbosity. Yet for all his faults, Springsteen has talent. What he needs is a good editor.

Really/J. J. Cale (Shelter SW 8912). Exquisitely relaxed, laid-back blues are the specialty of J. J. Cale, a consummate smoothie who, miraculously, never bores. His first album, *Naturally*, was a work of polished perfection, within its own modest limits, paying reverential tribute to the blues masters of three decades. Vocally, Cale is the Donovan of the blues. He has a tough-gentle voice whose timbre is remarkably expressive and his phrasing is rigorous but never forced. His songs are all close to the roots: melodically strong, harmonically pure, with good simple lyrics. His lead guitar work is functional in the best sense—expert but not flashy. *Really* doesn't contain a single bummer. The best cut is the hit single, "Lies", whose multi-tracked back-up vocals by Joann Sweeney are a model of taste and subtlety. Dig also Cale's breathtakingly understated rendition of Don Nix's classic "Going Down". More than any other practising white blues artist, Cale demonstrates the aesthetic principle that less is more, if you've got it, and this man certainly has.

War Heroes/Jimi Hendrix (Reprise MS 2103). This fourth posthumously released Hendrix album is an uneven hodgepodge of un-

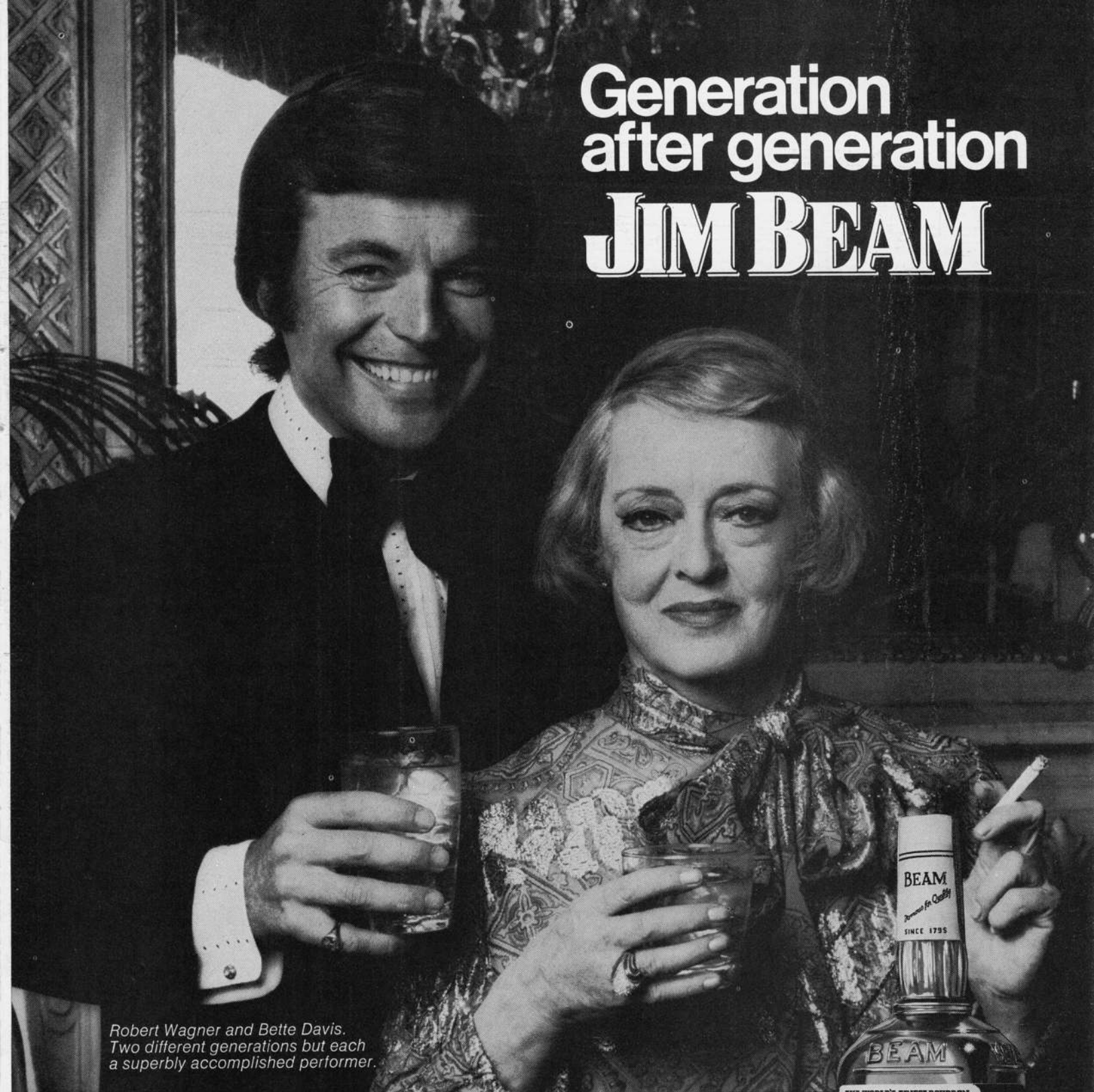


Judy Collins: telling true stories sweetly

released tracks dating from as far back as 1968, but still a must for Hendrix freaks, if only for an incomplete instrumental fragment of sustained brilliance called "Midnight"—a dense whirlpool of churning metal that has some of the spiciest, most anarchic wah-wah riffs ever laid down by Hendrix, plus great support from bassist Noel Redding. Of the album's four completed studio songs—"Bleeding Heart", "Highway Chile", "Stepping Stone" and "Izabella"—none are up to Hendrix's finest work, though all contain flashes of his mercurial genius. The rest of *War Heroes* consists mostly of goofing and camping. An especially charming throw-away is the playful treatment of "Peter Gunn". It all goes to show that if you scrape the bottom of the right barrel, the dregs will contain enough nuggets to make you keep digging for more.

True Stories And Other Dreams/Judy Collins (Elektra EKS-75053). This is Judy Collins' best album since her magnificent *Who Knows Where The Time Goes*, now more than four years old. It has the same integrity and an exalted tastefulness that many will find dry. Five of the album's nine cuts are Judy Collins' originals and they reveal a songwriting talent at least as impressive as Joan Baez's. Unfortunately, her two most ambitious songs are her least successful: "Che", a description of Che Guevara's death, and "The Hostage", the first-person narrative of a guard being held in Attica State Prison. Both suffer from a pallid artiness in musical conception and execution. Where Collins succeeds completely is in her most personal autobiographical songs. "Holly Ann", the album's masterpiece, is Judy's loving tribute to her younger sister, and its interplay of guitar, piano and strings is ravishingly beautiful. Just as moving is "Secret Gardens", a reflection on childhood and age: "But most of all it is me that has changed/And yet I'm still the same/That's me at the weddings/That's me at the graves/Dressed like the people who once looked so grown-up and brave."—Stephen Holden

Generation after generation **JIM BEAM**



*Robert Wagner and Bette Davis.
Two different generations but each
a superbly accomplished performer.*

Robert Wagner and Bette Davis are dedicated professionals, honored for their acting accomplishments.

They're of different generations, to be sure, but they share a like, uncompromising love for their craft. That's simply the kind of people they are.

The Beams, too, are craftsmen. And for 178 years now, son following father, they've respected their craft and excelled at it.

The result is a proud Kentucky Bourbon. Smooth and light and mellow.

Jim Beam. For six generations; one family, one formula, one purpose.

The world's finest Bourbon since 1795.





"They were careless people. They smashed up things and creatures and they retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made."—F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*.



apathy now!

Who gives a damn? Today massive indifference is the thing. Pick your own theory for how come—if you can be bothered

by Craig Karpel

Surely you remember Consciousness I, II and III? You must have read about it in *The Greening of America* by Yale's Charles A. Reich. He propounded the theory that Consciousness comes in three sizes, I for the "American farmer, small businessman and worker who is trying to get ahead", II representing the "values of an organizational society", and III the "cleaning wind" of the "new generation", circa 1970. Well, in case you haven't noticed, it's 1973 and time for an update of the state of American consciousness, and that means—yes—a new *Consciousness number*.

Are you ready? Chisels handy?—it's

gonna be another Roman numeral: IV. Consciousness IV! The Consciousness of the *new new* generation: Apathy.

Apathy? Didn't that go out with liking Ike? Didn't that go out with the Man in the Grey Flannel Suit? The one with the desk set in the executive suite with the view from the 40th floor? Didn't it go out with black and white television? With white sports coats and pink carnations? With Charles Van Doren? With the two-seater Thunderbird? With striped toothpaste? Apathy—now?

You got it—the perfect slogan for Consciousness IV, the new era of apathy: *Apathy Now!*

A few weeks before the presidential election, Jules Feiffer rang in the mood in a nationally syndicated cartoon. "The following word test is to gauge your emotional stability," says the psychia-

trist, who looks like H. V. Kaltenborn, to the patient, who looks like The Man In The Grey Flannel Suit.

"The Pentagon Papers."

"Yawn," yawns the patient.

"My Lai," says the doctor.

"Yawn," yawns the patient.

"Bombing dikes."

"YAWN."

"Dropping more bombs on Vietnam than were dropped in World War II and Korea combined," says the shrink, but before he can finish the patient's chin has sunk to his chest and a stream of Zs is coming out of his nose. In the final frame he has snapped awake. "How am I, doctor?" he asks.

"Perfectly normal."

You want to know how apathetic things are?

Remember when people used to wear

buttons that said: "GIVE A DAMN"? Have you seen anyone sporting one of those collector's items lately? Well, neither have I, so I thought I'd call up the Urban Coalition in Washington and find out if they were still distributing them. The receptionist who answered the phone listened to my question. Then she said, "One moment, please," and put me on hold—permanently. I guess she didn't give a damn.

Even the musicians don't care any more. Don McLean wrote a tune saying bye-bye to "Miss American Pie" all about "the day the music died" which was Number One for 17 years in 1972. Who could have imagined in the '60s that in the '70s musicians would be making fortunes by caterwauling about how the music they were making had croaked? At least when Alice Cooper did "School Out" he was up front about where the music was at. "Well, we got no class," he shrieked, "and we got no principles, and we got no innocence, we can't even think of a word that rhymes." I can't even think of a way to end this paragraph.

Apathy! Why, I grew up with it in the good old apathetic 1950s. In fact, the only thing I remember from then is pastel orlon sweaters and Jean Shepherd on the radio purring away about "the creeping meatball" of apathy. But the We-Must-Move-Forwardism of John Kennedy snuffed all talk of apathy. Yes, there was that 1964 to-do about Kitty Genovese getting stabbed "in full view of 38 people" none of whom "wanted to get involved". But 1964 was the peak of the civil rights movement, the beginning of the student movement, and though apathy may have been a pervasive mind-set it certainly was not the trend.

Then, suddenly, in late 1972, that word began appearing in print again, and it wasn't used to describe 38 people who, because they didn't want to get involved, found themselves being inflated into a symbol of massive indifference. It was being used to characterize the renaissance of—no symbols—massive indifference itself.

Newsweek's first cover story of 1973 was "Coping With Depression". A few paragraphs into it the magic word popped out at me: "There is some evidence that depression is spreading most rapidly among the nation's young people. Some psychiatrists discern a pervasive apathy among American youth, produced, they believe, by frustration over the war and the environment and confusion over social values." If the leap from clinical depression to apathy seems a bit of a *non sequitur* it short-cuts to an important perception: clinical depression is a subjective state; the corresponding *objective* phenomenon is apathy. It's not a mass mental illness, it's a mass mental *symptom*. Apathy

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58



Marlboro



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 18 mg. 'tar,' 1.3 mg. nicotine—
100's: 19 mg. 'tar,' 1.5 mg. nicotine—Lights: 13 mg. 'tar,' 1.0 mg. nicotine—
Menthol: 16 mg. 'tar,' 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug '72



LINDA UNLIMITED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH NELSON

Nudity is an almost natural state to be in for Linda Diane, for this brown-haired green-eyed beauty has been in various states of undress on many of the world's beaches. Linda has been round the world twice—the first time with a choir. "I sort of sang my way round the world," she says. The second time was more exciting. On that occasion this French-born 23-year-old joined a group of surfers and, as Linda explains: "We surfed all over the world. Wherever there were waves, that's where we stopped off." Nudity is almost a natural state for Linda because, apart from local laws and customs that prevail in the parts of the world she has visited, only the weather determines whether she is clothed or not. "Nudity is good," says Linda, "as long as the weather permits. If it's warm and you're on the beach, then it's good to be nude. But when it's cold I prefer to be wrapped in furs." Linda's favorite hobby, not surprisingly, is surfing, but she also

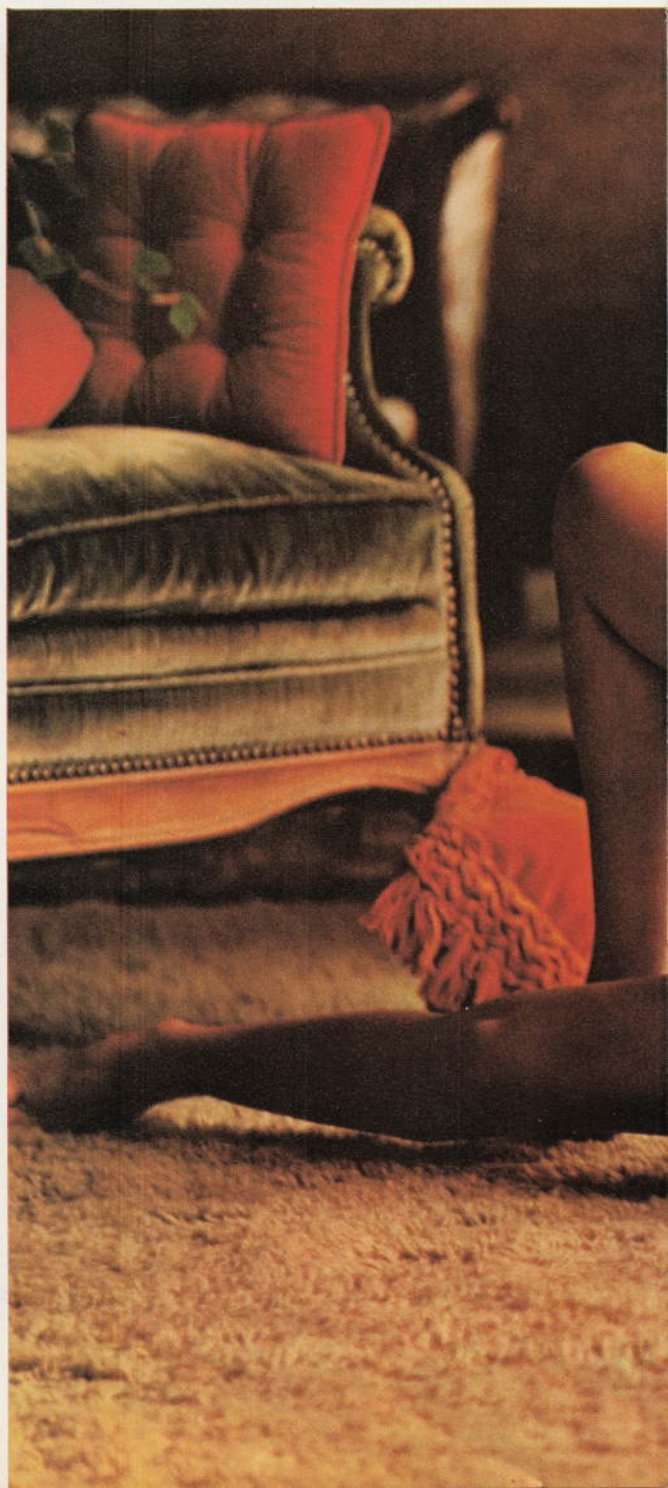




has a love for collecting shells which, also not surprisingly, she has gathered from all over the world. For her age Linda has had quite a full life. She was born in Bordeaux, France, and like the red wines from that area that are known in England as claret and said to possess distinct feminine quality, Linda has an unmistakable discreet feminine quality all of her own. "My father was stationed in France with the service," Linda explains, "but when I was three we moved to California, where I've spent most of my life when I've not been traveling." It was Linda's traveling bug that interfered with her education because, as she explains, "I kept leaving school to take off somewhere."



Nevertheless, she did spend time at the University of California, where she studied chemistry. "I was going to be a pre-pharmacy major but I gave it up and turned to drama and the arts. And she adds: "I lean towards musical comedy and dancing, and at the moment I'm studying acting with Lee Strasberg. Despite Linda's only too obvious femininity—five feet five inches from end to end with 35½-23-34 inches of curves in between—she describes herself



as a real tomboy. "I was always totally involved in some kind of sports activity," she says, "from football to skiing and surfing. I find this makes for better times with men." Linda also loves glider flying: "It's so quiet and serene in the air," she says. "It gives you a feeling that you are close to the source of energy that created the world." Does Linda have a leaning towards the outdoor man? "Yes I do," she says, "I have a liking for men who like doing things all the









time. But really there is no ideal man, is there?" She adds: "All men are different and each one has something different to offer, so to get turned on to them it has to be a real mental and physical attraction for me. Having a sexual relationship is good as long as nobody gets hurt in the end, but a strong emotional tie is best of all." 



Apathy Now!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

can't be done away with by cheerleading. Apathetic people are not passive merely because no one has reminded them to get off their asses lately—they are passive, because the thought of action depresses them.

"The level of apathy was incredible," Dave Stroh, the Massachusetts student co-ordinator of the McGovern campaign told a *New York Times* Magazine reporter investigating why McGovern carried only that state, "and greatest of all at the elite schools. Students at Harvard and Wellesley insisted on ideological purity. McGovern would make some concession they didn't like, or we worked with some local pol they found distasteful and they'd throw up their hands and refuse to play." "Refuse" is the key word here: a lot of apathy at this point doesn't consist in just not caring—it consists in caring so much you're paralysed.

From a recent editorial in the business weekly *Barron's*: "Berkeley: University of California regents now anticipate little resistance when, in a few months, they plan to oust the remaining winos and freaks from People's Park to make way for high-rise apartment houses; long

ago, seemingly [*Spring of 1969*] one student died and many others bled to keep it as a refuge for 'street people'. Questioned about the apathy, a former militant, now doing post-graduate work in business administration (and running a successful car-leasing business on the side), says: 'I guess it's the frustration factor. We learned there was very little we could do to push America in a direction it didn't want to go.'"

A few days after the presidential election the Harris poll discovered that the vast majority of voters *didn't believe Nixon was going to do anything to implement his campaign positions*.

A reporter from the *Wall Street Journal*, who drove across the country on U.S. 6 several months ago trying to gauge the mood of America, met Harold Miller, principal of Joliet, Illinois' Central H.S., which four years ago had 50 police patrolling its racially tense hallways. Miller told him that today the school has many problems, "but the major one is apathy." He said: "There is such a large number of students, maybe 25% or more, who are utterly aimless. They aren't turned on or excited by any of the traditional things . . . They aren't saying anything, and they aren't doing anything. They just aren't interested. They're like zombies."

To talk about a widespread mood of apathy is not to insist that everyone is

completely apathetic all the time. But a 25% zombie quotient is enough to poop any generation's party.

In *The Nation*, drama critic Harold Clurman reviews *The Trials of Oz*, a play about the obscenity trial of a British underground magazine which overflows with the four-letter words the magazine was popped for. "How indeed can it shock," Clurman asks, "at a time when our entire society seems to have become disaffected from everything? A world sunk in apathy, while every sort of social, political, moral outrage is a daily occurrence, can hardly be expected to react to the expletives of adolescents who have no vocabulary beyond the vulgar." That is, people have become too apathetic to give a shit when somebody says "give a shit".

Clurman goes on to discuss the musical *Rainbow*, written by half the team who did *Hair*. "If *Rainbow* appears to rouse its audience to a more immediate response," asks Clurman, "is it because it substantiates the last line of its final number, 'I don't expect anything good from this life'? The audience seems to revel in this conclusion, rejoicing in the chaos of moral obliteration . . . Is it ecstatic to have been led to feel so little that one can remain at ease in mindlessness?" If your expectations are low enough, sure! During the '60s we experienced what was called a "revolution of rising expectations". Today we're becalmed in the Sargasso Sea of the counter revolution of *falling* expectations.

Gradually I began to see that a lot of seemingly unconnected occurrences were encompassed into a huge apathetic pattern. The Center for Auto Safety reports that 40% of car owners fail to respond to recalls: apathy. The American Jewish Committee's study of young workers indicates that 20% are happy with their work, 20% are dissatisfied and 60% are "ambivalent and resigned to their situation": apathy. On the news, Walter Cronkite intones that Senator Bayh's Juvenile Delinquency sub-committee has found that sleeping pills are the most widely abused drug. Immediately there is a commercial for—Sleep-Eez: apathy. A Census Bureau survey shows that only 55% of those eligible voted in the presidential election—the lowest percentage since 1948—and that less than half the newly-enfranchised young voters bothered: apathy.

And while I was trying to conquer my own apathy about apathy enough to do some thinking about apathy, I happened to mention the fact that I was writing a piece about apathy to an editor of the *N.Y. Times* Magazine. He laughed: "I was supposed to do a story like that for the *Times*."

"What happened?"

"I never got to it. The more I got into the subject, the less I could bring myself

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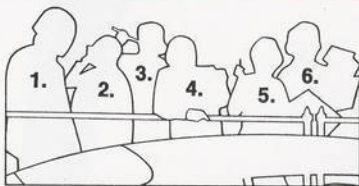


"When you've finished with that vibrator, can I have the battery for my radio?"

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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- Here at the Speedway everybody has a gimmick... almost everybody. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.
1. Nope. He's "Third Turn" Abanian. Has been in 263 races. Gimmick: always loses control on third turn where Bubbles Fickfern stands (see #5 below). He doesn't smoke. His car does.
 2. No. Second-Hand Sam Slick, used car dealer. Gimmick: buys what's left of Abanian's cars. Smokes "pre-owned" cigars.

3. Hardly. He's Reggie J. Van Phynque II. Gimmick: filthy rich. Wears cashmere toupee. Smokes double-vented cigarette.
4. Right. He likes his racing without far-out fads or gimmicks. Wants his cigarette that way, too. Camel Filters. Honest, no-nonsense. Fine tobacco. Easy and good tasting.
5. Bubbles Fickfern, racing groupie. Gimmick: 18 stopwatches... with Mickey Mouse hands. Smokes Fellinis.
6. Fellini. Gimmick: never sees a race; too busy following other sports events on portable TV and radio.

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody
(but they could be for you).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.72.

A close-up portrait of George C. Scott dressed in a Western costume. He wears a dark cowboy hat, a white button-down shirt with a V-neck, and black suspenders. He is holding a dark handgun in his right hand, which is visible on the left side of the frame. The background is a rustic wooden wall.

PENTHOUSE
INTERVIEW
**GEORGE
C. SCOTT**

If George C. Scott keeps turning out fine performances at his current pace there's just a chance that he may not always be identified with General George S. Patton. It was this role, played with power and conviction, that marked his breakthrough to movie stardom. It was this role too that provoked a memorable reaffirmation of Scott's individuality. Acclaimed with an Academy Award, Scott disconcerted Hollywood by declining to accept the tribute. He disapproves of the award system and even before he turned down the Patton Oscar he had rejected a nomination for his supporting role in *The Hustler*. In the last two years Scott has made five films. His post-Patton performances include *Hospital*, opposite Diana Rigg, *They Might Be Giants*, *Precinct 45*, and *Day of the Dolphin*. He also starred in and directed *Rage*, which opened on Broadway last year.

Penthouse caught up with Scott on a cold, windy and rainy set in Stockton, California, where he was filming *Oklahoma Crude*, and over a period of a week and several bottles of brandy he talked about himself, the theater and his feelings. He has the reputation of being one of the more difficult people to pin down for an interview. In fact you don't pin down a man who is six foot, weighs 190 and who, for a time, was one of the nation's more accomplished street and barroom brawlers. You wait for his nod of acceptance.

Scott's pre-Patton career on stage and screen goes back more than 20 years, with dozens of films and more than 150 plays under his belt. Yet it was not until the age of 25, after a spell with the military followed by near-graduation in journalism, that he turned to acting. He was born in Wise, Virginia, on October 18, 1927, and later moved with his family to Detroit when his father, George D., lost his job as a mine surveyor. In Detroit Scott senior joined the Ex-Cell-O Corporation as a salesman and eventually became a corporate vice-president. His work provided a comfortable living but kept him out of the boy's life, a situation that was not helped by the death of George's mother, of peritonitis, when he was eight. Following this, he was reared by an older sister, and became an accident-prone loner who preferred going to movies and writing short stories. "With few exceptions," he once commented, "I was completely unloved as a child."

He left high school in 1945, enlisted in the Marines ("It was the only way of getting out of the house") and served four years, mostly at Arlington, Virginia ("I buried a lot of guys in Arlington National Cemetery and learned how to drink"). Then he enrolled at the University of Missouri to study journalism, but dropped out just before graduation in 1952 to join a professional acting company at Stephens College,

Missouri. He also taught a course in world literature there. It was five years later, after more than 100 roles in small stock theaters that he made his New York debut in the title role of a Shakespeare Festival production of *Richard the Third*.

His first film part came with *Anatomy of a Murder* in which he played an attorney who is defeated in legal combat with Jimmy Stewart. *The Hustler* came along in 1961 and he also had a memorable spot in *Dr. Strangelove* as General Buck Turgidson, a slightly insane Air Force officer. Meanwhile, his private life was going through as many ups and downs as his early career.

Within two years of packing in his studies in journalism he married actress Carolyn Hughes. After they split up, he married another actress, Pat Reed, in Washington D.C. and the two of them moved to New York. Scott worked for IBM, sold rugs and looked for work as an actor, and by 1958 that marriage was finished. He took as his third and fourth wife, Colleen Dewhurst—third and fourth because they were married, divorced, married again and subsequently divorced again. It was in New York that Scott acquired the reputation of being an actor's actor, a drinker and a brawler: while appearing in *Comes a Day* (his Broadway debut) he awoke one morning in a cell with no recollection of his arrest for assault the previous evening. Last September he was married to Trish Van Devere, a 30-year-old actress with whom he had been keeping constant company since they appeared in the film *The Last Run*.

This Penthouse Interview was conducted by John Weisman between shots of *Oklahoma Crude* and for longer periods in the 25-foot camper that served as Scott's dressing room. When not shooting, Scott stays apart in the company of his dresser, his make-up man, and his constant friend, an actor named Pat Zurica. They play cribbage and chess and don't mix with the rest of the crew. He is not a cold man personally, but no one is going to nominate him for Mr Warmth either. Whether working with another actor or talking to a reporter he gives his full attention. He is perhaps the most individualistic man we have ever interviewed. He is a traditionalist, but unwilling to be locked into any one position. There are private areas about which he keeps his silence. He is "tired of bitching" and tends to pass off his hard times with a shrug as though they are things he has decided will not go away through talking about them. But one thing is clear. His knowledge of the craft of acting, self-taught through observation, is probably as comprehensive as that of any actor in America today. He is always the professional.

Penthouse: When did you first know that you were really good at your craft?

Scott: I'm not sure. I felt confident early—maybe after a year or so of acting professionally. Even though I didn't know that I was going to make it, I knew that I was capable, I was convinced—or deluded—that I was competent, and that I could handle myself in this medium and it sure as hell is good to know that, good for the sanity. If you have a sort of hard core of self-confidence there's something to fall back on.

Penthouse: How did you learn to act?

Scott: Just by watching actors mostly. Watching movies. I watched the people who impressed

me when I was young. More or less the Warner Brothers stable of the 1930s, '40s and early '50s—the Munis, Cagneys, Bogarts and Robinsons, people like that.

Penthouse: Were you a movie nut as a kid?

Scott: I was, yeah. About all I did with my money was go to the movies. It kept me off the street. I'd go three-four times a week if I could scrape up the dough—you know, movies weren't always very expensive. Then it was about 25¢ in the afternoon. It was great. I was fascinated by it. Sometimes they'd have a triple feature and you'd be in there 10 hours a day on a Saturday. A lot of kids went just to throw spitballs and

screw around. I never did. I went to watch the movie, man, and I didn't like any disturbances. Even when I was really young—6, 7, 8—I hated all that running up and down the aisle. But I never thought of becoming an actor.

Penthouse: What was the first film you ever saw?

Scott: The first I can remember was *The Three Little Pigs* in 1934, when I was about six or seven. I took it seriously. It didn't matter what the movie was; comedy, musical, drama, I never cared. Fucked-up kids live in fantasy worlds anyway. If it's real for you, then that's where you're at and you hate to go home because you

“
I hate mass movements. I hate joining things. That to me is destructive to the individual. You gain weakness from joining any kind of group. That's total fascism.
”

can't stand it there. You can't wait until you get back to that marvelous world at the movies. You say to yourself, "Golly, I'd like to be part of that somehow." And of course you don't know any way to get started or what the first step is. I always acted out everything at home without knowing what I was doing. And when I started acting in college, things fell together like tumblers in a lock. It was—and is—instinctive.

Penthouse: You have a very recognizable face. The critic Kenneth Tynan described you as a victorious corkscrew . . .

Scott: . . . bottle-opener. He said I had a profile like a victorious bottle-opener! That's a handicap. Prominence is a handicap. Early in their careers actors are students of human nature as are writers and painters. You go anywhere, anywhere, and study and watch how people behave, their mannerisms, whatever, and you file it away. It's more difficult for me to do that now because, sadly enough, there is a concentration on one's self which is a bad thing and something to be avoided if possible. But it's almost impossible—because, instead of watching others, you're concentrating on what impression you're making on others. That's a very shallow thing. But it's part of the problem of being who I am. I simply can't sit off and be as objective as I want.

Penthouse: You mean you would like to be a non-personality?

Scott: I strive for that, I always have. It's very, very important to me. I don't feel that my being a half-assed public figure gives anyone the right to intrude on me. Some people adore that kind of thing and seek it out. Generally, it's very repugnant to me. Some actors, it's all they do—bounce from one TV talk show to another. They're seen at the right places and so forth. I've never been very amenable to that.

Penthouse: How did you succeed in breaking through the typecasting of your younger days and working your way into more sympathetic roles?

Scott: I was really lucky. I had been searching with great frustration, trying desperately to find something that would ease me out of it. It happened with the character of Neal Brock in *East Side, West Side*, when I played a social worker. It was one big break which, happily, buried that fuckin' villain thing, 'cause otherwise I'd be stuck with it forever, and there's only so far you can go if you don't have a wider range of acceptance. Villains are charming and pyrotechnical and attractive, up to a point. But after a while people begin to think, "Oh, that's a Joe Blazotz part and there he goes again, he's gonna tear up the furniture and choke the girl." You can't go on with that for too long because, look, some of us are the creation of some movie studio publicity department, and some of us are not, and those of us who are not are the lucky ones. They can make the transitions they have to make because they've made transitions all along, in their careers. It's the ones who can't change who end up blowing their brains out and cutting their wrists and taking the pill, you know? I was delighted when I broke out of the villain thing. In my Broadway debut, *Comes A Day*, I played a psychopath. It lasted only 29 days, thank God, because when it was over I was a physical wreck. I had water on both elbows and water on both knees—from throwing myself around the stage. I had this fit in the third act and made myself black and blue nightly.

Penthouse: But don't you enjoy playing villains sometimes. Isn't it a way of taking out your aggressions?

Scott: Never. The only person I wanted to strangle was the guy in the third row who was talking to his wife. Or the lady rattling the shopping bag. Those are the only people who bother me. There's little tendency toward mayhem in me on stage. Again, I don't believe in that kind of reality. I'm extremely technical. I really can't ever recall losing myself in a part or losing control, or not knowing what I was doing at every moment.

Penthouse: Apart from the glamor and the money and the ego fulfillment, are there any other dividends from acting?

Scott: Yes. Acting is a very marvelous thing because it really helps you get out of yourself. Your life may be muddled and it may not seem to have any ending or beginning or you may be physically ill. It doesn't matter. You've got a magnificent escape—simply by going out on that stage and being someone else for two hours. You move into that wonderfully classic structure of the stage and you're appeased by it. The beast in you is appeased by it. Total escape.

Penthouse: Do you get more out of it if you become part of the character?

Scott: I don't agree with the theory that says you must bring all of yourself to a character. I think exactly the opposite. The less you allow yourself to get in the way, the better are your chances of delineating someone else. Now many actors, who do not agree with me and who function the other way, do so brilliantly and beautifully and, apparently, happily. I have no ax to grind either way. If it works for them, fine. But it doesn't work for me. It's marvelous, also, to be in a role that in some way is very uplifting, although it may be very difficult and exhausting both physically and mentally. When you have done a role like that, you come off and say, "Well, I've done a good job." You've run through the experience with the role again and you have a feeling of accomplishment about it. You also have the marvelous feeling that "I have the opportunity to try again tomorrow night." You know? There's nothing more pleasing than that anticipation, if it's going right and it's something you care about. There's nothing more agonizing if you have to feel "Oh my God, I've got to come back tomorrow and do this fucker again." That is deadly.

Penthouse: Do you still get that uplift by being onstage?

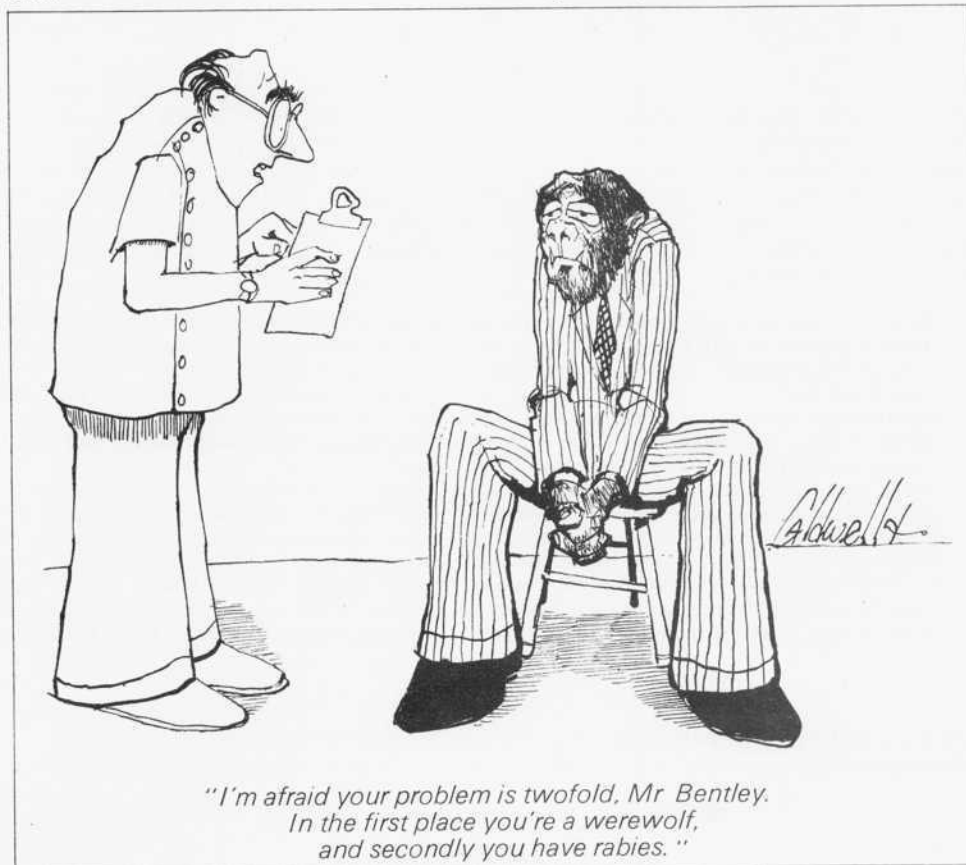
Scott: Happily, it still occurs. If it should stop occurring, I'd be in trouble as an actor.

Penthouse: Were you satisfied with your work in *Patton*?

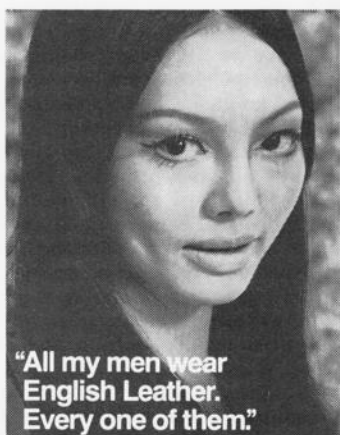
Scott: Yes, in the large sense, as much as it can happen in films, as opposed to the stage. The main reason was that I had so much admiration for the man. I felt happy to carry his brief for a while. I felt very close to him after the thing was over and still do, as a matter of fact. I've become good friends with his son, a remarkable man in his own right, much the same type of man as his father. I corresponded at length with General Patton's sister, an elderly lady now, of course. Dynamic woman. After the picture was over and when *The Patton Papers* came out I read the book voraciously—read it twice, and I'm very sad that we didn't have the benefit of those papers when we were making the movie. I think they would have been a great help in alleviating some of the problems that I had in trying to get away from the stereotype the studio wanted to do on him. They wanted to stick with that one-note bluster scream-and-stagger shit. I was captivated by the multifaceted personality and tried my damndest to get as much of that in as possible, and that led to some problems during the filming. They seemed to be fascinated by the journalistic conception of him which I thought was narrow and superficial.

Penthouse: Patton was interested in many things—poetry, reincarnation . . .

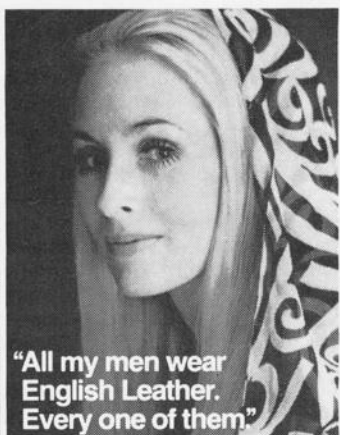
Scott: Yes, and that was in the script. Thank God for the writer Francis Ford Coppola. But there were other things they never got to. For example, I believe Patton was an incredibly good strategist. He was never given credit for



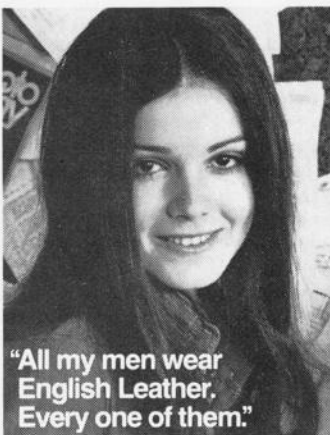
"I'm afraid your problem is twofold, Mr. Bentley.
In the first place you're a werewolf,
and secondly you have rabies."



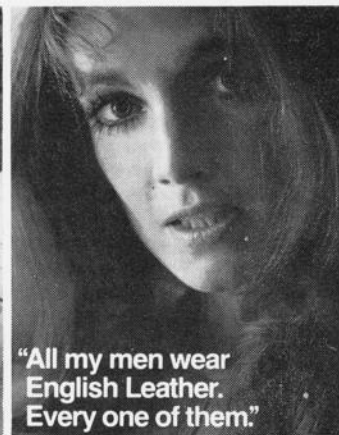
"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



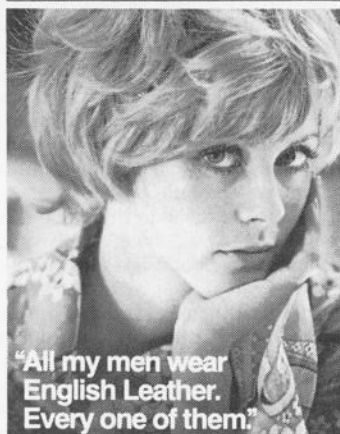
"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
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"All my men wear
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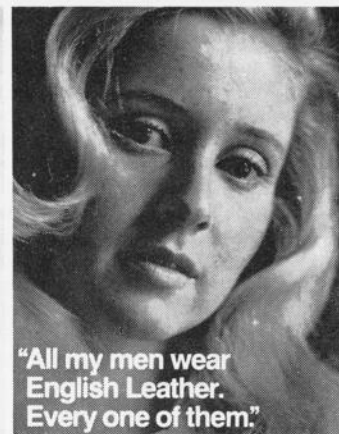
"All my men wear
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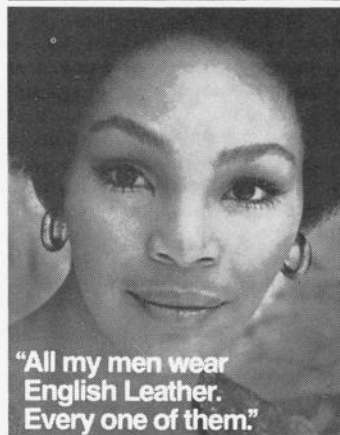
"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



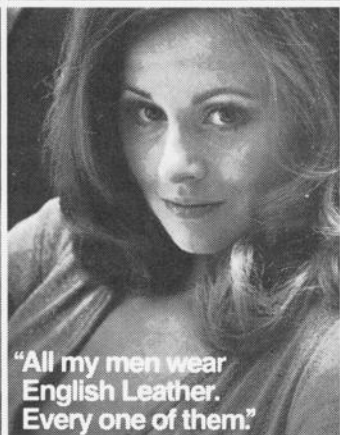
ENGLISH LEATHER COLOGNE, \$3.50



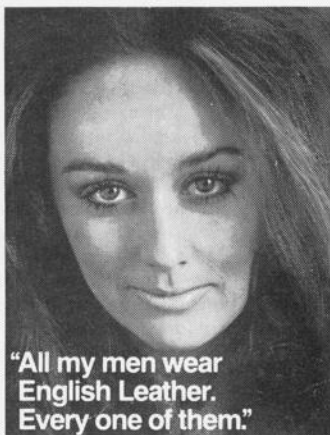
"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



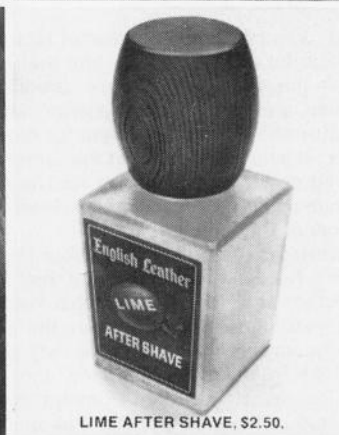
"All my men wear
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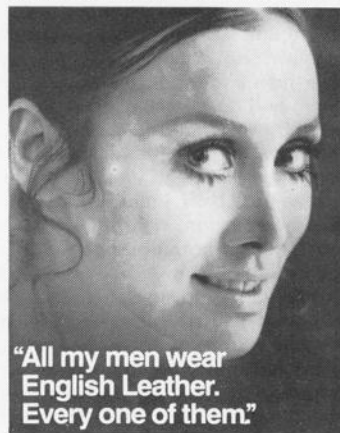
"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



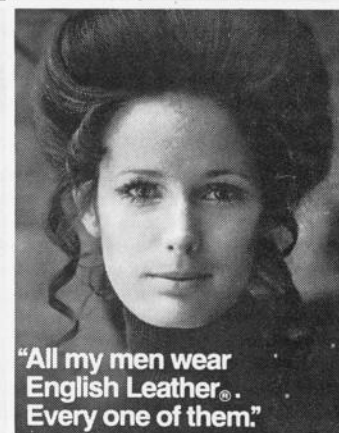
LIME AFTER SHAVE, \$2.50.



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



GIFT SETS, \$3.00 TO \$10.00



"All my men wear
English Leather®.
Every one of them."

that. I think he was thought by his contemporaries to be an excellent tactician and executioner and that's all. But there were many deeper threads within him—professionally speaking.

Penthouse: Was Patton compulsive?

Scott: Certainly he was a driven man—certainly when you read his own letters and private notes you see that. You know, strangely enough, though I feel very close to him I feel that I'm probably not the type of person he would have taken to at all, had we met. But I'm rather proud of the fact that I was able to do him some sort of justice, give him some sort of illumination before the face of history. It's a nice feeling. I feel better about that angle of it than anything else about the picture—or anything that's happened since the picture—y'know, as far as the accolades and the rest of the bullshit.

Penthouse: How do you feel about the accolades?

Scott: I've never felt terribly fond of any of that. It's part of the business. It's just as noxious when it's good as when it's bad. I read two reviews of *Rage* in the trade papers and they bombed the shit out of it. What are you gonna do? So it's, you know, you do what you believe in and let 'em go.

Penthouse: It's no secret that you feel actors should not compete for awards...

Scott: No, they shouldn't so far as I'm concerned. The problem in the industry—the movie industry—is that actors have been treated like animals for years. There's very little respect for actors, and the awards just create less respect by creating competition. Now if you're talking about improving the Academy Awards, I think an Oscar for stuntmen would certainly jazz up that fucking dull two hours. I've thought about that for a long time.

Penthouse: Your dad, George D., won an Oscar.

Scott: Yes he did as a matter of fact. He won an Oscar for a documentary film that his company—the Ex-Cell-O Corp—produced and financed, and which he was a large part of.

Penthouse: You didn't accept for him?

Scott: It's funny—he won it the same year that I turned down the nomination for *The Hustler*. I sent him a telegram that said, "At least the right member of the family got it."

Penthouse: Are you close to your father?

Scott: No... well, yes and no. I always respected and loved my father but I was frightened of him. It's only in the past five or six years that we've become very close. My dad was in milk. He invented the Pur-Pak machine. Well, he didn't invent it but he perfected it. He even put Pur-Pak machines in the hospital ship *Hope*. He also put in a desalinization machine—it drew in seawater, desalted it, purified it, zapped it with powdered milk, ran it through the machine, and out it came—cartoned milk just like that. He was with Ex-Cell-O for 28 years.

Penthouse: What was his specialty?

Scott: He was an engineer, at one time. But he really is the greatest salesman who ever lived. Sold that Pur-Pak machine in 50 countries. At the age of 18 he was a surveyor in the mines, in Virginia. My dad's 71 now. Retired eight years ago. He lives in Florida and Virginia and anywhere he bloody well wants. I wish he'd do something—he's such a vital human being. You can't just wind down. I think there's a dreadful feeling about "I'm not wanted, I'm not needed." I think they get that syndrome into their heads, and it's hard to talk them out of it. I know fucking well my old man could do a lot of things—besides drive his fucking Cadillac across the fucking country. But he does bounce back

between his mother and his father trying to keep both of them alive or keep them comfortable on their way to death—which occupies a great deal of his time. He's a character. He's a gas. And what a voice. The most marvelous speaking voice—if I had that voice I'd rule the fucking world. "Hi, boys!" is what he says. "Hi boys!"

Penthouse: Sounds like your father is worth a TV series.

Scott: No. If it ever came off I'd have to watch Lee J. Cobb in the part. He'd probably get the job.

Penthouse: Any other colorful relatives?

Scott: Well, my grandfather is still alive at 91. He worked in the mines for 45 years and was a foreman for 30 of them. He's alive and kicking right now after five strokes and five wives and all the rest of it. He's a gas, too.

Penthouse: You said that as a child you never thought of becoming an actor. What did you want to become?

Scott: A writer. I tried and tried when I was very young and all through high school to write plays. But I never had the ability. I wrote short stories, too—about 50 of them. I used to send them to magazines and get rejection slips. I've worked on a great number of scripts from time to time, but as far as making a clean, original effort, I've never been able to do it, and it's one of the sadnesses of my life. I hope as I get older that I'll be able to return and do a little writing. Phasing out acting, a little, is a plan of mine. Doing more direction and less acting and more production and less acting, and hopefully, some writing along the way.

Penthouse: You admire Eugene O'Neill, don't you?

Scott: Yes. All of O'Neill is so revealing and yet so difficult to act and yet so marvelous to see and to read. O'Neill had an unbelievable mind. I think he's the greatest—certainly the greatest American—playwright, ever. For years I used to say O'Neill was the only man who wrote great plays badly. With those 800,000 stage directions, he's so clumsy in some ways and yet he has such a burning power and torment underneath it all. That's what sweeps you along. You're stunned that anyone could suffer that much. Most of his plays are terribly flawed as far as structure and so forth, but I don't think he cared. He never seemed to care. Writing with him was an absolute compulsion. It was the kind of thing that consumed him as he was doing it.

Penthouse: Writing and acting are both lonely and individual crafts, aren't they?

Scott: I'm sure. But I think it's more so in writing. Almost 1000%, to coin a horrible McGovern phrase. Total self-revelation. You've got to lay it on the line. Now acting is a little different. Acting is the most marvelous thing in the world, in one regard, because you can do the mask thing with absolute impunity and then walk away and say, "Well, that had nothing to do with me. Whatever I just did for two and a half hours on that stage, it had absolutely nothing to do with me."

Penthouse: Isn't that fooling yourself?

Scott: Of course it is. But it's a wonderful therapeutic thing in many ways.

Penthouse: Perhaps acting is the ultimate therapy?

Scott: Sure. Gets all those schizoid tendencies out of you—and you get paid for it! There's also satisfaction out of having done a good job. But it can be an extremely destructive life, psychologically. I wouldn't wish it on anyone—certainly none of my children. It costs a great deal. I don't like to talk about that part of it. Too much has been written about it, and it always

sounds as if you are complaining. I'm *not* complaining. It's just circumstances.

Penthouse: Do you expect anything from an audience?

Scott: I'll say—everything. Mainly I expect to be taught. That's why I've never held with acting schools. I don't believe acting can be taught straight out. A lot of sincere people literally and genuinely believe in teaching acting, but I don't think they're any further ahead than the charlatans. The only way you can be taught to act is by three elements, really. First and foremost is the audience. Second is the knowledgeable director. And third—not necessarily in this order—is your colleagues, the people with whom you work and whom you observe. There's nowhere else to learn.

Penthouse: Can't you learn from life? Experience?

Scott: Yes, you can learn to absorb and to catalog, if you wish. You can learn to lock it into a vault somewhere inside you, to be used for future reference. But the technique of releasing that information in any given second and in any given situation you cannot learn from personal experience. I think it has to be professional experience. But the audience, they are the real reason why you can play a play for a long time. Many times you don't think you can, quote, get it up any more, unquote, and you say, "Oh, God, if I have to go through this once more I'll lose my mind." And yet, there is always something that they do for you that is instructive and enlightening. Even if they're a bad audience. There are good audiences and bad audiences and terrific audiences and shitty audiences and mediocre audiences. It's an incredible mystique that so many disparate souls can come together in a theatrical situation and become an entity in themselves and reflect and transmit as an entity. It's really a spooky situation.

Penthouse: What is the best kind of audience?

Scott: There is no best audience. I've seen some fantastic audiences made up of surly, half-drunken bastards in a Broadway theater. If it's a *night*, you can walk on that stage and feel a wave of contempt, a wave of hatred as strong as a blow, literally as strong as a physical blow. Then as the night progresses, you feel that hatred changing and softening and turning on itself. It's a triumphal evening when that happens. It doesn't happen too often, but when it does, it's indescribably delicious and memorable. On the other hand, you have the evenings when you walk out and everybody goes *ecchh*, and it's instant death. It gets worse and worse. You wonder that they could despise you that much.

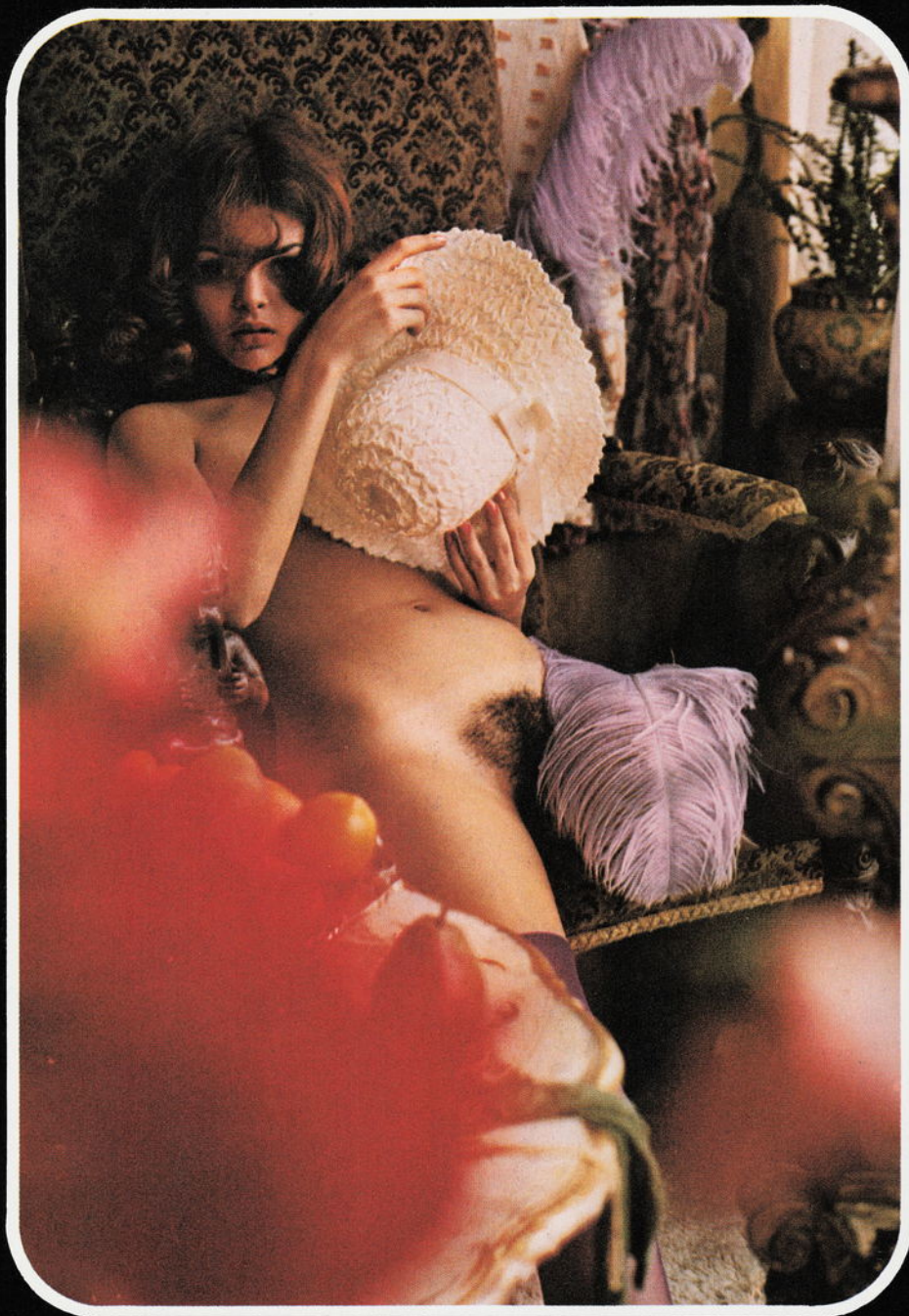
Penthouse: Is it exciting to be playing to an audience?

Scott: It's the most replenishing, rejuvenating thing in the world. I usually try my best to antagonize them and make them pay attention. I insult them and do anything to try to get into some sort of groove with them. Sometimes you spiritually throw up your hands and say: "Fuck it, it ain't gonna work tonight." It's like the juggler with the three pool balls. I mean, once you do it and there's no reaction, you blow your brains out because there's nothing more you can do. But of course you don't give up. It's just another night's work, and you say, "There's always tomorrow," and you go off to the theater bar and try to forget and try not to be damaged if you can. But you know, for whatever reason it is, they do *come*. They're there and they want to share something. I respect that. Going to the theater is an effort. In New York, you don't slip into a seat. You have to fight your way in.

Penthouse: How do you take reviews?

Scott: In many ways they're an extremely

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112



"Sex is the giving of something
precious that cannot
be given or taken in any other way."

sandi





WHAT MAKES SANDI RUN?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

"... A little motor," says 19-year-old Sandi Greco, "that clicks on the minute I see a camera. Maybe I'm a ham, but that motor takes over something fierce. Normally I find it difficult to express myself, but show me a camera and I become another person. When that little motor starts running, I feel as if my body can do anything the photographer wants. It's a strange experience but a very, very exciting one."







Massachusetts born and bred, the numerically stable (35-23-36), but gently motorized Miss Greco's brief career in advertising, tv production, radio commercials and Junior Miss fashion modeling brought her to southern California and the attention of West Coast editor Herb Margolis. Herb arranged for Sandi's pre-Pet tests and, following their acceptance, had her flown directly to London to complete her Pet assignment on location. "It was a crazy, wonderful experience. One minute I was in California, the next minute I was in London . . . 6,000 miles away. I still can't believe it! I went everywhere first class. I had maids, waiters, chauffeurs and limousines. I went for walks and a huge body



guard called Antonio Fidone was assigned to accompany me everywhere. I felt terribly protected and terribly important."

Sandi's exuberance for life and her equally irrepressible need to work and develop a career of her own evolves from the fundamental intensity with which she regards all things and all people. "I want to experience everything there is . . . every joy, every pleasure, every pain. I love people. I want to feel everything they feel. . . to be one with them . . . how else can you understand people until you feel what they feel? I have more love than I

could ever give. I
love until it hurts.

Love must be a
positive energy. It
must be creative
and fulfilling . . . a
powerful force for
the good in every-
one. Love is my
description for
God. God is the
love you feel for
something or
someone; the
beautiful emo-
tions you can't
explain in any
other way."

On the other
aspects of *physi-
cal* as opposed to
spiritual love,
Sandi is equally
effusive. "Sex is a
way of expressing
love. It proves
that I want to give
something
precious of myself,
something that
is uniquely
mine, that
cannot be given
or taken in
any other way.



"In my world, Man is the master. There are certain restrictions of course ... he must keep me on edge, or he must provoke me to keep demonstrating my love. That's very important. I have no ideal type physically. Attitudes and thoughts are more important. How he uses his eyes, how he talks, his manner. I don't want to be treated roughly or gently ... a little of each. And I prefer a powerful man ... a man who *inspires* power. I'm turned off by weakness, although I accept and respect the fact that all of us have weaknesses.

"I know it's the done thing but in my case I don't think I could ever really be sexually attracted to another woman ... men have too much to offer. Making love is unbelievably beautiful. I don't draw the line anywhere. No rules. I want to experience everything a man has to give. I believe in the old Chinese proverb about the perfect wife being a cook in the kitchen, a lady in the drawing room and a whore in bed!"

Ten thousand years of oriental wisdom apart, Sandi's comfortable and somewhat sheltered Italian-New England upbringing has left her decidedly scrutable. Her head is eminently straight, and by every other occidental standard, Sandi is circumspect in the all important areas of age and experience. "I know I'm young and naive in lots of ways but I'm willing to learn. I want to improve myself. I want to grow ... wisdom and experience are so terribly important. I like people to be critical of me ... even when it hurts. How else can I evaluate the things I feel and the things I do?"

How else, indeed. 





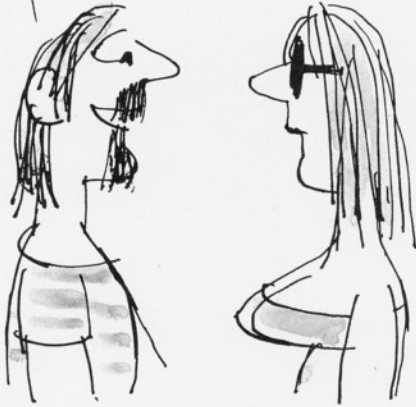


MISS SANDI GRECO/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



GUCCIONE
SHORT STORY?

I HAVE JUST
FINISHED MY
FIRST BOOK



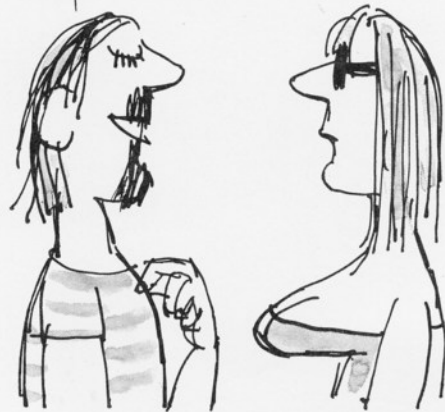
ITS THE GREATEST STORY EVER
TOLD.... A SYNTHESIS OF LIFE, LOVE,
BIRTH, DEATH, WAR, PEACE



IT'S THE WHOLE HUMAN COMEDY ROLLED
INTO ONE, ABSOLUTE AND ALL-INCLUSIVE
WORK.... EVERYTHING A PERSON COULD
WANT, THINK, FEEL, OR KNOW SINCE TIME
BEGAN.... I CALL IT.....



THE
STORY
OF
MAN



HOW
DOES
IT
END



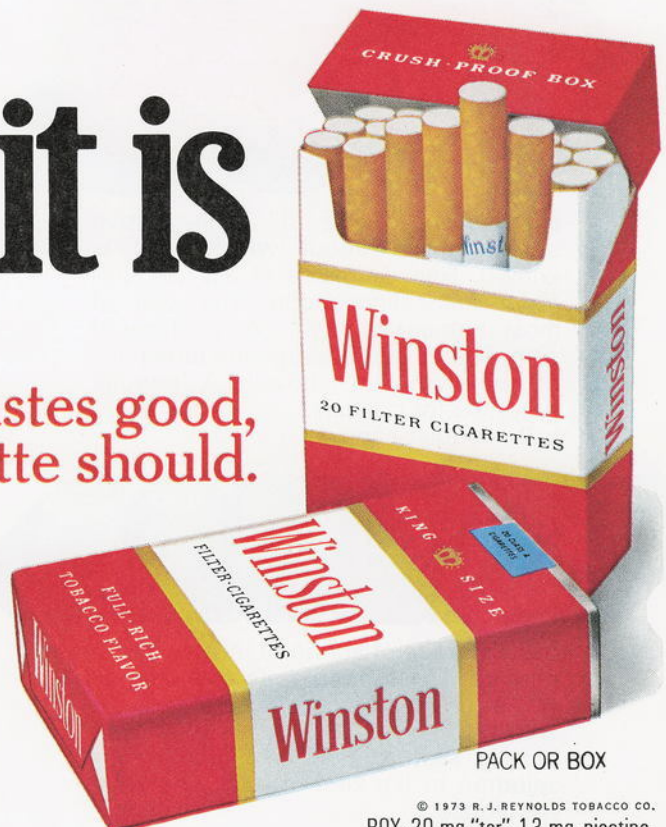
GUCCIONE

“White Water”



How good it is

Winston tastes good,
when a cigarette should.



PACK OR BOX

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1973 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
BOX: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
PACK: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '72.

MORGAN'S DICTIONARY

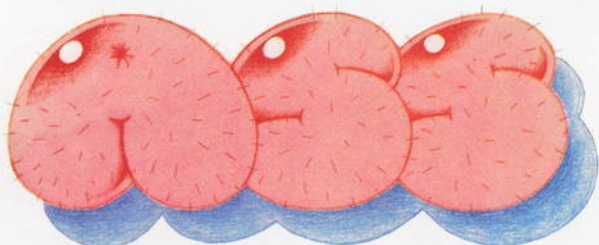
Damned dictionaries and glossaries they print these days don't tell you a damn thing about what you always *really* wanted to know and haven't been the least bit afraid to ask. In answer to many thousands of requests, here is the one true believable explanation of terms you come across every day

HUMOR BY HENRY MORGAN

Illustrations by Phil Dobson

ARMPIT

armpit In Italy and Rumania a place for the growing of hair. In North America, what is responsible for the sale of five billion dollars' worth of sprays each month—or a little more than is spent on arming the Greeks. The British never mention it at all, hoping that it will go away.



ass As in "piece of". The elusive sexual object about which little is known. Hence, "piece of ass" implies *fragmentary* knowledge. The seat of most human anguish, *i.e.* a place of pain. The object (and upward direction) of the verb "to shove". A popular synonym for politician.

ball A quiet bang.

BASTARD

bastard The offspring of most wedded parents. These people are found in all walks of life. Mainly, where *you* are walking.

bicycle seat (girls') A source of inspiration to the kind of men who wear pantyhose.

bitches Ladies who get the credit for whelping what grow up to become

accountants, lawyers, colonels and psychoanalysts.

bugger An entomologist.

bull Short for bullsh. Bullsh is very much like horsh. Also quite popular are pigsh and turtlesh. Closely related to crockash.

bums In America, people who are directly supported by the government. In Britain, what they sit on while collecting the money.

cavort What no respectable Englishman does in bed. What a German calls two pints.

cock of the walk What a lucky fag finds.

cooze What you take with you on a cruise.



couch A place to lay words . . . "it was couched in unpleasant terms . . ."

cough What the doctor makes you do while he plays around.

cruise What a fag does after a spat.



dick A dong.

dildo What Dora uses when she can't find Dick.

doorknob If she can't find a dildo.

dong A Dick or Peter to use in the John.

ear Another place to stick it.

fag A user of oral contraceptives.

fug A member of a fuggin rock group.

gash A peculiar accident. A baseball announcer said last summer that he didn't think so-and-so would be playing today "after that terrible gash he got in Cleveland".

ginch Gash. Where Auntie got hit with the ax.

ginza Where you go to get slant ginch.

grind A special way of moving the pelvis by which a burlesque stripper pretends she's screwing a camshaft.

hump Noun meaning the thing on the back of a camel. If the thing on the back is another camel the noun becomes a verb.



joint Grass in a tube. A place to go for spaghetti. A box. A crotch. The back-side of an elbow.

lay How the land goes. ("Can you give me the lay of the land?" "No, but you can have her address for five bucks.")

lie The way they got laid in the Bible.

loins In old books, the place the fellow felt a fire.

luck Getting screwed for nothing. If the clap comes with it, consider yourself screwed again.



mammalia What they used to publish pictures of as long as the nipples were covered—about 1965 B.G. (Before Guccione). Also, huge prehistoric beast that looked like an elephant but had hairy tits.

mother A bad person. A door that sticks. A shoelace that becomes untied. A car that won't start. A boy's best friend . . . if he doesn't go too far.

muff A place for divers who don't use scuba.

nose What dumb women look at to estimate the size of your thumb.



nuts People who go to shrinks. Filberts. Cashews. The best friends bolts ever had.

owlish See bullsh.

perversion Everything you always wanted to do but were afraid to ask.

pervert What you hope you're not but are secretly afraid you are.

pot The problem you have when you think your belt is shrinking. Stuff you smoked in a pad. What people over 30 call grass. The average blind date.



pussy Tail. Poontang. A mattress cover. What looks, at night, the same as another one. What, in spring, a young man's thoughts turn to. And in summer,

fall and winter. Night and day. All over the world.



queer Somebody with guts enough to do it his way. Forged money.

quiff Quim.

rape Funny name for bird seed. The sacking of a city.

rape, statutory A legal distinction between quiescence and acquiescence in the sack.

roger When sex heads for the ugly rear.



rubber A hand of bridge. A naked female employee in a massage parlor. What you can never find when you need it in a hurry because it's in the glove compartment under a road map of Ohio.



thighs Together, they support the stomach. Apart, they support the entire household.

tit A kind of mouse.

tits More than one mouse as in "tits mice".

vagina A Queen named Rictoria.

womb Where mistakes are born.



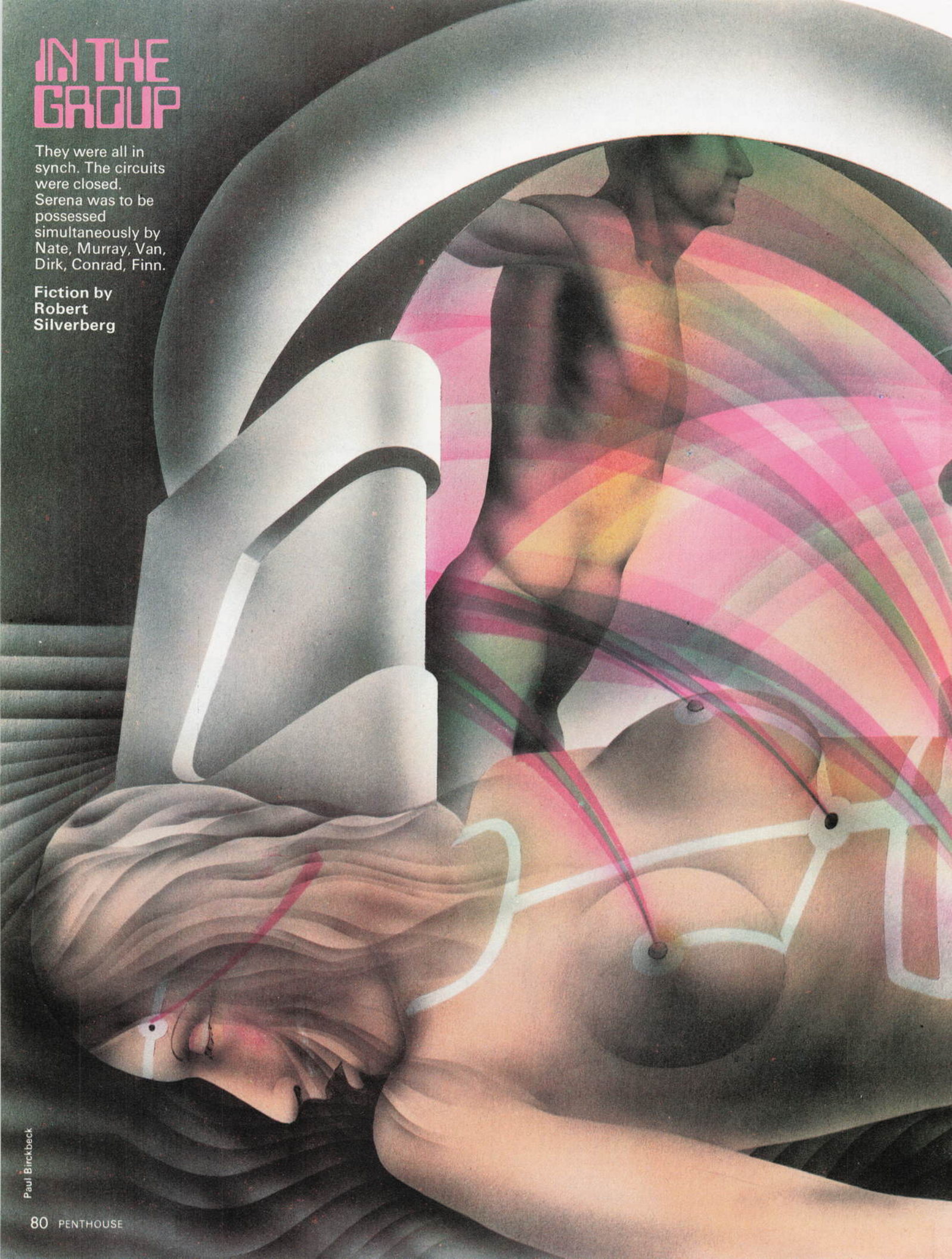
zig-zig When the French make a circle of the fingers of the left hand and then insert the index finger of the right hand, they grin and say "zig-zig". They are a dirty race.

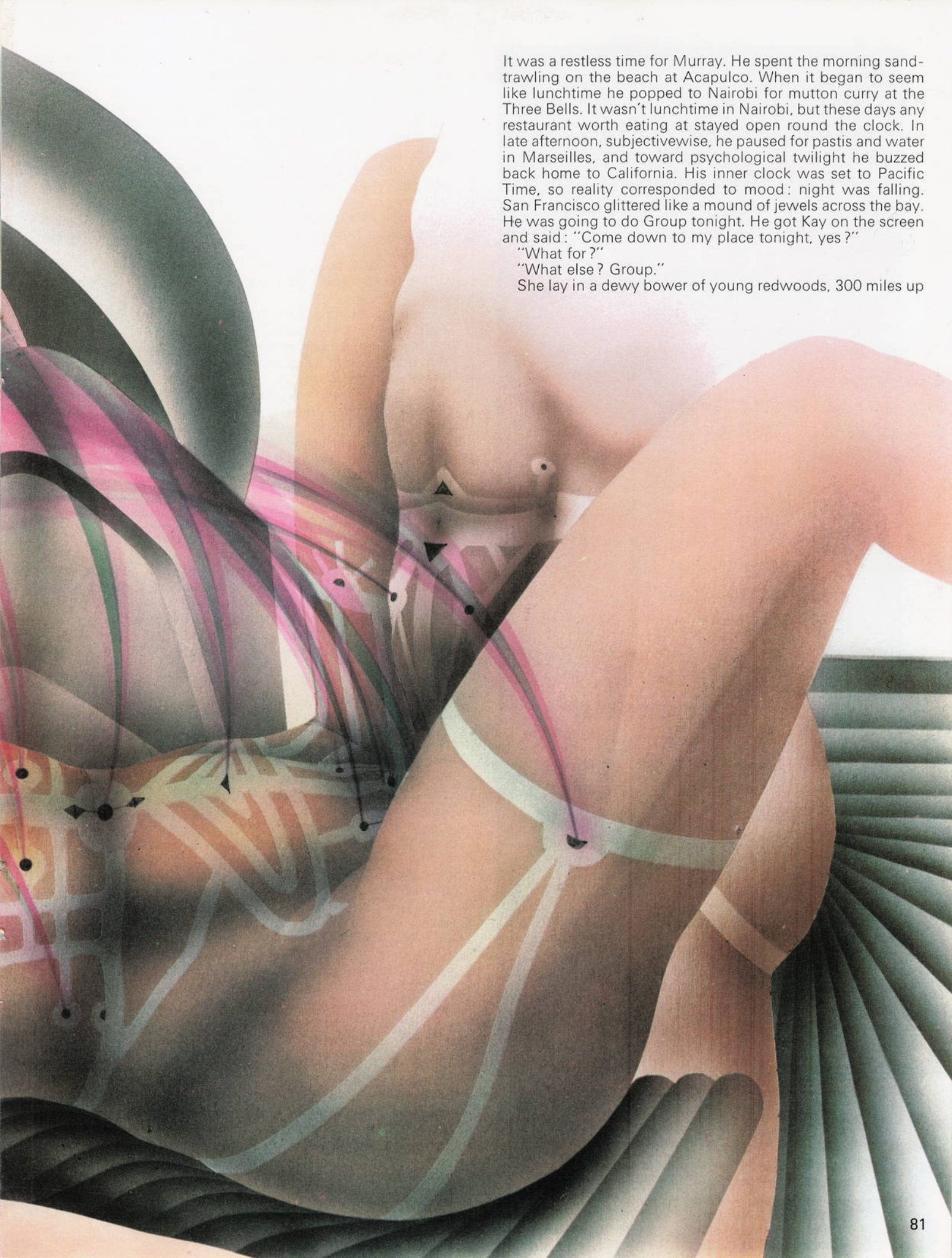
Any more questions?

IN THE GROUP

They were all in synch. The circuits were closed. Serena was to be possessed simultaneously by Nate, Murray, Van, Dirk, Conrad, Finn.

Fiction by
Robert
Silverberg





It was a restless time for Murray. He spent the morning sand-trawling on the beach at Acapulco. When it began to seem like lunchtime he popped to Nairobi for mutton curry at the Three Bells. It wasn't lunchtime in Nairobi, but these days any restaurant worth eating at stayed open round the clock. In late afternoon, subjectivewise, he paused for pastis and water in Marseilles, and toward psychological twilight he buzzed back home to California. His inner clock was set to Pacific Time, so reality corresponded to mood: night was falling. San Francisco glittered like a mound of jewels across the bay. He was going to do Group tonight. He got Kay on the screen and said: "Come down to my place tonight, yes?"

"What for?"

"What else? Group."

She lay in a dewy bower of young redwoods, 300 miles up

King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine,
Extra Long: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. '72).

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the coast from him. Torrents of unbound milk-white hair cascaded over her slender bare honeycolored body. A multicolored glitterstone sparkled fraudulently between her flawless little breasts. Looking at her, he felt his hands tightening into desperate fists. He loved her beyond all measure. The intensity of his love overwhelmed and embarrassed him.

"You want to do Group together tonight?" she asked. "You and me?" She didn't sound pleased.

"Why not? Closeness is more fun than apartness."

"Nobody's ever apart in Group. What does mere you-and-me physical proximity matter? It's irrelevant. It's obsolete."

"I miss you."

"You're with me right now," she pointed out.

"I want to touch you. I want to inhale you. I want to taste you."

"Punch for tactile then. Punch for olfactory. Punch for any input you think you want."

"I've got all sensory channels open already," Murray said. "I'm flooded with delicious input. It still isn't the same thing. It isn't enough, Kay."

She rose and walked slowly toward the ocean. His eyes tracked her across the screen. He heard the pounding of the surf.

"I want you right beside me when Group starts tonight," he told her. "Look, if you don't feel like coming here, I'll go to your place."

"You're being boringly persistent."

He winced. "I can't help it. I like being close to you."

"You have a lot of old-fashioned attitudes, Murray." Her voice was so cool. "Are you aware of that?"

"I'm aware that my emotional drives are very strong. That's all. Is that such a sin?" Careful, Murray. A serious error in tactics just then. This whole conversation a huge mistake, most likely. He was running big risks with her by pushing too hard, letting too much of his crazy romanticism reveal itself so early. His obsession with her, his impossible new possessiveness, his weird ego-driven exclusivism. His love. Yes: his love.

She was absolutely right, of course. He was basically old-fashioned. Wallowing in emotional atavism. You-and-me stuff. I, me, me, mine. This unwillingness to share her fully in Group. As though he had some special claim. He was pure 19th century underneath it all. He had only just discovered that, and it had come as a surprise to him. His sick archaic fantasies aside, there was no reason for the two of them to be side by side in the same room during Group, not unless they were the ones who were screwing, and the copulation schedule showed Nate and Serena on tonight's ticket. Drop it, Murray. But he couldn't drop it. He said into her stony silence: "All right, but at least let me set up an inner intersex connection for you and me. So I can feel what you're feeling when Nate and Serena get it on."

"Why this frantic need to reach inside my head?" she asked.

"I love you."

"Of course you do. We all love all of Us. But still, when you try to relate to me one-on-one like this, you injure Group."

"No inner connections, then?"

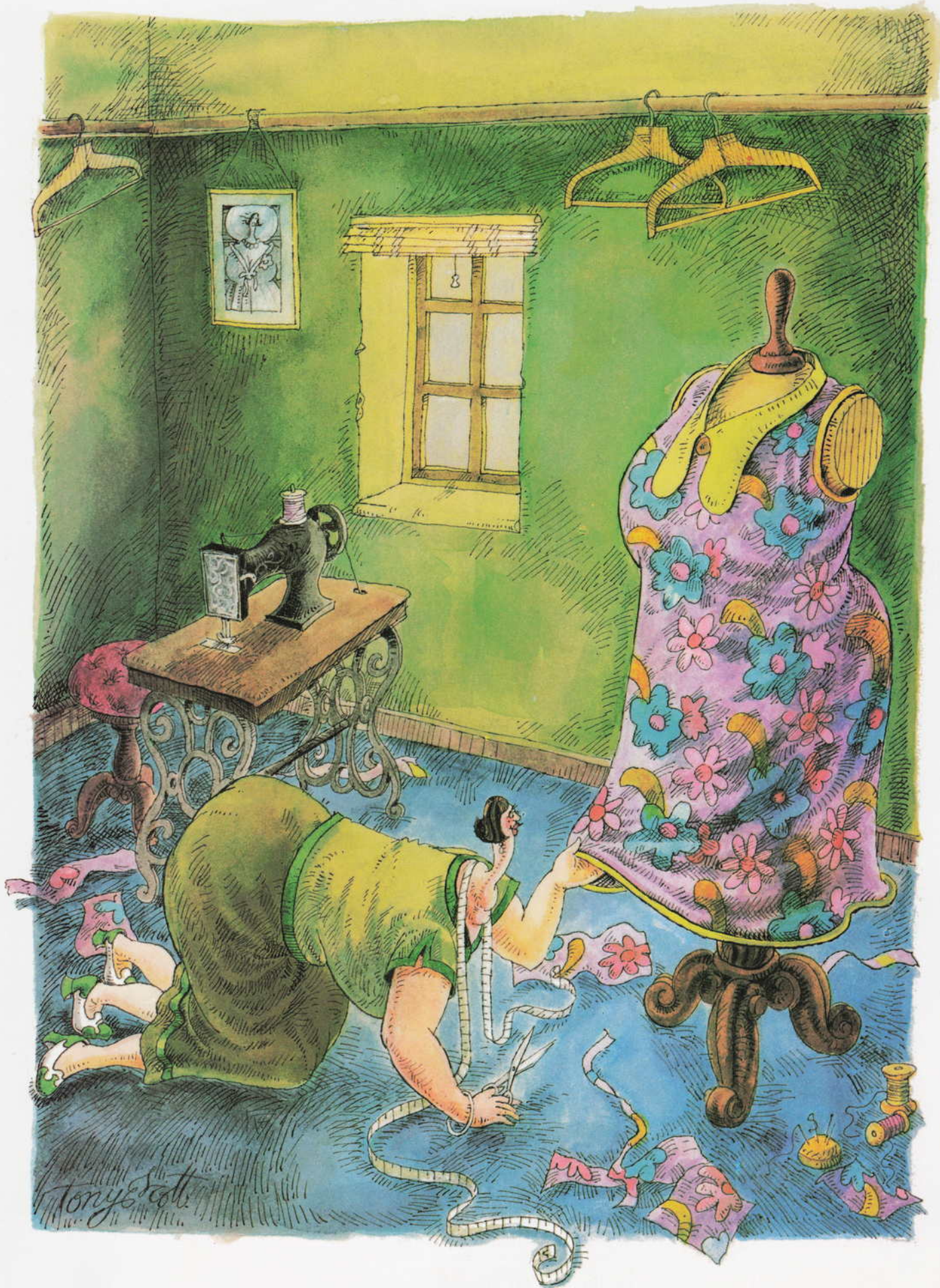
"No."

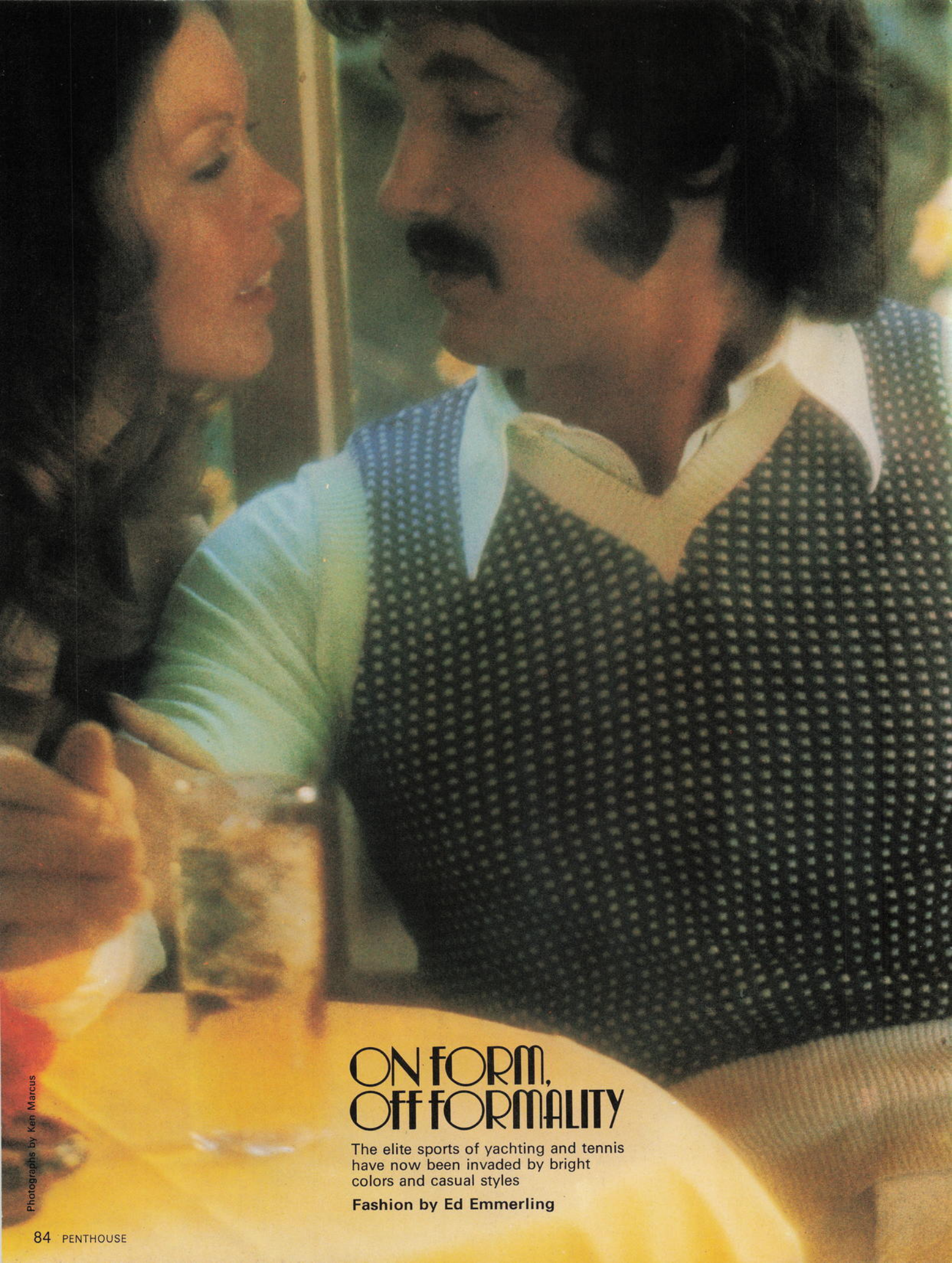
"Do you love me?"

A sigh. "I love Us, Murray."

That was likely to be the best he'd get from her this evening. All right. All right. He'd settle for that, if he had to. A crumb here, a crumb there. She smiled, blew him an amiable kiss, broke the contact. He stared moodily at the dead screen. All right. Time to get ready for Group. He turned to the lifesize screen on the east wall and keyed in the visuals for preliminary alignment. Right now Group Central was sending its test pattern, stills of all of tonight's couples. Nate and Serena were in the center, haloed by the glowing nimbus that marked them as this evening's performers. Around the periphery

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122





ON FORM, OFF FORMALITY

The elite sports of yachting and tennis
have now been invaded by bright
colors and casual styles

Fashion by Ed Emmerling

Opposite: Cotton acrylic pullover \$12 by Bob Schafer for Burma-Bibas, white shirt by Dimitri. Below: Cable-stitch warm-up suit in cotton stretch nylon \$45 by MacGregor-Doniger; halter neck dress in Dupont Qiana nylon \$45 by Head Tennis. Top Right: Acrylic cardigan with heart motif \$35 and shorts \$25, both by Larry Kane for Raffleswear, shirt by Burma-Bibas; V-neck pullover with cable design \$22 and texturized stretch tennis shorts \$22, both by Head Tennis. Dresses also by Head Tennis. Bottom Right: Ribbed acrylic ring-neck sweater \$22.50 by Larry Kane for Raffleswear worn over polka dot shirt by Burma-Bibas, wool flannel pleated pants \$90 by Dimitri; all-cotton cabled stringknit sweater \$30 and cotton-silk "dishtowel" pleated plaid pants \$42.50, both by Ralph Laruen for Polo. White clogs by Dexter.





Increasing democracy in the once-exclusive pastimes of tennis and boating is leading to greater relaxation in sporting fashion. While white still remains dominant in tennis, pastels and bolder shades are beginning to be worn, particularly as trims on vests and shorts. All-white is moving off the courts and into après-tennis wear as part of the popular Gatsby look in sleeveless V-neck pullovers, stringknit sweaters and white pleated and cuffed pants.

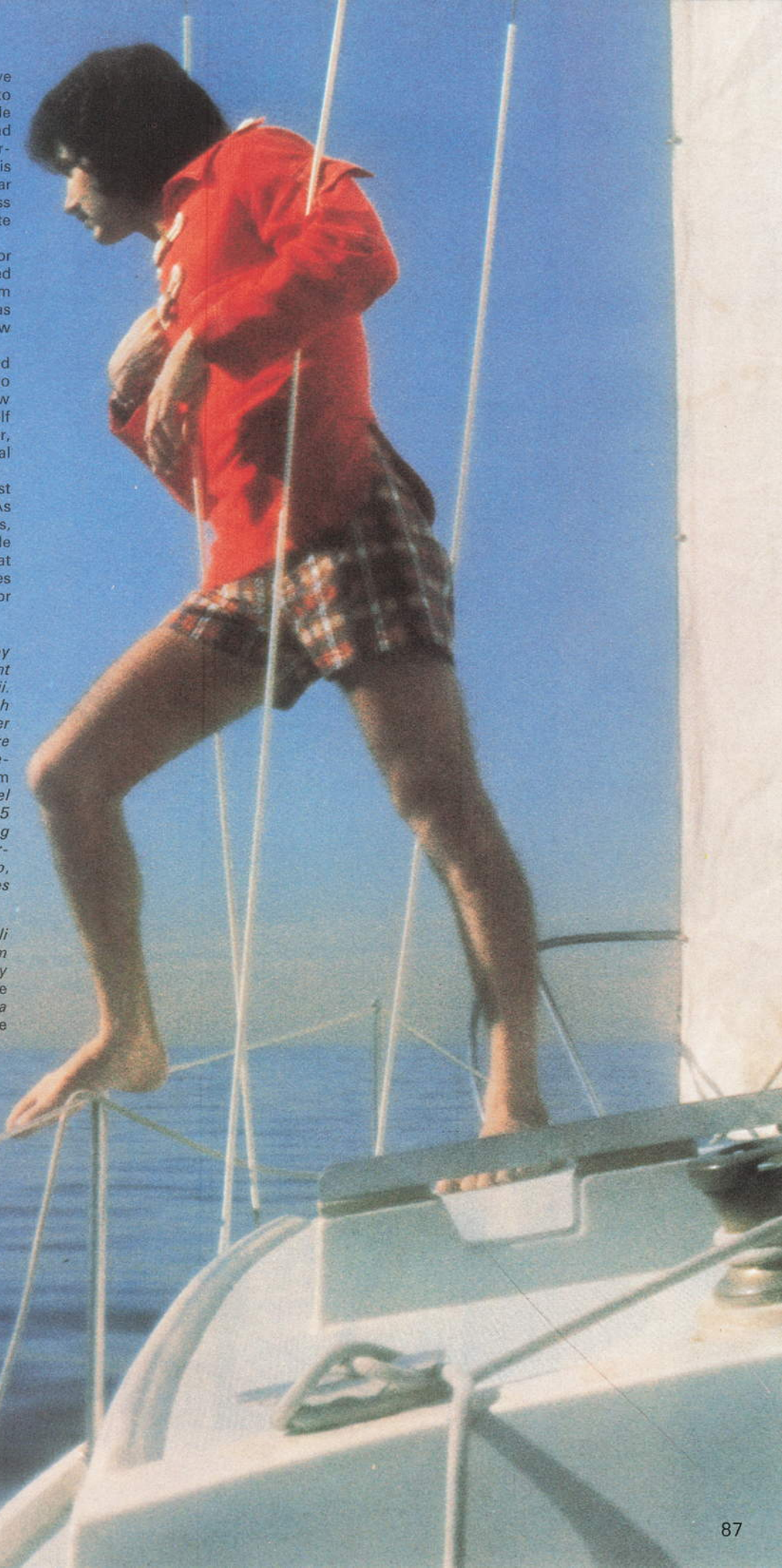
Visitors to the recent 12th Annual Senior Men's Invitational tennis tournament, co-hosted by Usher's Green Stripe Scotch at the Palm Springs Tennis Club where this feature was photographed, made their own notes on the new tennis fashions.

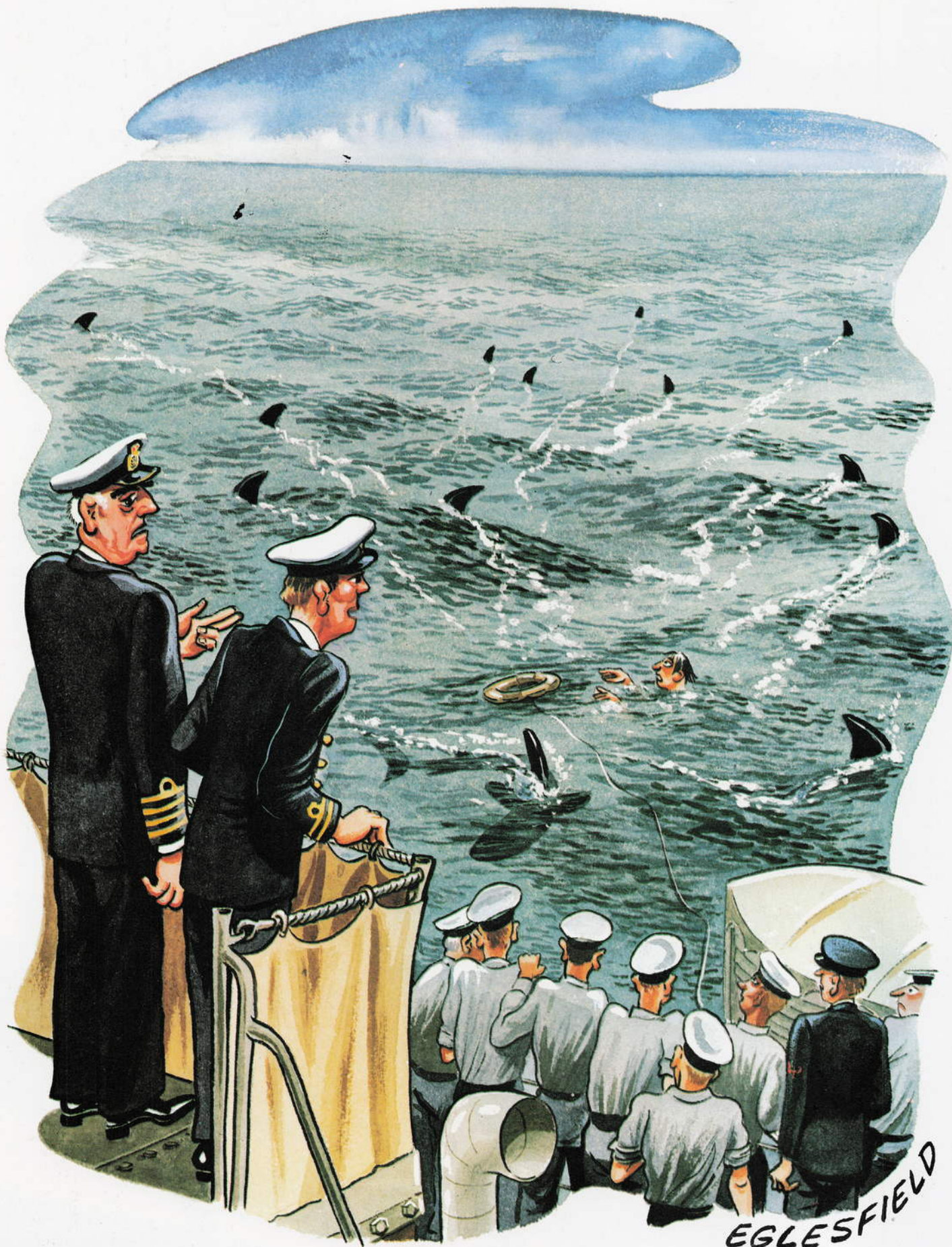
Yachtsmen know that nothing has changed more than the uniform they once took to sea. No more blazers and emblemed caps. The new boating styles are designed for the do-it-yourself sailor who struggles with winches and weather, not for the ocean-going monarch with his loyal crew of many.

These days, it's all elasticized fitted waist jackets, shiny vinyl slickers and fun terry tops. As long as your gear consists of washable cottons, ducks, canvas or hardy synthetic fabrics the style is up to you. The only wardrobe essentials are at least one waterproof slicker and top-deck shoes with skid-resistant soles that grip on wet or highly-polished decks. 

Denim-look jacket with toggle closures \$50 by Stuart Nelson and plaid seersucker button-front trunks by Dave Rochland for Surfline-Hawaii. Top Left: Sailboat motif cotton terry top with elasticized waist \$10 by Michael Milea/Peter Sinclair and cotton baggy shorts \$18 from Pierre Cardin Relax; fish-print shirt \$27.50 and double-knit shorts \$15, both by Stuart Nelson. Bottom Left: Fitted cotton waist suit \$130 by Rafael Fashions worn with anchor motif turtleneck \$25 by Stuart Nelson; vinyl jacket with terry lining and hood \$25 by John Weitz for MacGregor-Doniger, white terry pants \$13.50 by Polo, sneakers \$14 by Stuart Nelson and sailing gloves \$10 by John Weitz for Elmer Little.

Modeling are Rome-born actor Guy Meco (right), currently engaged in independent film production in Hollywood, and actor Gary Mascaró, who appears in Cinema Center's The Room Mates. The girls are Denise Dillaway, a men's hair stylist and actress in movies like The Cheerleaders, and singer Dina Ousley.





"When he gets back aboard, perhaps a word about personal hygiene would be in order"



Call Me Madam....



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WHAT YOU CAN'T HAVE YOU CAN FANTASIZE

I am a young female aged 21, and my entire adolescence was torture. The only time I ever discussed sex with my parents was when my father started accusing me (at the age of 12) of being a whore. It was totally untrue, and in fact I never kissed a boy until I was 18. But my father said that I was dirty and slutish. He never let me go out in the evenings, not even to the library to study. Once when I was 14 he asked me if he could feel my breasts. I refused, and after that things got worse. By the time I was 17 he had quit just accusing me, he was trying to beat the "truth" out of me. My mother just sat by with a stupid pained look on her face. How did I get out of this living hell? I got married, and I'm glad to say that my husband is kind, considerate, loving, gentle and handsome—everything a woman could wish for, in fact. But our marriage has a flaw; I cannot have an orgasm. I love my husband more than anything in the world, but he doesn't turn me on. Last June I started work for a new company and I've gotten a crush on a man who works there. I've tried to suppress my feelings, but I want him so bad. He doesn't know—I rarely talk to him, all I do is look at him and get wild fantasies of us screwing or me giving him a blow job! I'm afraid of being rejected and making a fool of myself, and I want to keep my marriage intact, but I really want to make it with this guy. What do I do?—Isabel. Next time you make love to your husband, close your eyes and build up a fantasy world around the guy in your office. Just pretend it is him you are balling instead of your husband. What you need is some excitement, some fun, something out of the ordinary. It is mean to use your husband's body to help you fantasize about another man, but once you achieve orgasm you might start realizing that your husband isn't such a

bad lover after all. Let's hope he will be able to satisfy you from there on. How about talking sexy with hubby while making love? Just tell him what a great guy you've met and persuade him to tell you about any exciting girls that he has come across lately. Everybody needs some spice in their sex life. Nothing's worse than monotony. And fantasies are never harmful as long as you don't take them too seriously. As far as the bad experience with your father is concerned, it may explain why you are so afraid of jeopardizing your marriage. You are simply too insecure on your own. Try and stand on your own two feet rather than depending totally on the kindness of your husband, who may be considerate but also sounds rather boring. If the urge to make it with your colleague really gets to you, simply put your feminine charm to work on him. It might be good in your emotional situation to go to bed with someone other than your husband and get it out of your system. Nothing is more frustrating than walking around feeling horny but doing nothing about it.

LIFE WITH FATHER—AND NO REGRETS

You once mentioned that you would have considered having sexual relations with your father had the opportunity arisen. I decided then and there to write to you about my experience. I cannot go into too many details. This would provide "clues" for my husband. Suffice to say that conditions were just right for the development of an incestuous relationship with my father, beginning when I was 14. Although there was some guilt on my father's part, particularly after the very first time, this was the only negative reaction. I for one thoroughly enjoyed the experience, and had in fact done much to contribute to the seduction. In the light of more mature thinking I sometimes feel that I was more the instigator than he was! At

the very least, I made it easy for him. Our sexual relationship continued for five years, during which time I was virtually a wife to him. When I began to get serious about my first husband the relationship was dissolved, as my father considered it unfair to the young man. In all honesty, I think that the dissolution was perhaps due to the gradual disinterest many people feel after having relations with the same person for any length of time. There never has been any complication since then, and I must admit that I hated the necessity for secrecy about the affair, which I enjoyed fully while it was at its zenith. Most books talk about incest as though it were some form of leprosy. I have begun to wonder what is wrong with me because I enjoyed it. When I read of the suicide attempts, the long hours on the couch because daddy made a pass, I really feel the odd one out. In fact I didn't really think about it too much until the rash of books on the subject appeared on the newsstands. Reading of all the terrible things that are supposed to happen to incestuous couples I became adversely affected, and I'm more conscious of the relationship than ever before. Your admission helped me to put things back into perspective again.—Daughter.

Hurrah for a healthy outlook on sex and incest from a liberated young woman. If I had been in your position I would have felt the same way about it. As long as two partners both enjoy and derive pleasure from their mutual acts I believe there should be no reason for guilt, embarrassment, traumas and frustrations. Incest is often described as a bad scene in our society because many people feel that it threatens the family institution on which our society is based. Children are supposed to be the products of love between their parents, not the lovers of their parents. There is also the fear (exaggerated but not without foundation) that any children conceived

in an incestuous relationship may be deformed. So incest is illegal in most countries, and some countries even forbid marriage between cousins. But incestuous feelings are common. Many girls really dig their old man and even get jealous if older women flirt with him. More fathers than you probably realize have taken advantage of this situation. Unfortunately this often occurs at an age when the daughter is neither mentally nor physically ready for sex, and causes traumas with longlasting effects. Such girls frequently end up on the couch of some psychiatrist, because they are too ashamed to confide in anyone else. But your case is completely different; you entered willingly into the relationship and enjoyed it, so there is no reason to feel ashamed about it. Many mothers I've talked to have admitted that they used to fumble with their baby boy's tool until he was quite a big boy, usually under the pretext of giving him a thorough wash on bath-night. One or two women I've met have even confessed that they sexually initiated their sons, saying that they felt it was better if it was done by somebody kind. Reading your letter I wondered whether there was a mother in your family. Was she divorced, perhaps, or maybe even dead? If she was not around, your situation becomes clearer. You simply assumed the leading female role in the family. Don't feel the odd one out, and don't worry about the opinions of authors of books about incest. Few are writing from experience.

WILLING SLAVE SEEKS SUBJECTION
I aspire to locate a dominant woman and spend the rest of my life as her slave in an environment in which there is no alternative to obedience to her orders. But do such women, capable of and stimulated by subjecting a man to bondage, emasculation and other behavior control techniques, exist? Or are they merely putting on an act for the monetary reward? I have spent hundreds of dollars in classified ads and club memberships with little response. Most of the women were more interested in putting on a phony act than in enslaving a man. I am 50 and professionally employed. How can I make my search successful?—G.W.

I am sure there must be plenty of domineering women who would love to have a living-in slave for the rest of their lives. If I had a place of my own I sure as hell could use you! Imagine how much it would save me on a maid or laundromat service. I would make you my personal houseslave. You would have to clean the floors, make the beds, do the shopping and wear a specially-designed costume when serving food and drinks to my guests. I would make you serve my guests in whatever ways they required—polish their nails, comb their hair, wash and set their wigs, wash their lingerie and maybe even perform cunnilingus. But no screwing; that would be too much of a good thing. If I, as your mistress, occasionally allowed you to have intercourse with me or one of my girlfriends you would have to go through hell first.

We would all undress you completely, humiliate you, spit on you, walk all over you, put needles through your nipples and drip hot wax on you. We would gag you so that the neighbors could not hear your screams and then dress you up like a sexy young lady, with brief underwear and high heels, and tie you down to the bed before teasing you unmercifully. With my heavy paddle and whip I'd spank the heebie-jeebies out of you so that you'd never forget this heavenly evening. Maybe, after many more tortures, I'd finally allow one of my girls or myself to climb on top of your helpless body and rape you. Baby, I would dig that, and it sure as hell wouldn't be a phony act. Meanwhile I wish you luck, but first suffer a little more while trying to find Mrs Right.

WHEN LOVE WALKS IN—AND SHE'S A HOOKER

I'm 22 years old. I had a prostitute about a month ago, and since then I've seen her three times—twice for sex, once just to take her out. The problem I have is that I think I'm in love with her. Do you think a girl in her profession could ever settle down, and do you think it would be wise to tell her of my feelings? You are the only one I can turn to—all my friends tell me I'm nuts.—Tom.

If you have managed to take her out socially once already, it shows that she is considerate. I don't know how old she is, but since you are only 22 it seems that you are younger than the average customer, and a little fresh young stallion blood in her private stable probably pleases her. I have had fantastic love affairs with young men of 18 and 19—I even ended up keeping two of them for a while. If you are that lucky you will have it made, kiddo. I can't really tell you whether this girl is the settling-down type or not because I've never met her. She's the only one who can answer your question, so why not take her out again and tell her what you feel for her? Remember, prostitutes are people first, hookers second, and they are as capable of love as the next girl.

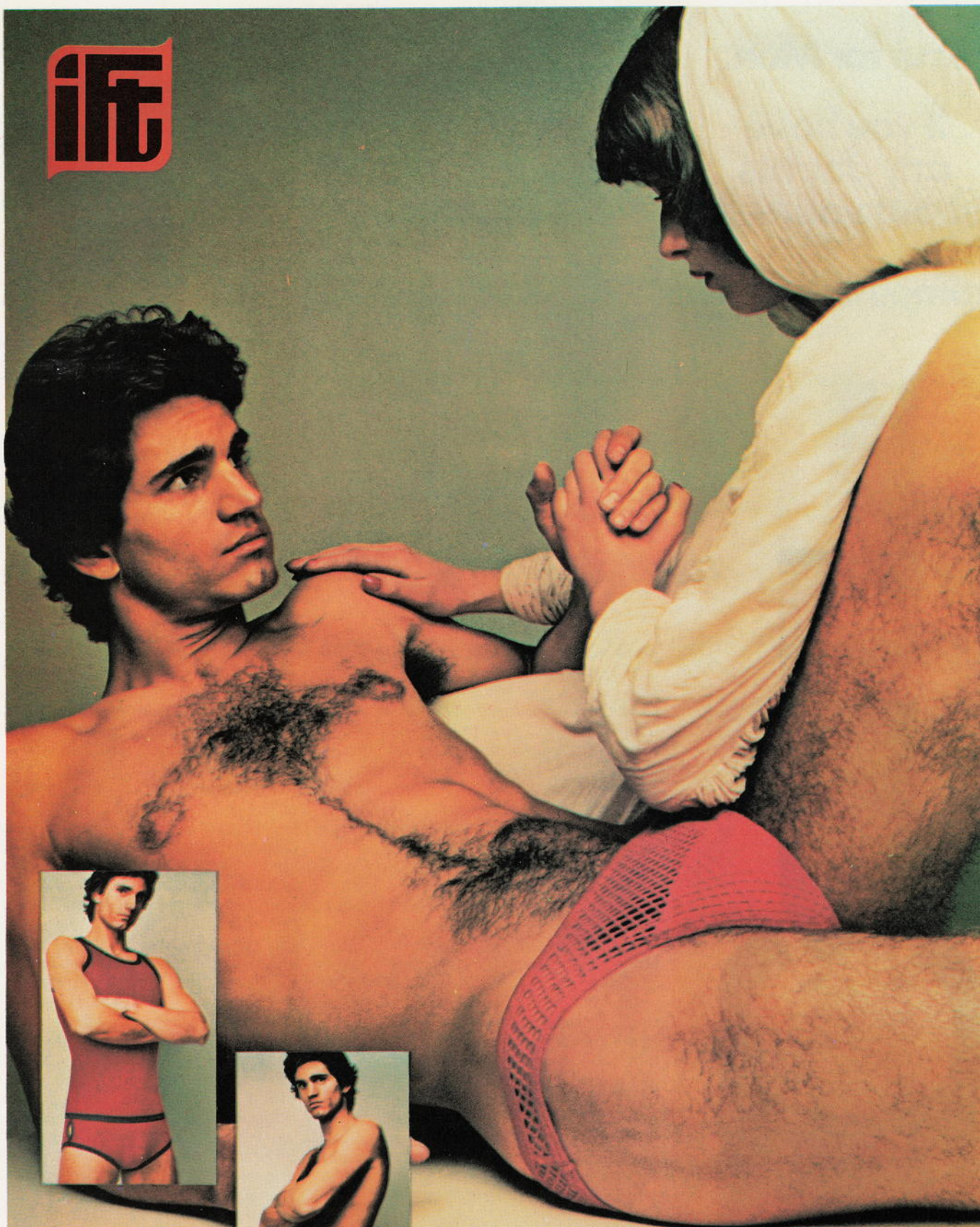
HOW WOMEN MAKE LOVE TO WOMEN

Forgive the curiosity of a mere male but when two women are making love to each other, how does each tell when her partner has come? As you're not in her and can't feel her tighten, I don't see how you can know. Anyway, how can two women make love together when they don't have a penis between them? I'd really like to know.—O.E.

Most women reach an orgasm by having their clitoris stimulated, either by means of a fast vibrating tongue or by a real vibrator. A clitoris in some cases can virtually grow twice the original size, hardening just like a real penis, except it is a lot smaller. When the woman is about to reach her orgasm her female lover can feel and taste on the tip of her



"Hmm . . . an amusing firewater, slightly presumptuous but eminently palatable. . . ."



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tongue that the other is reaching a climax. The vagina usually becomes very moist and the clitoris seems to explode, though no liquid is produced from that point. Once the woman reaches orgasm, the clitoris will go back to its original size and is often overly sensitive, in some cases almost unbearable to touch, for the next few minutes. As for your statement that a man can feel a woman tighten, in many cases men cannot exactly tell whether their women really have reached climax, or are just faking. Remember there are plenty of good actresses among my sisters, who moan and groan but really would prefer to watch TV or read a book. At least they make their men feel like kings, and anyway quite a few men just bang away without really thinking of how to please the woman as well. Don't forget that some women perform sex together with dildoes (artificial penises), which puts them in the same plight as a man.

GETTING A BETTER GRIP ON THE MATTER

Years ago when I was in the marines there was a popular expression called "the trick of the sheath". This referred to the ability of a young lady to make her vagina contract and expand around a penis and actually to draw the penis into her vagina and hold it there. It was generally agreed that only girls born south of the equator were so gifted; however, I met two or three young ladies in Southern California who disproved this. For the last 10 years, though, I haven't encountered it once. If you are familiar with this trick, can you tell me if it is possible for the average woman to learn it. If so, how?—B.R.

One woman that I know can lock my penis in her vagina voluntarily so that I cannot withdraw. She laughs and says that she can contract her vaginal muscles at will. Can you do this too, and is it easy?—Robert.

A vagina that can perform the trick of the sheath is nowadays referred to as a "snapper", or in Mexico (where I've been vacationing) a *perrito*. The translation of *perrito* is "little dog", and the name probably arose from the fairly common occurrence of male dogs getting their penises trapped in the vaginas of small bitches and being unable to pull away. In my opinion this ability has nothing to do with nationality, but everything to do with personality and temperament. If you go to bed with a fiery hotblooded lady who has great sexual experience you have a good chance of finding that she is gifted with a snapper. It's really a question of muscle control; some women have stronger muscles inside their vagina than others, and many women don't even think to use these neglected muscles. Like yoga, it is a matter of practice and exercise. I myself happen to be the proud owner of a tied snapper that can grip any penis



Counsellor Xaviera

pretty firmly. Some entertainers in "anything goes" night clubs can use their vaginas like a third hand, and demonstrate this by picking up coins from the edges of tables with their outer lips. Be warned, though; I doubt whether these ladies would give you back your change.

SIZE, FACTS, AND WHAT PRACTICE WILL DO

I am 18 years old, and feel I am a weak male because I have a small penis. In the flaccid state I am about three inches long, erect about five-and-a-half, with a diameter of just under two inches. I have girlfriends, but they don't say whether I am good or bad in bed. I just wish I had a bigger penis, because I feel I could satisfy my lovers more if I were larger. What can I do to fatten up my penis?—Embarrassed.

You don't sound too badly endowed, unless you live in a world of giants. Your size is about average. In most cases it is just not true that a woman's sexual pleasure is greatly affected by the size of her lover's penis. It's not the size of the wand that's important, it's the magic of the performer, or as they say in the army: It's not the gun, but the gunner. Let me quote the following from *Human Sexual Response* by Masters & Johnson: "The delusion that penile size is related to sexual adequacy has been founded in turn upon yet another phallic misconception. It has been assumed that full erection of the larger penis provides significantly greater penile size increase than does erection of the smaller penis." In fact, tests have shown that small flaccid penises normally expand more than large ones, so the whole thing equals out. Of course there are women who enjoy the sight and touch of a large penis during foreplay, but since a vagina is very adjustable she will normally be able to keep a firm grip on a small penis as easily as on a large one. However, some older women tend to have larger vaginas after childbirth because they've been stretched. This affects their muscle control and such women require larger and thicker penises to comfort them. Instruments to enlarge the penis? I have seen devices that claim to produce this effect in sex shops in England, Canada and Denmark. They consist of a test-tube glass holder into which the man inserts his penis, and a rubber bulb, attached to the holder by a length of

tubing, which enables him to pump air into the holder. Because of the increased air pressure the penis becomes longer and thicker as more and more blood flows into it. I don't know how long the effect lasts. In my own experience I've noticed that the penile size of many young men of your age tends to increase as their sexual activity increases. During my Christmas vacation in Acapulco I had a lovely affair with a 19-year-old boy from Canada. He was very innocent, with only three quick slam-bam experiences behind him. After living with him day and night for about three weeks I noticed that his penis (originally rather small and slender) had grown surprisingly large in both the flaccid and erect state. Some women say the same about their breasts. They claim that a good and regular lover who fondles their tits daily can really make them larger. Anyway, where there's hope there's happiness, so keep up the good work and don't worry.

GIRL WHO KEEPS PICKING LOSERS

I recently gave up dating a guy with whom I went out for two years. We never had sex of any kind, though we used to touch each other. Whenever his body was close to mine I got excited and wanted him to screw me, but he would just shove me away. He made me feel ugly and ashamed because I wanted sex, and I didn't date him any more. I've had sex with five guys since, but I'm very tense and can't really enjoy it or do anything for my partner. I feel cheated because I can't please him, yet none of the guys seemed interested whether I was enjoying it. They made me feel like an old rubber they could use and throw away. How can I solve my problems?—Kathy.

I am afraid to tell you, but it really is your own fault. You simply seem to pick a bunch of losers. Give a guy one or two chances to satisfy you but don't let him step all over you. Throw him overboard like an old rubber. Where is your pride? Or are you a mental masochist of some kind?

A PROFESSOR WHO'S LOSING HIS URGE

I'm a 46-year-old college professor, and nine years ago I had a prostatectomy. Most medical authorities claim that this operation does not affect potency, so I can only believe my problem is psychological. If it is, then you can probably help me. It's been almost a year since I had intercourse with my wife. Before that, our balling was limited to two or three times a month. She dislikes oral sex, is almost dead in bed and wouldn't even consider a group scene. She's sufficiently prudish not to want to read your book. Fortunately, I have on the side a very bright girl who's nearly 20 years younger than I. She's almost totally uninhibited, but my trouble is that

I'm becoming less and less interested in sex. Frankly, I can't always keep up with her and am afraid of losing her to someone younger with staying power. What's wrong with me? Do I need another partner? Would getting back into the group scene rejuvenate me? Or am I just getting old? If that's the case, would aphrodisiacs help? I've had a blast with sex for 30 years and I don't want to be counted out now!—A.T.

From your letter it seems that your girlfriend doesn't complain. Have you discussed your problem with her? If not, I would suggest that you do so. I think your problem is all in your head, and not so much in your penis. As a result of your lack of security you are also losing your interest in sex. Maybe you ought to try an orgy scene with your girlfriend, but first straighten it all out within your own mind. Maybe you should bring some more variations to the sex between you and your girlfriend. Just the two of you, doing it in different positions, different places, might help. If, however, you still want to go to an orgy, don't become insecure and worry about losing your girlfriend to some other stunning stallion. Learn to relax more.

THE PROBLEM OF A PROPOSITION

I met my husband in California, where by virtue of the Los Angeles no-holds-barred free press we got into some really good swinging trips. We're both in our early 20s and very attractive. I'm bisexual and Mike's definitely horny. Since then we've moved to a fairly typical mid-western city. There are no such things as underground newspapers or swinging clubs. So how do we go about getting a girl or even a couple to come home with us? Mike thinks it is easier for me to pick up a girl, but basically I'm shy and have never had many female friends. It must be easier for a guy to pick up a girl because girls grow up expecting it—I could hop in later. Which of us do you feel stands the better chance of bringing a girl home?—Puzzled.

Maybe the two of you together would make a better team, because if your husband takes a girl home on his own and then she sees you, she might get uptight and run out. But if you both pretend you like her and suggest an after-hours drink at your place, you would have the opportunity to explain your ideas together. You might be able to put her mind at ease, whereas your husband could handle the turning-on bit. Otherwise, try and find your happiness together for a change; do you get bored so badly with each other? Swinging should be an occasional hobby, but basically I think it is your husband's job to satisfy you both mentally and physically. Or am I just old-fashioned? 

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A SOUTHERN SHERIFF

by John Bowers



Paul Provatkis

He relies on horsepower instead of a horse,
but in the mountain country of East Tennessee
the flavor of frontier-style law enforcement
lingers on

Sheriff Harry Buckles tries to lightfoot it through the front door of the jailhouse, head high, looking purposeful, but is stopped—as always. A nervous, intense woman wants him to be a character witness at her divorce hearing. He must decline, respectfully—he's too good a friend of her husband's. A stooped man in overalls, a shapeless felt hat pulled down to his ears, catches him next by waving a check under his nose. The man sputters out a complex tale about how he had sold some lumber to someone, but after five trips to the bank the check still wouldn't clear. The advice: Get it stamped "Insufficient Funds" and then the Sheriff will get out a warrant for such-and-such's arrest.

On and on it goes for the 20 feet he has to travel before being barricaded safely in his office. There is a woman in tight slacks that show her panty ridges who looms up to say she wants her husband arrested because he's driving around this very moment with a strange woman. The sheriff has the license number sent out over the radio with a command to keep the car under surveillance; it means nothing, but will make the woman feel better. A hefty good-natured deputy sits behind a mike crooning messages to squad cars. Other deputies lounge drowsily around the reception area, swigging Cokes, goosing each other occasionally, while the jailer—a tough, unsmiling youth of 23 and a close neighbor of the sheriff's—frisks a long-haired boy in black tennis shoes before taking him upstairs to the slammers.

Sheriff Buckles much prefers keeping the peace by cruising around in his squad car. A stony-faced man of medium height with ice-blue eyes and an unfashionable crew-cut, he also prefers to enforce the law in a shark-skin suit and porkpie hat instead of the blue-and-grey uniform his deputies wear. But at all times, except in sleep, he carries under cover of his jacket the gold badge that says "Sheriff" and at his hip a holstered and loaded 38 Smith & Wesson. In three terms of office in this mountainous violence-prone region of East Tennessee he has yet, miraculously, to draw his gun on anyone. He has been shot at himself however. Once, pulling up to a cabin in the hills, a shotgun blast took the twin revolving blue lights off his squad car at the hub. The cabin owner later claimed (from behind bars) that he thought it was a taxi coming to take his wife away.

Carter County (pop. 42,384) has 3,000 miles of roads, enough to reach Los Angeles if laid end to end. And Sheriff Buckles, at 57 years of age, knows about every rut, turn, and view on them. He was born here, as were his ancestors who date back to before the Civil War. But, like many hill people who grew up during the Depression, he had to do his share of traveling as a youth. He mined coal in Harlan County, Kentucky, at age 16. He rode the rods to Oregon where he roped cattle and shot deer. And then World War II came along and deposited him in the jungles of the South Pacific. The war over, his youth ended, he returned like a salmon to where he was born. He married a Carter County girl, and has one son who is now a high-school senior and football star. "I don't know," he says in his deceptively soft voice, "but there's

just something about these mountains that sticks in your blood. This place is like no other on earth."

We're gaining altitude in his squad car, whipping around graveled curves, hoping to reach the top of Buck Mountain. This road is not paved, like many in Carter County, and the higher we get the more ice and snow lay over it. Way down below on Highway 19, a black glistening straightway, there is a light drizzle but no hint of snow. It's a good 15 degrees cooler up here, wisps of chimney smoke curling warmly from the widely spaced log cabins we pass. The sheriff is looking for moonshiners, his business rather than the Feds because Carter County is "dry" and he's in charge of keeping liquor out. "Oh, you won't find a man's still anywhere near where he lives," he says. "The stink, you know. It can get into your hair and food it's so strong. They hide the works as far away from people as possible."

Moonshiners operate with the stealth of Indians. They stretch black thread in a perimeter around their vats, a break warning that someone has been by. (They ingeniously raise it just high enough so all known animals won't break it, too.) They look out for any broken twig nearby, any sign of a footprint, any whiff of a human. And never does the sheriff's car sail down a road without the news being broadcast up and down, back and forth, the whole territory. You wonder then how he ever catches anyone.

"You don't usually. All we hope to do is find the still itself and destroy it. And, like everything else in this business, it's just a case of luck more than anything. I'll be passing a field or something one day and notice something different. Maybe it's just the way some brush is lying, something, but it's different than the time before. I'll know them shiners have been back in there, and if I'm lucky I'll find their still."

The sheriff sometimes commands a single-engine plane, one belonging to a local banker, in an effort to cover a wider expanse of terrain, swooping in and out of the valleys like a hawk. One drawback, though, is that the pilot does not like to fly as low as the sheriff. "You have to get right down there next to them tree tops to see anything," he says.

The sheriff is probably without physical fear, for as we are nearing the summit, skidding, there is a precipice to our right that looks like a 1,000-foot drop. He says matter-of-factly, "I reckon I ought to get me some snow tires," and the car straightens at the last second.

The radio squawks news of drunks, rapes, and assaults, occasionally eliciting replies from the sheriff, who speaks out of the corner of his mouth into a small hand-held mike. "One-five-one to headquarters. One-five-one to headquarters. I'm on Buck Mountain. Any traffic for me?"

"Headquarters to one-five-one, headquarters to one-five-one," comes the brusque policetype litany. A pause, then, "There ain't nothing."

"Ten-four," meaning, in police talk, acknowledgement and signing off.

No hint of moonshiners anywhere, no laws to enforce for the moment, Sheriff Buckles decides to pay a visit to John Odum, an old-time friend

who lives down a hollow about a mile from the road. From a porch rafter of his cabin hangs a newly shot and disemboweled deer. Inside a group of silent people—men, women, and babies—watch an animated cartoon on a huge color TV set. Warily but politely they greet the visitors, and then return to TV. John Odum lies in semi-darkness in a bed that takes up most of an adjoining room. He only moves by inches, for he has a large blood clot on his left calf that shoots arrows into him everytime he shifts. He cannot rise to greet the sheriff, and he apologizes. They are both World War II vets, once years ago having occupied beds next to each other in a VA hospital, and they see eye to eye on everything. John Odum, in fact, wants more than anything on earth to be a deputy sheriff, but his wife has vetoed it because of his health. He has become the next best thing, though: an honorary one. He has even put revolving blue lights on his Ford, installed a police-band radio in his cabin with mike, and taken to packing a 38. He does not receive any pay as an honorary deputy, but he can make an arrest when he feels up to it.

He tells us that the way we were heading, down toward Dennis Cove, is impassable, with the road a sheet of ice and heavy snow falling. We'd better go back the way we came, and will be even lucky to get out that way. Sheriff Buckles doesn't hurry, though. After passing on pleasantries and a couple of yarns, he allows John Odum's wife to give us a tour through a new two-story addition to the cabin. Completely built by her husband, it has wooden pegs for nails, fine cherrywood for rafters, and a large stone fireplace. It looks like what a highly paid architect would like to do in the way of a fancy ski lodge, but was "thought up" entirely by John Odum without formal plans.

Finally back on the road, sleet and snow peppering the windshield, we hear abruptly on the radio a message from John Odum that his electricity has gone out. This is a case where his police radio comes in handy because, like most mountaineers, he has no phone. Sheriff Buckles contacts headquarters and is assured that the electric company will send an emergency team out immediately. And so back down Buck Mountain and onto a valley road leading to Elizabethton, the county seat. To pass the time the sheriff points out landmarks where murder has been committed.

"See that store right over there," he says. "Two boys with bad blood between them had it out there one night. It turned into a shooting, and one was left dead. We caught the one who did it in his house, and a deputy of mine found the gun stuck away at the top of a car shed. Again, it was luck, finding that gun. He just happened to run his hand across a ledge as he was leaving and stumbled onto it. We wouldn't have had a case without it."

"What did the fellow get?"

"Oh, a year, I think, maybe two. You see, that kind of murder makes sense to people around here. Two boys fighting over something . . ."

A skeletal foundation, the only remains of a dynamited home, peeks out from among the weeds. Back in the 1930s a family named Gouge supposedly cheated a family named Tollie out of

a case of bootleg liquor. The Tollies proceeded to blow the Gouge house sky high, an unorthodox revenge in which three Gouge children were killed but all the Gouge menfolk escaped. Two of the Tollies went to the electric chair while a third saved the state some money by hanging himself in jail. The mountain law was unforgiving for this crime. That dynamite was too bizarre. Children had been killed and that was unforgivable.

"Those Tollies weren't all that bad otherwise," the sheriff says. "They were good workers down at the sawmill and always paid their debts. Now if they'd just faced them Gouges with shotguns like men, why, they'd probably have gotten no more than a year."

And here's the bungalow where a woman shot her lover dead a short time ago. The sheriff himself solved this one when the woman—an ex-Wac, whose lover was a retired army colonel serving as a postman—had claimed at first that the man had committed suicide. The sheriff has had no formal training in sleuthing and relies entirely on common sense. "That dead man was laid out on the floor like somebody in a coffin," he says, "his hands right there folded on his chest. Now how could he have put a bullet through his head and folded his hands at the same time? Impossible. I had her coming and going."

"What did she get?"

"Nothing. I saw her shopping downtown the other day. But, I'll tell you this, she's going to have trouble getting boyfriends from around these parts."

Back at the jailhouse it's 4:15 and time to "run the pans" (feed the prisoners). Today, as on most days, it's beans, potatoes, and cornbread. On important holidays like Thanksgiving and Christmas the Sheriff's wife cooks a turkey meal for them. At the moment there are 22 behind bars, ages 22 to 35, all male, all white. They move lethargically around their cramped, dim space, faces grey, but eyes alert like squirrels. No one has ever escaped directly from this top-floor warren of cells though there has

never been a moment in its 50-year history when an attempt wasn't being made. At present a series of bars on a back window show that a file has recently been busy there. Someone from the outside has come up by stepladder at night and tried to *get in*, possibly to slip a friend a gun or jump a guard. An iron plate that separates a cell block from one closer to an outside window has painstakingly been sawed through, but will take a lot more work before there is a hole someone can crawl through.

The sheriff is impressed with the enterprise shown here, lovingly running his finger over the handiwork, but is not at all concerned that someone will make a break. "This is a *safe* jail. The boys don't know that there is an inner core on these bars that's file-proof, as tough as a diamond. There ain't a file made that can get all the way through them."

Prisoners do escape—quite a few—when they've been permitted out from behind bars under one pretext or another, as trustees or to help an invalid grandmother move furniture. Johnny Welsh,* an athletic, choirboy-looking inmate, who bears a rather startling resemblance to the writer Tom Wolfe, holds the record for escapades among those currently in the hopper. Once he got "religion", so convincingly and angelically that the sheriff allowed him to go to church accompanied by a gray-haired aunt. It ended when the sheriff happened to notice a small package under Welsh's Bible as the youth flew in one evening from prayer meeting. The package contained a pint of white lightning.

Another time Welsh had an "attack" of appendicitis, so medically accurate that he was about to be wheeled into the operating room when he dived through a window in a night-dress and escaped into the back alleys of Elizabethton. The sheriff found him at a motorcycle shop, trying to steal wheels to get him out of town. Even now Welsh appears innocent of all charges, and if it weren't for the iron bars that separate a visitor from him one would never suspect his history. His manner is

*Names have been changed to protect the guilty.

somewhat self-deprecating and humorous, his blue eyes intelligent and searching. He strikes one as totally trustworthy.

Most of those behind bars now are serving 1129s. This is where a man is sentenced to 11 months and 29 days because the state law requires that any sentence of over one year must be pulled in Brushy Mountain State Penitentiary, a place where no judge wants to send a fellow human being except for the most heinous crime. Those now under an 1129, like Welsh, are there mostly because of attacks against property: stealing a car, breaking in summer cabins or stores, and generally causing hell. Nearly all of the inmates, though, say the real reason they are there is because of drink. "That old beer done got me again," one bare-chested youth, with a missing front tooth, says. "I ain't never going to learn, I reckon."

"I just plumb can't drink," says his cellmate, a man with sad dreamy eyes and a tattoo. "I only had me a couple of beers and I can't remember nothing. They tell me I was shoplifting bicycles and assaulting an officer."

A sign of the times is that one youth is there for possession of marijuana. Andrew H. Bard sports a Che Guevara beard, his chest bare except for a leather vest. He was apprehended in a place called Hampton, flourishing the hemp before some incredulous dirt farmers and asking if they'd like to grow a little. In jail he claims he was only holding the plants for someone, someone well away in Nashville. Sheriff Buckles remains mystified by many aspects of dope while keeping his guard up that no epidemic strikes Carter County. To educate the public, he set up a display recently of dreaded marijuana plants in the City Music Store. One busy Saturday afternoon, however, while the female clerks had their eyes turned, a boy snatched the largest plant right out of its pot and took off in a streak. All the clerks could remember was that he was wearing overalls. Sheriff Buckles believes he'll catch him eventually, though. He has few unsolved crimes.

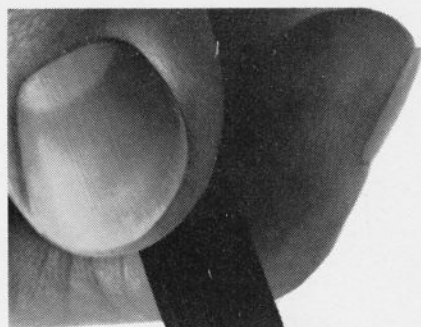
Nothing is required of a prisoner in the Carter County Jail except that he takes a bath once in a while. There are four cell blocks on the top floor. (On the ground floor, past the reception room, is the "drunk tank", a dark, urine-reeking cage where men stay only till they sober up.) Some prisoners parade around in their shorts, others in only their trousers, barefoot. TV blares in one or two spots, country music from radios in others. There are continual card games going on, the most popular pastime inside. Always someone is napping, and some men stay up until three or four in the morning because they can keep lights on as long as they like. One man, Joe Sain, with a mighty weakness for the bottle, is never sure whether he's technically in or out. When free he comes around each day to clean and mop up the jailhouse. ("If we wanted to pay him money for it, he'd never show up probably," the sheriff says.) When a trustee he often walks out the door and forgets to come back. He always tries, however, to be locked up for real on Thanksgiving and Christmas so there will be no mistake about his getting a turkey dinner.

For awhile Sheriff Buckles allowed the prisoners to have hot plates for snacks and coffee, but after a couple of fires regretfully had to take them out. The sheriff has a great deal of sympathy for anyone in jail, for he saw the inside of the clinker himself when he was a feisty coalminer in Kentucky. "Yep," he admits, sort of shyly, "there's not much these boys have done that I haven't. And what I try by God to do is treat them exactly the way I'd want to be

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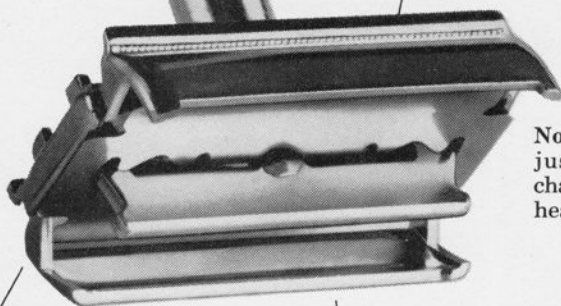


"Look David, it's about your expression 'I'll moider da bum'...
...to be honest it mightn't look too good in print."



Close shaves, but...

Change blades. Change accuracy. Improper clamping can upset blade angle and exposure, misalign blades.



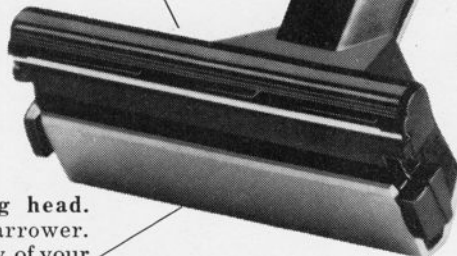
Complex clamping mechanism. It can get out of line with wear, and lead to nicks and cuts.

Bulky head. Hard to use in tight spots.

Compact shaving head. Much thinner, narrower. Fits the topography of your face better.

Closer shaves. Better protection from nicks and cuts.

No moving parts. You don't just change blades, you change the whole shaving head.



Permanent precision. Blade angle is scientifically fixed, edge exposure precision set. You get closer shaves with better protection from nicks and cuts.

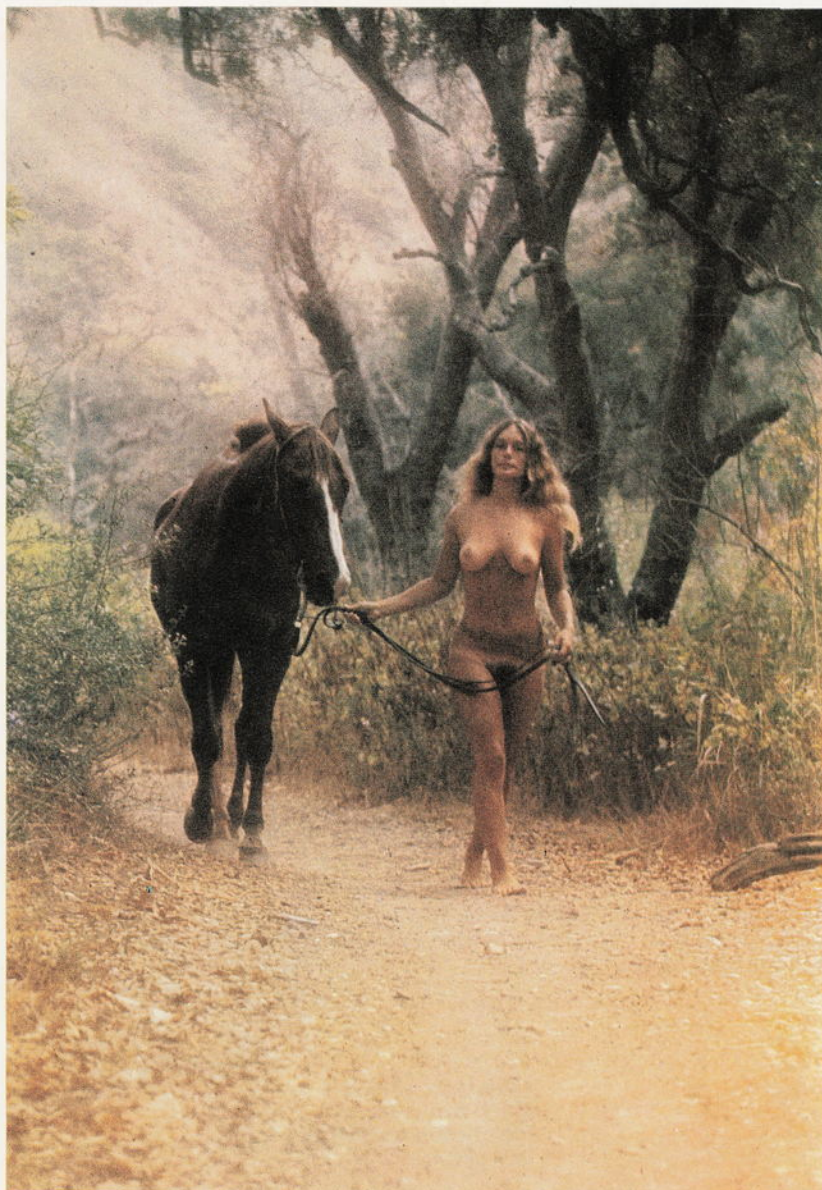
Up till now, men liked their double-edge razors for close shaves. But now there is something better...the Wilkinson BONDED Razor. It not only shaves closer, but also gives you better protection from nicks and cuts.

The Wilkinson BONDED is so advanced that when tested against the most popular double-edge razor, with hundreds of men, it won in *every* category of shaving performance. The Wilkinson BONDED was superior for less irritation, better first shaves, longer blade life, *and* closer shaves with fewer nicks and cuts.

Clearly, the Wilkinson BONDED Razor is a major advance over the kind of razor most men shave with.



THE WILKINSON[®] BONDED[™] RAZOR
A BETTER WAY TO SHAVE



VIVE LA REIN!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN MARCUS

The intimate relationship between man and horse (Roy Rogers and Trigger, the Lone Ranger and Silver) is legendary, but the relationship between woman and horse can be even closer. As 18-year-old Beth Alison Williams attests, "A man's friendship with his horse is through his mind. A girl's relationship is through her body". In evidence she gives her own predilection for bare-back riding in the nude through the more remote reaches of Topanga Canyon, California. "I can really feel the horse when I am naked. If he is about to take fright I can feel his muscles tighten up between my thighs". Beth, a green-eyed blonde, 5' 3" tall with a thoroughbred 36-24-36 profile, is an incurable jumper. "I love horse jumping. It's like flying. You feel so free". Expert with the English snaffle bit, her ambition is to be a lady jockey, and she is already planning to get in some track training and apply for a jockey's licence. She has met the owner of Shadow, great-great-grandson of the celebrated Man o' War, and she is being given the chance to work Shadow out. Beth has been riding since she was four years old, and firmly believes that she can compete successfully with men. "I think I can handle the resistance that a lady jockey must obviously meet," she says. "Winning doesn't really matter. It's what you do with



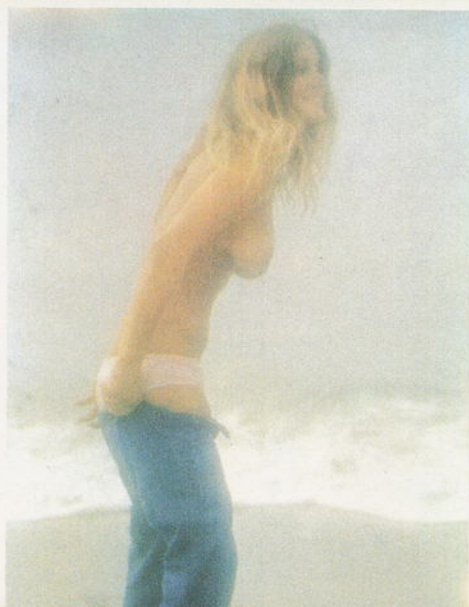


the horse". To keep herself in physical trim Beth devotes the remainder of her spare time to tennis and body surfing. And men? "I like strong, aggressive men. I like being feminine, even though I'm kind of active. I like a man to open the door for me". She will only date one

man at a time, but she has no immediate plans for marriage. "I want to be single for a long time, and before I get married I want to live with the guy. I think it's absolutely necessary to do that, otherwise you could commit to somebody without having any real









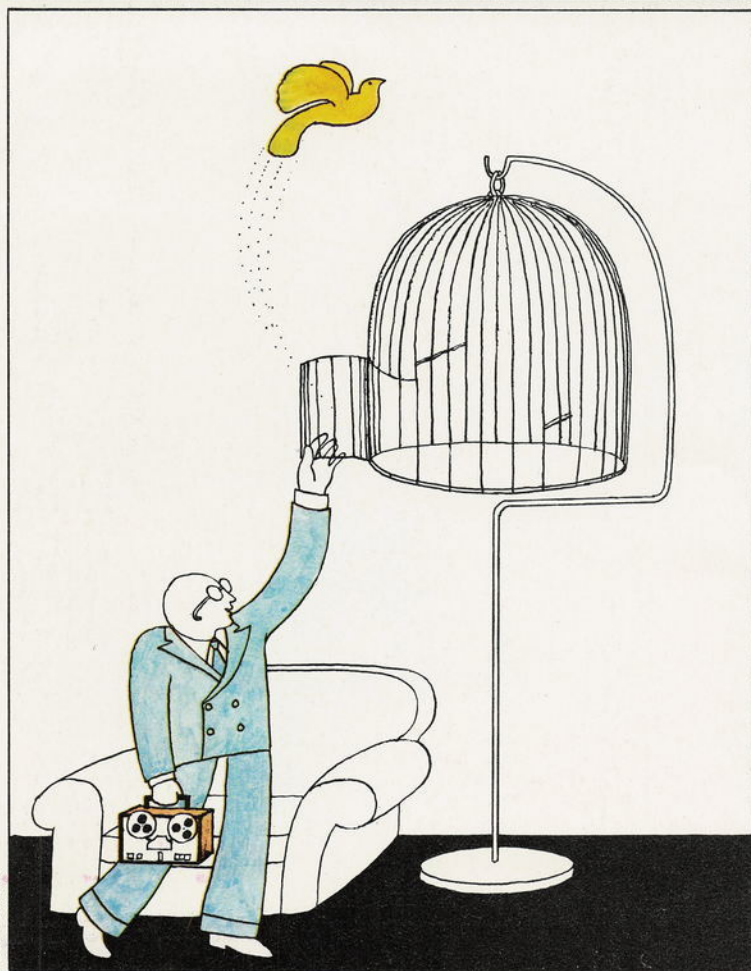
idea of his personality". permissive. I like to play
She abides by her own the dainty lady, you know".
sense of morality. "If I feel In true Californian tradition
like sleeping with the guy, she thinks that swimsuits
with all that this implies in "are a bummer" and spends
terms of emotion, then it's hours of every day naked.
right with us all". She "What's the point of having
believes she's permissive, half a suntan? I never do
"but not aggressively anything by halves". Beth's

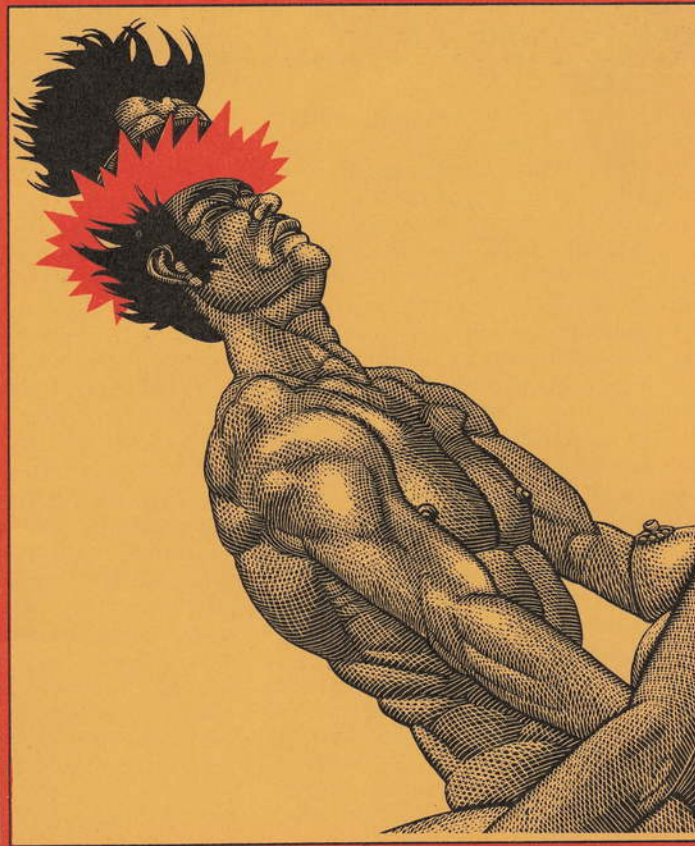
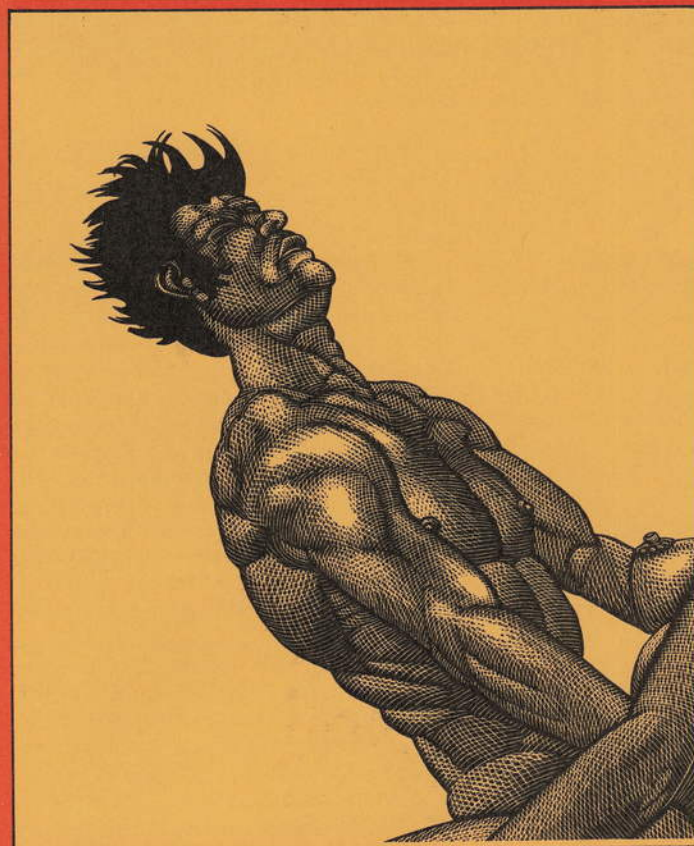
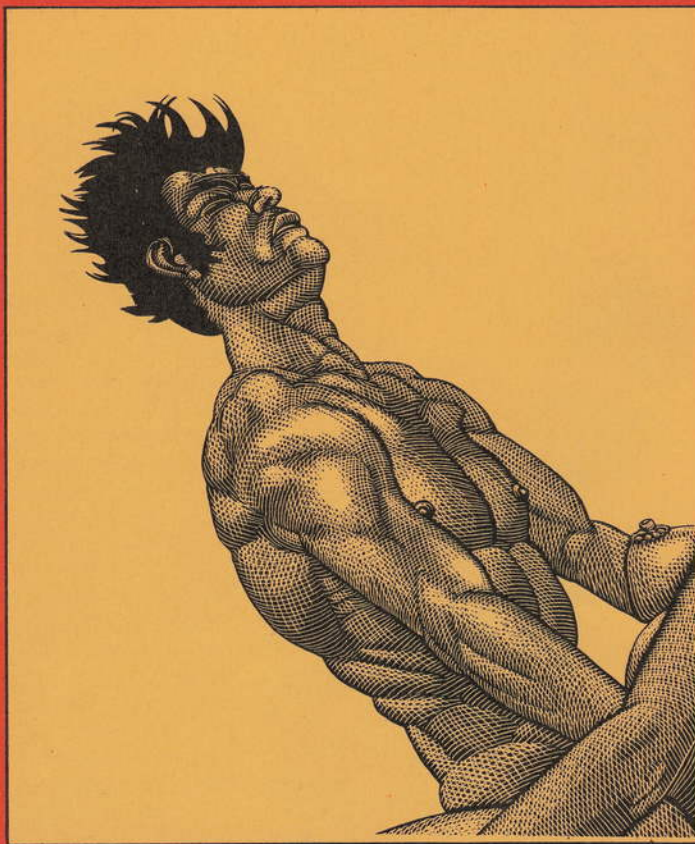
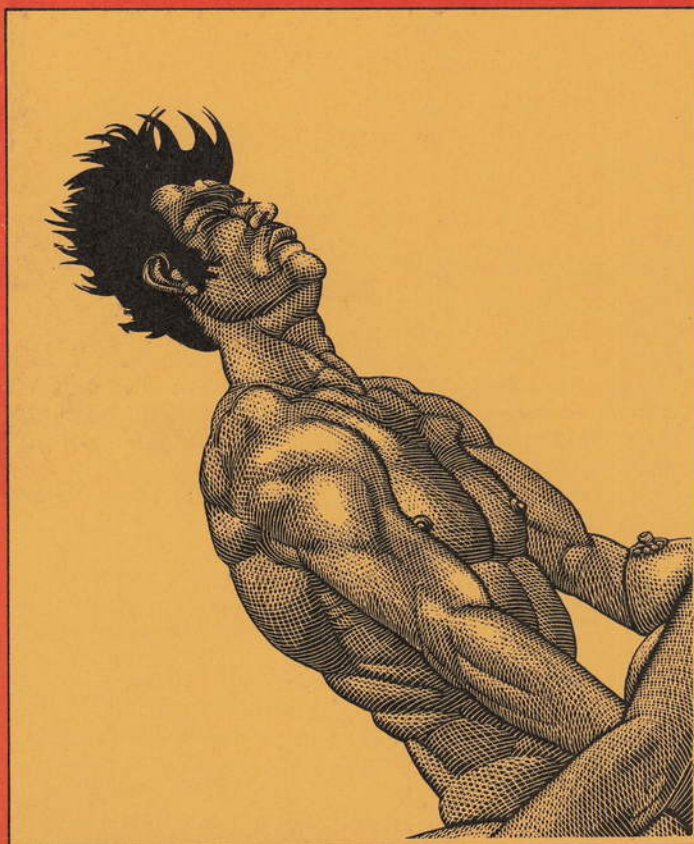




short-term ambitions are to visit Europe and Spain and ride on the tracks there. Long-term, she wants to race, train and breed thoroughbreds. "Then I'll really feel I've won," she says. We can only add that the winning Miss Williams is worth keeping track of.







Peak Performance

Relax, stop trying too hard, and have an unforgettable explosive orgasm

by Brian Boylan



What constitutes a better male orgasm? There are several components, all linked. Here are some of them:

- Participation of a sexually pleasing and responsive partner;
- Ability to hold back orgasm until his partner has climaxed at least once;
- Freedom from pressures of time. That is, not having to rush it;
- Being in just the right sensual mood;
- Having indulged sexually regularly and frequently. (Or not having had an orgasm for a while);
- A willingness to accept a maximum of sensual pleasure.

The last point may seem ridiculous at first glance, but experienced men agree that one of the most important steps in their development as accomplished lovers was learning how to accept as well as to give pleasure. There came a point when each of these men discovered that it was possible to amplify their sexual feeling immensely by revelling in the voluptuous pleasures of their own bodies.

Arnold was into his thirties before he discovered how much sensitivity he had been ignoring in himself. Married somewhat unhappily since his mid-twenties, he had had a series of brief affairs without getting terribly involved. Then he fell heavily in love.

"Emmy and I used to lie there on her bed after making love, playing with each other's bodies. At first, I would play with her and tease her into a state of passion so that we could go at it

again—I think we set records for frequency. Whenever she would run her fingertips over my belly, I had to brush them away because I was suddenly so sensitive there. But she insisted and, once I relaxed a bit, I found that she could drive me almost insane with sensual pleasure just by lightly stroking almost any part of my body—after we had made love.

"And when she kept this up for any length of time, I enjoyed the next orgasm infinitely more than the previous one. Once, just after Emmy had had a wipe-out orgasm—it must have been her third or fourth that afternoon—she just lay back and languorously ran her fingers up and down my sides and my back. It drove me out of my mind, and when I had an orgasm it was the closest thing to a total body explosion I had ever experienced. I felt I was exploding into tiny shreds."

Arnold also discovered with Emmy a principle enunciated by Masters & Johnson: that a man who has had an erection for quite a while often will retain it after orgasm.

"It worked like this: Emmy was so easy to arouse that I tried to give her at least one warm-up orgasm by hand to start. On this particular day, I then went down on her and wrung another from her, after which she wanted me to enter her immediately. Despite her pleading with me to come with her, I held back and managed to stay in her for nearly half an hour before orgasm.

"Instead of withdrawing, I stayed put, moving in and out occasionally just to test my stiffness. To our surprise, it remained erect, and within a few minutes we both were humping wildly. Lest I sound like a sexual superman, let me point out that this was the first time in my life I had ever been so erotically inspired.

"The situation has been repeated at least three times. One of the keys to my being able to remain in Emmy so long is that I am on top. When she was on top of me, she just squirmed off whenever she had had enough, but when she was on the bottom, all she could do was writhe and wiggle, and that inspired me to greater efforts and pleasures."

Like other men who have discovered how intense orgasm can be, Arnold at first thought that he was alone. Then he

shyly asked some of his friends whether they recognized the situation, and was relieved when one of them reported a similar experience. Though he has enjoyed satisfactory orgasms while masturbating, none of them was anything near what he enjoyed with Emmy.

"Since we broke up, I haven't really duplicated the experience with any other women, though the girl I've just become seriously involved with shows promise of surpassing even Emmy. Why did we break up with such a marvelous sex life going for us? It's very simple. Emmy wanted to get married and have a husband support her. I am not yet legally able to marry her, and even if I were, I'm not sure that I'd want to, particularly after some of the temper tantrums she threw when I didn't move fast enough out of my marriage to suit her. When she found out that I blamed her for our relationship's dissolving, she really threw a honey, with tears, shouts, and threats of suicide.

"But thanks to Emmy, regardless of what a bitch she turned out to be, I know the extent of my own sexuality and I don't intend to ever forget it."

Few men ever forget such raw excitement, and fewer are content to live out the rest of their lives with only the memory of such an adventure. Once a man has tasted the joys of profound orgasm he is restless until he can find a partner with whom he can repeat the experience regularly. Married men who discover this experience with their wives tend to remain married, whereas men who encounter it outside marriage are prone to divorce.

HOW TO DELAY EJACULATION

This subject is as troublesome to sexually active men as it is to their frustrated partners. Man is born with a sex drive that tells him to insert his penis into a responsive receptacle, and in the shortest possible time achieve the warmth and excitement of orgasmic contractions and ejaculation. The fact that woman is not similarly constructed has proved a source of boundless frustration and aggravation since the human race's earliest days.

Countless books and magazine

articles discussing the problem of premature ejaculation—actually, there is nothing pre-mature about ejaculation—attest to its unpopularity among middle-class Americans. (Curiously, blue-collar American males are much more hung up about penis size than about premature ejaculation, judging from the letters and advice columns in magazines directed toward the working-class audience.)

But the advice printed in books and magazines about preventing too-early ejaculation is usually vague and slightly moral in its overtones; *i.e.* a considerate loving husband will exercise self-control in order to please his wife. What such advice overlooks is that men need specific suggestions rather than abstractions to overcome a natural physical response.

In *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, Masters & Johnson trace premature ejaculation to a hurried atmosphere surrounding the early years of love-making for the men troubled with this problem. They may have been encouraged by a prostitute to hurry up and have an orgasm so that she could move on to another customer, mistaking the woman's phony writhings and moanings for genuine passion over the swiftness of their orgasms.

Men whose early intercourse takes place in cars are likely to feel pressured to get it over with before they are discovered. None of the women interviewed for this study had anything good to say about early automotive intercourse—unless of course she had been manipulated to an orgasm first. Some, however, claimed to have derived a forbidden pleasure from coupling in a car with husbands or lovers, specifically because of the danger involved, but these women were speaking about sexual adventures with experienced lovers.

One factor in premature ejaculation not cited by Masters & Johnson is that the goal of the masturbating boy is to achieve orgasm as swiftly as possible. The fewer strokes, the better. And since masturbation is a man's earliest sexual training, it tends to set the pattern for his future heterosexual activity.

While most sexologists define premature ejaculation as inability to control orgasm for more than 30 seconds

“
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”

after intromission, Masters & Johnson define it as inability to hold back orgasm long enough for the woman to have an orgasm 50% of the time. Such a definition removes the emphasis from time and places it on mutual satisfaction and frequency of orgasm.

Masters & Johnson have worked out an elaborate “squeeze technique” and coital training program to control premature ejaculation. This consists of the woman manipulating the man to the point of orgasm, then firmly squeezing his penis with her fingers just below the head. This usually prevents ejaculation.

Most of the men interviewed for this study had followed the traditional methods of controlling orgasm—mental distractions such as thinking about

a mathematical problem or conjuring up a distant scene, or physical distractions such as biting the lip or pinching the skin (the premise being that pain will override the sensation of orgasm and thus delay it).

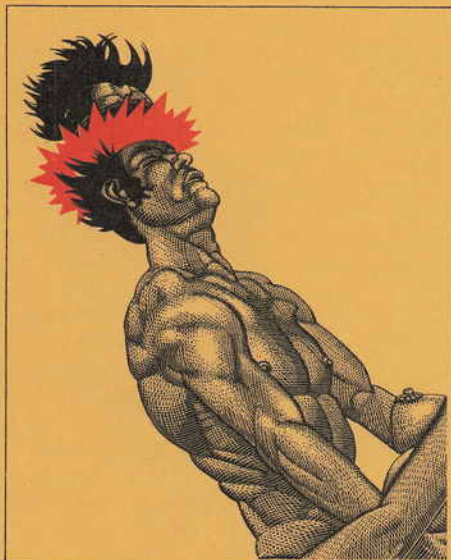
Physical distractions, these men report, are next to useless. Harry tried them all, even going as far as to spray his penis with Solarcaine immediately before intercourse. “All the spray did was to wilt my erection and make my prick sting like hell for an hour afterwards,” he complained. “I tried some other salves and ointments I had seen advertised as orgasm-delayers, and some of them worked slightly. That is, I was able to hold off for almost a minute, until the copulating action had rubbed the stuff off of my prick. But having to put it on before getting into my wife was a real drag, and she resented it. I had tried biting my lip and pinching my skin, but that was worthless. By the time I tried the Solarcaine, I was getting desperate and my wife was starting to lose her patience.

“At one point I even tried masturbating shortly before I knew we would be making love, on the principle that after one orgasm, it is harder to have a second one and I am able to stay stiff for a while. Unfortunately, by the time I got it up for a second time, my wife was asleep or was mad at me. When I masturbated, it had the effect of rendering me impotent. I guess by this point I was a psychological mess and anything could wipe out my potency.

“The only thing that cured me of premature ejaculation was the boredom or inevitability which invades every marriage and wipes off the sheen of novelty. As my wife grew less exciting, I found it harder to come and I no longer blasted forth moments after entering her. Unfortunately, by the time this happened, our love life was in tatters and we were on our way toward divorce.”

DRUGS AND POTENCY

Bob is a would-be swinger in his late thirties who makes his living by editing exploitation trash for one of the country's leading publishers. Married eight years, his compulsive working habits and his daily fears for his job



have rendered him impotent in the marital bed. His wife is a militant feminist who regards his sexual failures as a personal insult, and does not hesitate to berate him for his inability to satisfy her.

Because marijuana has often had the effect of delaying and intensifying his orgasms in the past, Bob turned to it to combat his impotence: "It worked nicely for the first few times I tried it, and Charlotte seemed satisfied for the first time in months. But then, as the pressures at work and at home grew, grass seemed to lose its beneficial effect. The first time this happened was when I turned on alone, knowing that Charlotte was horny and would be expecting me to have her when she came home from her women's lib group meeting. I got the kids to bed and settled back to turn on.

"I must have had some powerful grass, because I was wildly turned on by the time she got home. Sure enough she was ready to swing, and I got into bed with a mammoth hard-on. But once in bed, she demanded that I eat her, and by the time I was into this, my erection had disappeared. It did not return that evening, and I took a monumental bitching from Charlotte.

"In desperation, I got her out of the house one night to a friend's apartment, where we all turned on. It took several takes before we were both really excited, and I had the presence of mind to get her out of there and into a taxi. I

paid off the babysitter and finally got us both nude in bed, put her on top, and slid it in. We hadn't gotten three strokes in before the phone rang. It was one of my authors from California who had just landed in town and wanted to discuss his manuscript—which we were rushing into print.

"I agreed to meet him in an hour, and then returned to my wife. We were both high, but my prick wasn't, and it wouldn't arise for anything, including Charlotte's going down on me—something she has only done a few times in our entire marriage."

Other men report that marijuana and hashish, when taken moderately, helped them delay orgasm and enjoy sex immensely more. Taken to excess, however, such drugs tend to enhance impotence, just as alcohol does. Only two men and three women interviewed for this study had experimented sexually with LSD. All reported a heightened sensuality with overpowering visual imagery and intensified orgasm.

Bessie, who regularly uses a variety of drugs ranging from grass and hash to mescaline, was disappointed with her only "acid fuck" as she called it: "I really wasn't very turned on by the man I was with. We had been in bed a few times together, and he wasn't very imaginative or exciting. But he was into drugs and he had a supply of marvelous hash, plus he was a good salesman for the sexual benefits of LSD. Well, it certainly was different, but I didn't enjoy it that much more. Maybe if it had been someone I really dug, it might have been different."

Chuck and Annie took acid together and each had an exquisite orgasm. "It seemed like we were going at it for hours," Chuck said. "When I finally came, it seemed like a molten-hot geyser starting deep in my balls and working its way slowly up through my pelvis. Each squirt was better than the previous, and at one point I thought the top of my head was going to blow off from too much sexual pleasure. And of course Annie was squirming like a god-damned fish, and when I let blast she shrieked and wiggled with each spasm. She later said that she could feel me coming and that it made her come again. She usually wears a

diaphragm or I'll use a rubber when she doesn't feel like putting it in, but this time neither of us felt like using anything, so we took a chance. She didn't get pregnant, and if either of us had used a contraceptive, it wouldn't have been as enjoyable."

One interesting aftermath of an LSD-enhanced orgasm has been that the quality of Chuck's subsequent orgasms, he reports, has increased noticeably. He thinks that the acid experience may have simply unlocked an inhibition or two. "Now when I come, I can feel it welling up within me, and it's a wild sensation. I haven't tried acid again—the stuff is just a bit too scary for me."

THE IMPROVED ORGASM

Some men successfully influence the quality of their orgasms by controlling the muscles in their pelvis, while others use autosuggestion to enhance the physical pleasures. That is, they tell themselves that they are going to have a rip-snorting orgasm. Those who use this technique not surprisingly report that it works.

Still other men improve their orgasms by stopping short of ejaculation and letting the passion subside before working themselves up again. These men claim that when they finally ejaculate, the teasing and holding back multiplies the pleasure immensely.

Myron has found that if he suddenly relaxes every taut muscle as he is approaching orgasm he can feel pleasurable sensations throughout his body. "I discovered this one night when I was balling my ex-wife. She insisted on a screw for old times' sake, and even though she got me aroused to the point of an erection, I still didn't really want to participate. She got on top and had a hell of an orgasm, but I was determined not to try and hopefully not have one myself. Shortly after she had hers, I noticed the sensations starting in my groin. Thinking that if I refused to pay any attention to these feelings they might pass away, I stayed relaxed. When I came, it was like an internal earthquake. I mean, my whole body shook and I almost couldn't stand the feeling of that juice passing through me.

"What really bothered me was that

Joanie knew what I was feeling and she knew that I'd just had my best orgasm with her. She's made a point of reminding me of it several times since. From that point on, I've experimented with my orgasms and I've concluded that ejaculation is what each man makes of it. I can recall humdrum orgasms that left me indifferent. Now, I mount a production so that each orgasm is more spectacular than the others. I try to fuck briskly and for quite a while, hopefully giving my partner more than one orgasm. Then, when I feel the time is right, I pump away with gusto, get to the point where I can feel the juices starting to rise. I might stop for a moment, but this is only if I'm having trouble relaxing my muscles. Sometimes it's very difficult to relax the fucking muscles, especially when I'm really honked up over a girl—as I am right now over Kathy.

"Just the other night we were making love and she came wildly, howling and biting and squeezing. She was on top, so there was nothing I could do to slow her down, and I knew that I couldn't hold back any longer. I let my pelvic muscles go limp and this time was better than any other. It felt like the molten lava described in cheap porno fiction, but that's what it felt like. Before I learned the relaxation technique, I never experienced orgasms so intense."

Men like Howie claim that they can improve their orgasms, not by internal control, but by making the external circumstances so exciting as to turn them on: "I knew from all that I had seen and heard about marriage that boring sex was deadly, so Jean and I try to keep it different and exciting." Married five years, Howie seems to be succeeding. "We try to make love differently as often as possible, and this variety keeps me well-supplied with high-quality orgasms. I can tell that we are sliding into a rut when my orgasms become pedestrian."

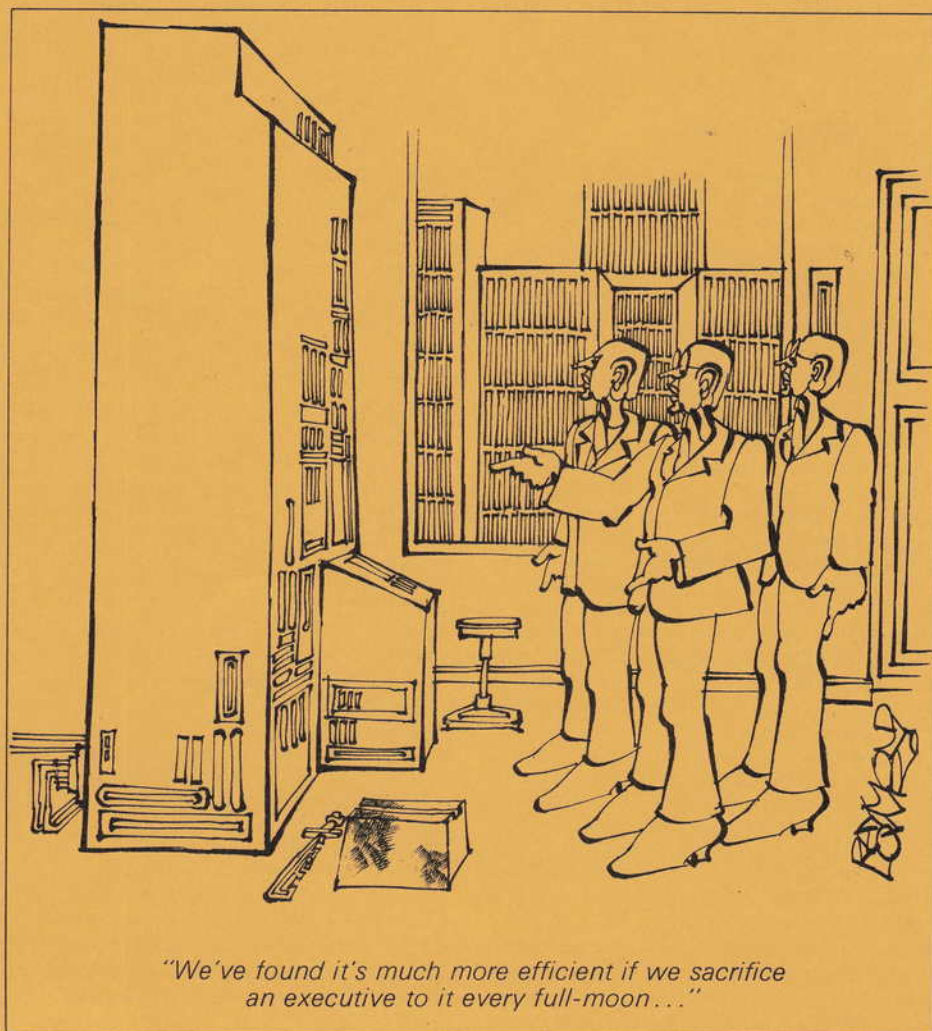
"Sometimes we smoke grass before sex. Other times we do it in the shower or while taking a bath. Last month we made it in the front seat of our car while it was parked out on the street. Jean recently heard about a new way involving olive oil, so we smeared ourselves

with it and really went wild. The only trouble was that it was a pain in the ass to wash out of the sheets and our bed still stinks of olive oil. A friend later told us that we should have used a non-smelly oil like peanut oil."

Howie's view of orgasms is not widely shared by men who feel the quality of their partner's orgasm is an important factor in their own. Howie comes from a proletarian background, and supported himself through college by driving a truck. He admits that his attitude toward orgasm is selfish but he doesn't really care. "Listen, when Jeanie starts bitching, then I'll start worrying. Until that happens, I figure I must be doing something right."

Some men regard the first orgasm of

a sexual session as something to be wasted so that the second and more leisurely orgasm can then be enjoyed. Irv is one of those men who differentiate between first and second orgasms. "The first is the direct result of passion and horniness, whereas the second and subsequent orgasms are more natural and arise from a purely erotic sensation. Because I feel this way, I try to get the first go out of the way fast, explaining to the girl that I'm not really a fast shooter but rather that I can devote more time to the follow-up encounter. After 10 or 15 minutes, I usually can get it up for the return bout, and I can last up to an hour this time. When I do come, it feels a hell of a lot more relaxed and natural than the anxious first orgasm." 



GEORGE C. SCOTT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

“

I resent politically oriented theater because I think it's a corruption of theater. It's in the form of the theater to be communicative. But it's not the reason for theater.

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stimulating experience. Even bad notices can be stimulating and helpful, difficult as they are to swallow. You say, "Well, fine, I haven't captivated mankind yet, I still have a way to go." Keeps you from getting a little too complacent. I've received both kinds of notice. A long time ago I said to myself, "Just do your work, do what you believe in, and do what you feel you're capable of doing, and let the critics do what they feel they're capable of doing and that's it." A perfectly fine Mexican stand-off so far as I'm concerned. One of the things that saved me from becoming pathological is my attitude that the critics and I all have a job to do. They're not gonna stop me from doing my job and I'm not gonna interfere with them doing theirs. I really find it quite distasteful when a performer is crushed and hurt by a bad notice and calls a press conference or goes on television and says, "I was misused and abused" and blah-blah-blah. We all want to do that—a lot—and sometimes we slip and do it inadvertently. But I've always felt that if they could do it, they'd be doing it, so fuck 'em. It's a form of coping. It keeps you out of the laughing academy.

Penthouse: Do you think critics are improving?
Scott: I don't know. Sour-grapey as it sounds, I think there has been a cheapening of critical evaluation since I started. I just have to say that and let it lie. I look back fondly to people like Brooks Atkinson. I respect Walter Kerr, who has bombed me on several occasions. Dick Watts I respect. I think he is a man who loves the theater. That's the first criterion of any critic. He must love what he's doing. When they sour, that's when they become pathological. A sour critic is a man who should retire. Just as a sour actor should retire.

Penthouse: Recently you have played a succession of characters who were very much alone. The aging mobster in *The Last Run*, the frustrated Dr Bock in *Hospital*, the old, suicidal cop in *Precinct 45*, a solitary sheep-rancher in *Rage*, and the oilfield bum in *Oklahoma Crude*. What was it about these people that grabbed you?

Scott: I don't think it is only me who is grabbed by them. I think that kind of person is pathetically attractive to a lot of people. Each of us, of course, is alone. Born, lives and dies alone. That's a problem we all face. I think we feel a bond with that sort of character if he's at

all well-drawn in the writing and in the interpretation. He makes a mark on all of us. Most of us feel that character is us, in a sense.

Penthouse: How were you cast in your first film, *Anatomy of a Murder*?

Scott: Otto Preminger had seen me on Broadway in *Comes A Day*. He called me in and wanted me to play the bartender in his movie—the role Murray Hamilton ended up playing. I read the script and said I wanted to play the state's attorney. That was that. Otto never opened his mouth.

Penthouse: It was that easy?

Scott: Sure was. All I did was ask for it. I was tickled to death. It was a big step for me. A big, big break for me in films, that picture. Good part—well-written as far as it went—a showy part, a flashy part. A lot of work, but it was very worthwhile doing. I liked working for Otto. We've been friends a long time. Not close friends, but I respect Otto.

Penthouse: How would you rate him as a director?

Scott: I don't think he's an exceptional director. I think he's a magnificent producer and promoter. Otto is really too emotional to be a terrific director. But he is competent.

Penthouse: Do you have to believe in a character in order to play him?

Scott: No, but it sure helps. If you can't believe, you have to think of ways to psyche yourself out.

Penthouse: Has that happened to you recently?

Scott: No. I think that the last person I was in trouble with was the prosecutor in *The Andersonville Trial*. I respected him, and I knew he was a good man, but his methods were a little tough to deal with. I suffered a lot with that play.

Penthouse: What about Dr Bock in *Hospital*? People say that you and he were very alike in your personalities.

Scott: Bock was an interesting character, a sweet character, but sad. I think he symbolizes a kind of middle-aged frustration that happens to all of us—unhappy with himself and unhappy with the way he had conducted his life. I believed his problems. He was credible to me.

Penthouse: You consider yourself a technical actor.

Scott: I would say so.

Penthouse: Do you think this makes you a cold actor?

Scott: I've never been accused of that. I think it works in an opposite way. If you're very aware of what you're doing, and have a goal—let's say to pick up a cigarette—you try to do it in the most communicative way. If you happen to be playing with someone who is not cold then you do it in the warmest way. And so on.

Penthouse: Do you believe suffering creates good actors?

Scott: I think suffering is too strong a word. I think you have to be unhappy in order to understand other people's unhappiness.

Penthouse: How about lawyers, for example, do they have to suffer?

Scott: No. Lawyers don't have to use their bodies and minds and emotions to transmit other things—even though lawyers will tell you that they do.

Penthouse: There was a time—a period of about a year in the mid-'50s—when you tried to quit acting. You worked at odd jobs and you bummed around. What drove you back?

Scott: Some reason. I couldn't resist it. That irresistible impulse, as they say in legal circles.

Penthouse: Do you consider yourself an optimistic person?

Scott: Basically, I'm quite an optimistic person. Most actors are. You have to be, otherwise you

couldn't survive. It's a life of personal rejection. When you begin in the business no one wants to see you; no one wants to have anything to do with you. You're a pariah. It's always "Don't call us, we'll call you." After years and years of that many people can't bear it and they fall by the wayside. They do something else. I feel that if one does survive, one has to have a feeling of optimism and hope that something good is going to happen. In a sense, that may be highly self-deceptive, but then maybe it's not such a bad thing to do because you cannot be pessimistic and be bitter and frightened and still be an actor. You must have confidence. You must have belief in yourself because no one else has, at first. You acquire that belief from certain people—people you work with over the years, and that's good.

Penthouse: What do you do in order to get away?

Scott: Play a lot of bridge, play a lot of golf. Chess. I read history and geography, and I watch television. A great deal of television. I don't go to films as much as I used to. And I don't go to the theater as I should. I enjoy solitude as much as anybody but I think being without a loved companion is a kind of bare, dry existence.

Penthouse: Your work can't substitute for that?

Scott: I don't think so. I need the balance.

Penthouse: You need a home or a home-base?

Scott: Yes, and *someone* is important to that. Of course you have to be lucky enough to find a woman who'll live with you and stand you. Despite all my ruptured marriages, I've been close to very, very fine women all my life. All my wives have been very good people. I have no beef about that.

Penthouse: You believe in marriage?

Scott: I suppose so, I've tried it often enough. Yeah, I'm not happy when I'm not—what's the old-fashioned phrase?—keeping *steady company* with one person. I'm really, I guess, a monogamous person.

Penthouse: Do you feel mellowed by marriage to a woman 15 years younger than you?

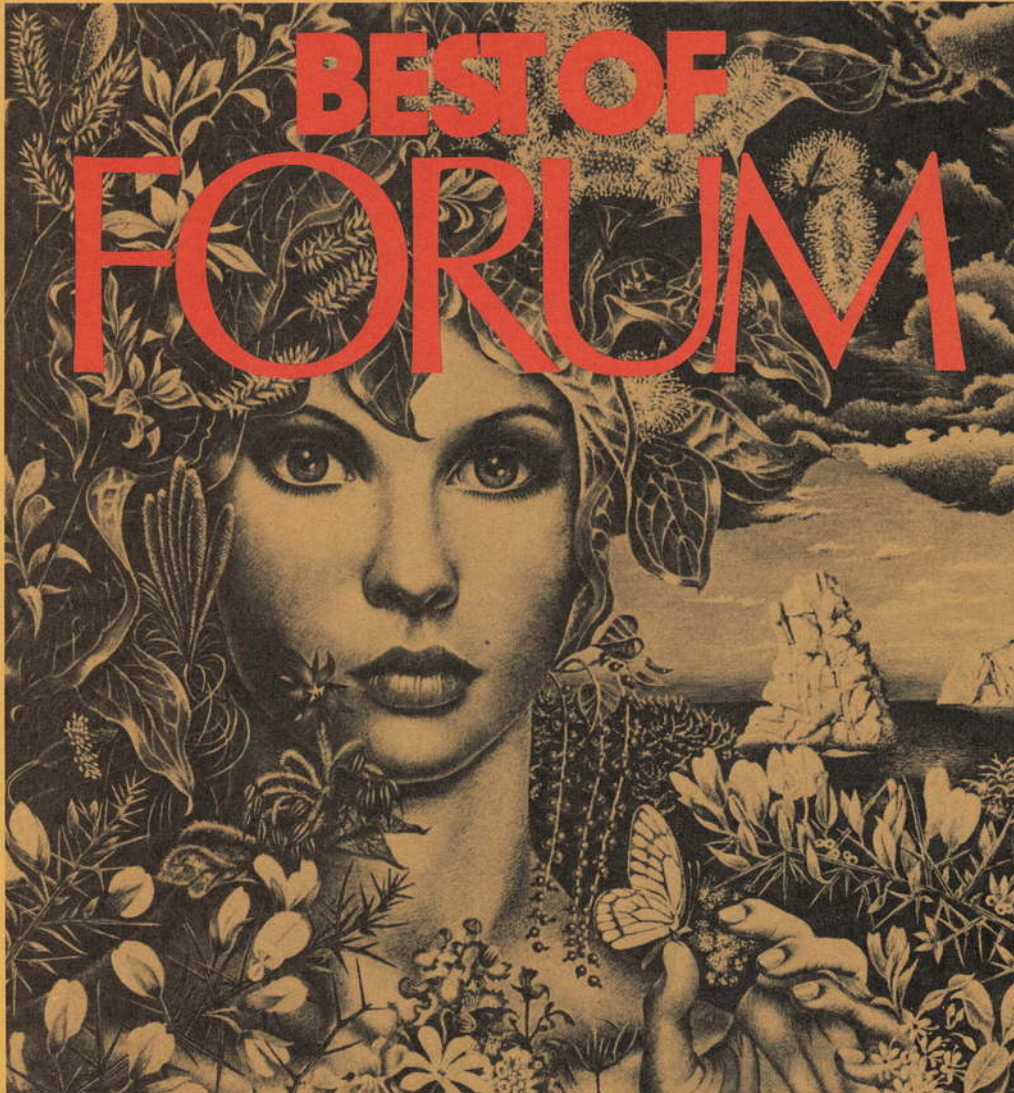
Scott: Not necessarily. I think just being middle-aged has a lot to do with it. Trish is a very good influence on me. Colleen was a very good influence on me, a marvelous influence on me. I owe Colleen a lot. She is a splendid person to be around and a splendid person to work with. I still have enormous respect for her as a professional. I'd be happy to work with her, if she'd work with me.

Penthouse: How do you feel about the politically-oriented, polemic theater we're seeing so much of these days?

Scott: It's always impressed me that theater has to be in some degree dissociated from everyday life in order to maintain its ability to function. Otherwise how do you keep it from dripping over? Even the touching of the actors by audience members is somewhat repugnant to me—maybe I'm that old-fashioned. Theater to me points the way to be better, fuller, more universal, more catholic. It points the way to not what you *are* but what you *might become*. I know that sounds pretentious but that's the way I think about it. That's the way I've felt about it all my life. When I go to the theater—and I don't care what my mentality is—I want to get some sort of release from my own dreadful problems—and vast they are and oppressive they are. I don't want to be shown that there is no way out, that things are the way they appear to me. That's not theater. That's either documentarianism or proselytizing or propaganda or

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something else—not theater. It's in the form of the theater to be communicative. But it's not the ultimate *reason* for theater.

Penthouse: So you disapprove?

Scott: I resent it because I think it's a corruption of theater. It's like Bolshevik painting—those workers with the muscles and the clear open eyes and the great faces that you used to see on early murals in post offices in our country in the '30s. Art that ain't. You can look at it and I don't care how unsophisticated you are, you realize, "Hold it, I'm being had!" It's like looking at a Red Chinese poster. If you're going to tell a story you got to tell both sides. You got to tell *every* side. That's what theater is. It's total, it's universal. It encompasses *everyone* and it doesn't say: "I tell of the agonies of Eldridge Cleaver in Algeria and I show it to the Black Panthers because in spite of their factionalism they're gonna dig it."

Penthouse: What do you show to Black Panthers?

Scott: You show 'em a side to life that they're going to appreciate. Something that will extend them as individuals. Look, individuality is God to me—it really is. I know a lot of people don't feel like that but to me it's God. It's the best thing there is. And it doesn't mean selfishness or total preoccupation with one's self. I don't mean that. I mean—I think I mean—that the exultation and betterment and purification of one's individual soul is the finest thing that could happen. I hate masses, I hate mass movements. I hate joining things. That to me is destructive of the individual. I have a loathing for it that is almost inexpressible. Because I see, rather than a communal, loving, working situation, a kind of insect-like demeaning of the human spirit. Put more than three people together and I get very nervous. And if they start *thinking* the same way I get very nervous. I don't care who it is. It's not ultra-conservative because I can't stand them, either. I guess I'm a worshipper of individuality. That word may not serve very well, but that's what I feel.

Penthouse: That's regarded today as a kind of a Natty Bumpo attitude. Very early American.

Scott: The classic sort of America which is gone? Yeah. Sure. But when everyone objects to the oppression of technology and bureaucracy and so many other things that are totally demeaning that we have on all levels, it strikes me that the only thing that can save us is individual self-respect. It's the only thing that *has* saved us and brought us as far as we have come. The minute we get four guys moving together, like the defensive line of the Rams, I'm in trouble. I'm speaking in human terms. It's great for a football team because you can't get to the quarterback without them. But it's horrible for human beings. It turns me *off*! But my feelings are not fashionable, I know. One must feel that if one is a woman one *must* resist because of Women's Lib. Well, my ass! Whatever happened to the female *individual*? If one is a fag, one *has* to join a gay liberation group. My God, it becomes ridiculous. If you're a machinist you have to think the way machinists think. If you're a Chicano, you must think the way Chicanos think. I resent it when you bring this kind of thing into the theater and say to people: "Yes, you're right, boys, don't be yourselves. Wear a jacket with a dragon on the back of it and say I gain my strength because I belong to Hell's Fucking Angels." My ass. You gain no strength. You gain weakness from belonging to Hell's Angels. You gain weakness from belonging to any kind of group. To me that's fascism. Total fascism.

Penthouse: Thank you, George C. Scott 

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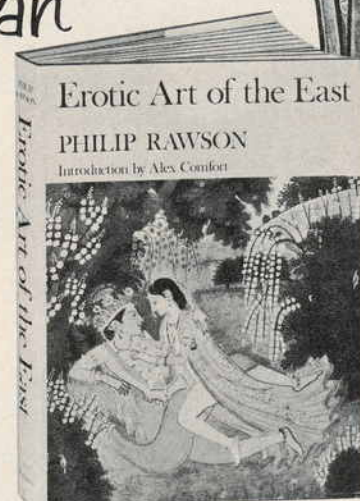
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In his bid to make what nature gave him look its best, the switched-on male has an ally in electricity. There's a bunch of small electric appliances that function as face, hair and muscle savers. For a start Norelco, Sunbeam and Gillette have lately come up with detanglers. Two sets of combs, set side by side, work back and forth, separating the strands of hair without pulling. Sounds silly, but friends of mine whose hair is prone to split ends and such swear that the detanglers are worth their weight in perfect hair. One man even says that his detangler saves

SWITCH ON TO SELF IMPROVEMENT

by Parker Hodges

him trips to the barber because he doesn't have to go to have the frizzy split ends cut as often.

Skin, the largest organ we possess, is, with hair, the decision-maker about

what we look like: if the skin is a mess, the looks are a mess. Clairol proposes an answer that they call the Skin Machine. Battery-operated, the Skin Machine scrubs the face with 24,000 soft bristles attacking problems like acne, pimples or skin plagued by ordinary pollution. Though some doctors question the need for so thorough a scrubbing every day—soap and water and your hands do okay—this kind of cleansing is useful to take off the layers of dead skin that can make a complexion look muddy and thick. Use it once or twice a week in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

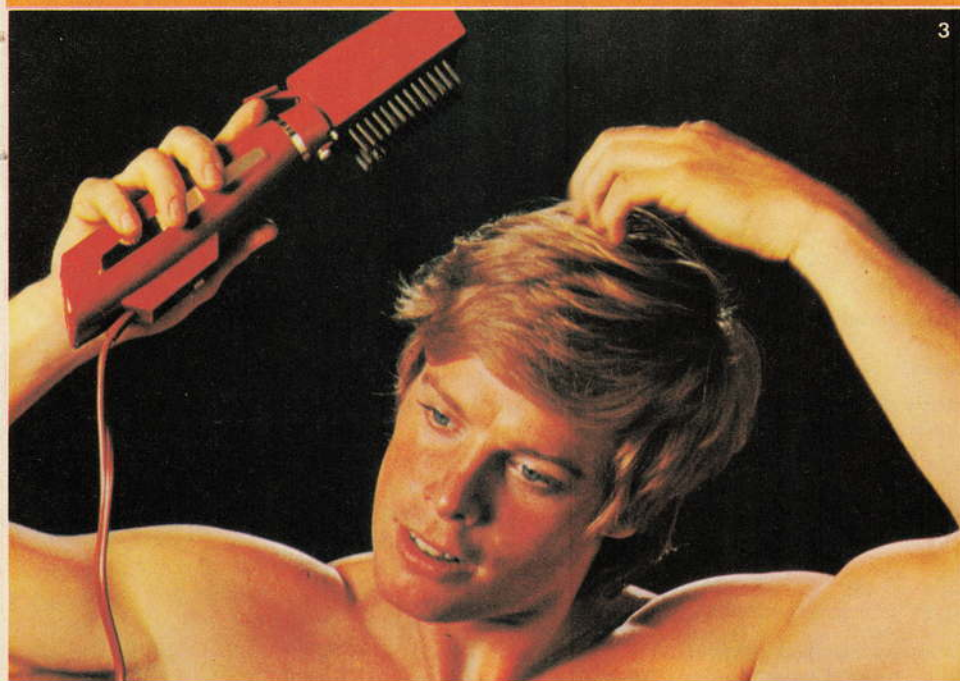
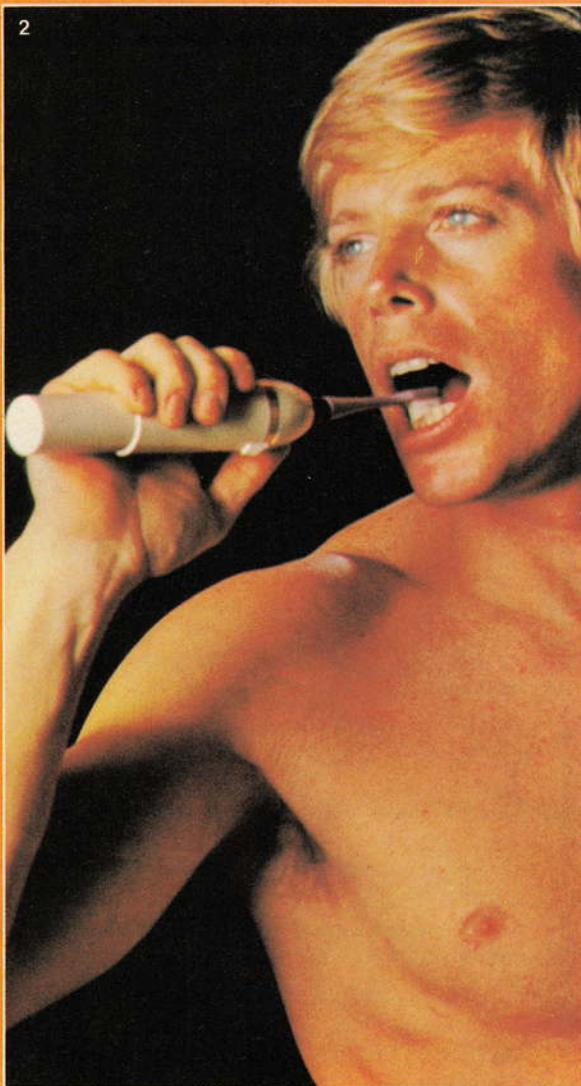
1 Battery-operated Clairol Skin Machine that scrubs your skin with its 24,000 soft bristles.

2 The Aqua Tech-Teledyne combination of water pick and electric toothbrush.

3 The General Electric Mist Styling Comb which, besides being a hair dryer in the conventional sense, delivers a fine spray of water on to over-dry hair.

4 Nine different degrees of closeness are possible with this Norelco model 50 VIP triple-headed shaver.

5 No overcooking with the Norelco



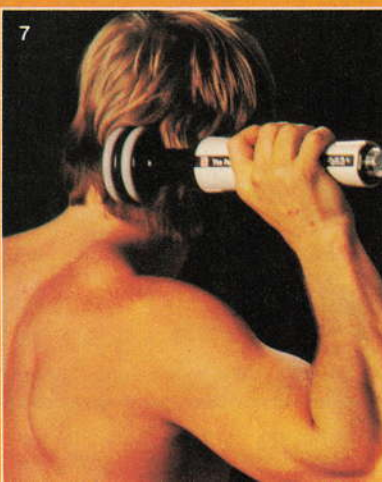
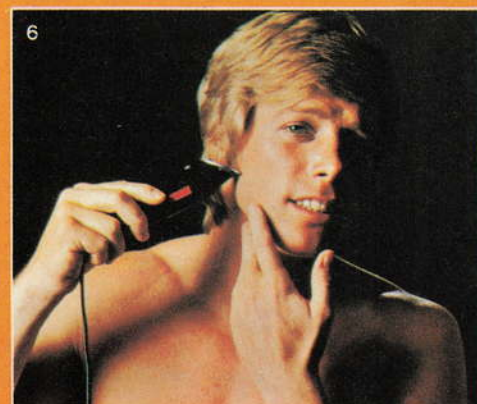
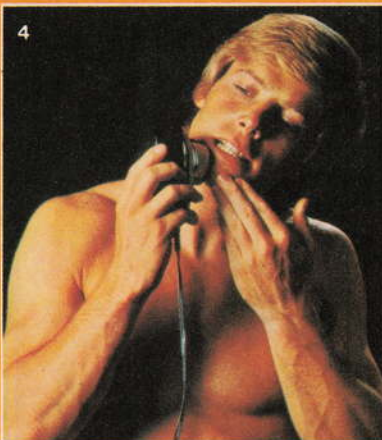
combination heat and sun lamp. It has an automatic timer to prevent overexposure.

6 With the Racine home hair-care kit, by Oster, you can trim moustache, sideburns or anything else hairy.

7 The Panasonic Panabrator can be adjusted from a light, slow vibration to an intense, penetrating massage.

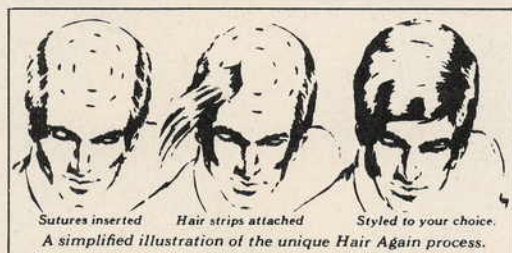
8 Features of the Braun Mini hair dryer for men include drum fan and a European-to-American voltage conversion switch.

Opposite: forest of grooming appliances is testimony to the profusion of powered equipment available.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

addition to daily washing and lubrication and your skin couldn't ask for more. Except maybe a rosy glow that a sunlamp imparts.

And, face it, there's almost nothing that makes a person look better than a tan. But remember one thing: neat as a tan looks, you're going to pay for it sooner or later. Nothing ages skin like sunlight, and a sunlamp does the same thing. Norelco has equipped its sunlamps with automatic timers so you can't get more radiation than you've planned.

Electricity has also given us the vibrator. And, double entendre aside, vibrators are great. A good massager or vibrator can make all the difference. Panasonic makes something that it calls a Panabrator, and it works very well. Held on the muscles of the back and neck, it can make a day at the office merely a memory, not a pain to be carried in the shoulders all night. The Panabrator can be adjusted from a light slow vibration to an intense and more penetrating massage. Oster also makes a massager, this one fitting over the hand and sending the vibrations through the fingers. It has two speeds and makes a back rub a truly fine experience.

There are some new wrinkles in electric razors. Panasonic has some nice little battery-powered rotary models, so a shave needn't always be a bathroom activity. Schick has its new "flexamatic" model with a superthin blade guard so the shave can be very close. The Schick also has a trimmer for sideburns. Norelco, loyal to its tri-bladed shaver, has a 50 VIP model that's adjustable to nine different degrees of closeness.

Today's longer hair styles for men require electric assistance for drying and styling. Appliances come in many shapes and powers. Stylers and styling combs start as low as 140 watts; combination styler/dryers boast upwards of 750 watts. Obviously, the higher the power, the higher the heat, and the faster the job—but too much heat can be a bad thing. Unless you're careful, the supercharged dryers can cook your hair rather than tame it. So look for a dryer that puts out a blast of air that's about 150 degrees. Oster, Clairol and Panasonic all function in this temperature range.

The styling combs, usually tubular affairs that force a blast of heated air through the teeth of a comb or the bristles of a brush are good for hair that's not too long, and for touchups on any coif. The newest styling combs have a feature that makes the styling process even easier. A press of a lever or button sends a fine mist of water on to the hair.

And if you want to skip the whole barber number, Oster has made a kit with electric clippers, and scissors so you can do the whole hair trip at home. 

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

Murray closed the last circuits. Into his consciousness poured, in one wild rush, the mingled consciousnesses of Van, Dirk, Conrad, and Finn, hooked into him via Nate, and, less

Flesh against flesh, skin against skin. Serena was throbbing. Why not? Six men tonguing her at once. She was always quick to arouse, anyway. She was begging for it. Not that Nate was in any hurry: screwing was his thing, he always made a grand production out of it. As well he might, with 10 close friends riding as passengers on his trip. Give us a show, Nate. Nate obliged. He was going down on her now. Inhaling. His stubbly cheeks against her satiny thighs. Oh, the busy tongue! Oh, the sighs and gasps! And then she engulfing him reciprocally. Murray hissed in delight. Her cunning little suction, her jolly slithers and slides: a skilled fellatrice, that woman was. He trembled. He was fully into it now, sharing every impulse with Nate. *Becoming* Nate. Yes, Serena's

122 PENTHOUSE

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 - How you may “mortgage out”—a technique that gives you ownership of a property with no money down and with a cash payment to you!
- Incredible as it seems, these opportunities are in your local area right now! You don't need any kind of “luck” to find them. I'll show you exactly how to find such fortune-making bargains right away, in the pages of my book. Just apply a little imagination to fit them into your own situation—and you're on your way to a fortune like these.

You can, by using the methods in this book, make yourself a millionaire. Others have done exactly that. I've watched them. People like—

- Cliff R. using the secret just mentioned above, Cliff purchased and sold some 25 properties in a six-month period. His profit on these deals was \$68,000!
- Sam T. used another one of the sources revealed in this book to get \$400. He invested this money in valuable postage stamps, and sold them to fellow stamp club members. Within 3 years, he was worth \$500,000!
- You'll see how Larry M. got the money he needed to buy \$14,000 worth of paintings. In 2 years, he was offered almost FIVE TIMES as much for them. But Larry waited another year and sold them for more than SIX TIMES the purchase price: \$100,000. This is a neat income — particularly when you remember that Larry didn't invest a dime of his own!
- Ben D. considered such a poor credit risk that six banks had refused him time after time, used a method revealed in this book to get a \$50,000 five-year loan in less than 30 minutes! He used this money to buy a restaurant. Today, he has five booming restaurants, and more money than he can spend!
- Joel L. started with a gas station which he took over, using one of the many easy loans I tell you about. Once Joel had the gas station, he began to look around for other easy-money



- Herb F. was a mailman for the Post Office, in a little town in the midwest. Using the method I tell you about—for obtaining large sums of money for as little as \$8 a month—he obtained \$40,000 without putting up a cent! He used this money to buy a \$600,000 motel. Today he's on easy street after only a few weeks!
- Clint T. couldn't stand the 9-to-5 routine of his job. He decided he had to make a pile of money as quickly as possible. Using one of the sources revealed in this book, he borrowed \$2,000 and invested it in a meat business. In less than 2 months, he made a profit of \$12,300 — OR OVER \$200 PER DAY FOR DOING NOTHING, while he had other people's money invested!

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beckoning body gaping for him. His wagging wand poised above her. The old magic of Group never diminishing. Nate doing all his tricks, pulling out the stops. When? Now. Now. The thrust. The quick sliding moment of entry. Ah! Ah! Ah! Serena simultaneously possessed by Nate, Murray, Van, Dirk, Conrad, Finn. And, vicariously throbbing in rhythm with Serena, Maria, Lanelle, JoJo, Nikki, Kay.

Kay. Through the sorcery of the crossover loop Nate was having Kay while he had Serena. Nate was having Kay, Maria, Lanelle, JoJo, Nikki all at once; they were being had by him, a soup of identities, an *olla podrida* of copulations, and as the 12 of them soared toward a shared and multiplied ecstasy Murray did something dumb. He thought of Kay. Kay alone in her redwood bower. Kay with bucking hips and tossing hair and glistening droplets of sweat between her breasts, Kay hissing and shivering in Nate's simulated embrace. Murray tried to reach across to her through the Group loop, tried to find and isolate the discrete thread of self that was Kay, tried to chisel away the 10 extraneous identities and transform this coupling into an encounter between himself and her. It was plain violation of the spirit of Group; it was also impossible to achieve, since she had refused him permission to establish a special inner link between them that evening, and so at the moment she was accessible to him only as one facet of the enhanced and expanded Serena. At best he could grope toward Kay through Serena and touch the tip of her soul, but the contact was cloudy and uncertain.

Instantly on to what he was trying to do, she petulantly pushed him away, at the same time submerging herself more fully in Serena's consciousness. Rejected, reeling, he slid off into confusion, sending jarring crosscurrents

through the whole Group. Nate loosed a shower of irritation despite his heroic attempt to remain unperturbed, and pumped his way to climax well ahead of schedule, hauling everyone breathlessly along with him. As the orgasmic frenzy broke loose, Murray tried to re-enter the full linkage, but he found himself unhinged, disaffiliated, and mechanically emptied himself without any tremor of pleasure. Then it was over. He lay back, perspiring, feeling soiled, jangled, unsatisfied. After a few moments he uncoupled his equipment and went out for a cold shower.

Kay called half an hour later. "You crazy bastard," she said. "What were you trying to do?" He promised not to do it again. She forgave him.

He brooded for two days, keeping out of Group. He missed sharing Conrad and JoJo, Klaus and Lois. The third day the Group chart marked him and Kay as that night's performers. He didn't want to let them all share her. It was stronger than ever, this nasty atavistic possessiveness. He didn't have to, of course. Nobody was forced to do Group. He could beg off and continue to sulk, and Dirk or Van or somebody would substitute for him tonight. But Kay wouldn't necessarily pass up her turn. She almost certainly wouldn't. He didn't like the options. If he made it with Kay as per group schedule, he'd be offering her to all the others. If he stepped aside, she'd do it with someone else. Might as well be the one to take her to bed, in that case. Faced with an ugly choice, he decided to stick to the original schedule.

He popped up to her place eight hours early. He found her sprawled on a carpet of redwood needles in a sun-dappled grove, playing with a stack of music cubes. Mozart tinkled in the

fragrant air. "Let's go away somewhere tomorrow," he said. "You and me."

"You're still into you-and-me?"

"I'm sorry."

"Where do you want to go?"

He shrugged. "Hawaii. Afghanistan. Poland. Zambia. It doesn't matter. Just to be with you."

"What about Group?"

"They can spare us for a while."

She rolled over, lazily snaffled Mozart into silence, started a cube of Bach. "I'll go," she said. The Goldberg Variations transcribed for glockenspiel. "But only if we take our Group equipment along."

"It means that much to you?"

"Doesn't it to you?"

"I cherish Group," he said. "But it's not all there is to life. I can live without it for a while. I don't need it, Kay. What I need is you."

"That's obscene, Murray."

"No. It isn't obscene."

"It's boring, at any rate."

"I'm sorry you think so," he told her.

"Do you want to drop out of Group?"

I want us both to drop out of Group, he thought, and I want you to live with me. I can't bear to share you any longer, Kay. But he wasn't prepared to move to that level of confrontation. He said: "I want to stay in Group if it's possible, but I'm also interested in extending and developing some one-on-one with you."

"You've already made that excessively clear."

"I love you."

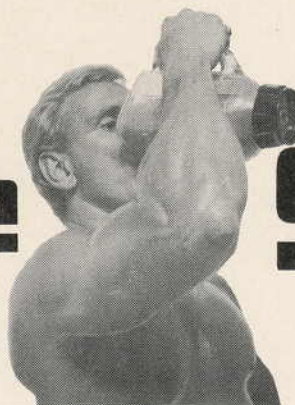
"You've said that before too."

"What do you want, Kay?"

She laughed, rolled over, drew her knees up until they touched her breasts, parted her thighs, opened herself to a stray shaft of sunlight. "I want to enjoy myself," she said.

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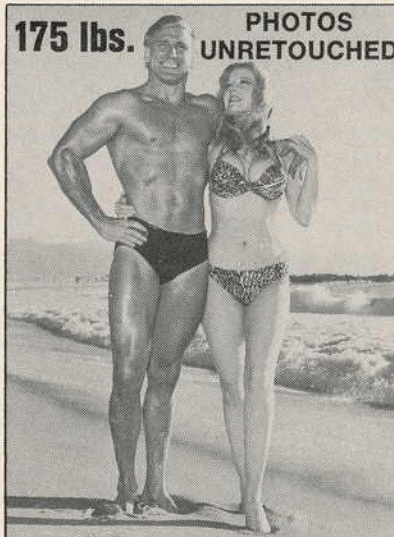
His progress was astounding—you see here the gains he made—absolutely phenomenal, especially for a man entering his 40's and a truly great testimonial for the Weider System and Crash Weight Gain Formula #7.

His life changed with him—from a pathetic, undesired, unloved loser whose only companions were dogs—to a prize-winning "Mr. America Physical Achievement Award" body surrounded by the world's most beautiful girls.—This is the miracle of courageous Charlie Kemp!

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“Tuberculosis, emphysema, chronic bronchial asthma, collapsed lungs, two lung operations, cirrhosis of the liver, narcolepsy, alcoholic, drug addict, a life in and out of the hospital, psychiatric patient, three packs of cigarettes a day, no SEX desire, unloved—only dogs as companions.”



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He started setting up his equipment an hour before sunset. Because he was performing, the calibrations were more delicate than on an ordinary night. Not only did he have to broadcast a full range of control ratios to Central to aid the others in their tuning, he had to achieve a flawless balance of input and output with Kay. He went about his complex tasks morosely, not at all excited by the thought that he and Kay would shortly be making love. It cooled his ardor to know that Nate, Dirk, Van, Finn, Bruce, and Klaus would be having her too. Why did he begrudge it to them so? He didn't know. Such exclusivism, coming out of nowhere, shocked and disgusted him. Yet it wholly controlled him. Maybe I need help, he thought.

Group time now. Soft sweet ionized fumes drifting through the chamber of Eros. Kay was warm, receptive, passionate. Her eyes sparkled as she reached for him. They had made love 500 times and she showed no sign of diminished interest. He knew he turned her on. He hoped he turned her on more than anyone else. He caressed her in all his clever ways, and she purred and wriggled and glowed. Her nipples stood tall: no faking that. Yet something was wrong. Not with her, with him. He was aloof, remote. He seemed to be watching the proceedings from a point somewhere outside himself, as though he were just a Group onlooker tonight, badly tuned in, not even as much a part of things as the others. The awareness that he had an audience affected him for the first time. His technique, which depended more on finesse and grace than on fire and force, became a trap, locking him into a series of passionless arabesques and pirouettes. He was distracted, though he never had been before, by the minute telemetry tapes glued to the side of Kay's neck and the underside of her thigh. He found himself addressing silent messages to the other men. Here, Nate, how do you like that? Grab some haunch, Dirk. Up the old zaboo, Bruce. Uh. Uh. Ah. Oh.

Kay didn't seem to notice anything was amiss. She came three times in the first 15 minutes. He doubted that he'd ever come at all. He plugged on, in and out, in and out, moving like a mindless piston. A sort of revenge on Group, he realized. You want to share Kay with me, okay fellows, but this is all you're going to get. This. Oh. Oh. Now at last he felt the familiar climactic tickle, stepped down to a tenth of its normal intensity. He hardly noticed it when he came.

Kay said afterward: "What about that trip? Are we still going to go away somewhere tomorrow?"

"Let's forget it for the time being," he said.

He popped to Istanbul alone and spent a day in the covered bazaar buying cheap but intricate trinkets for every woman in Group. At nightfall he popped down to McMurdo Sound where the merry Antarctic summer was at its height and spent six hours on the polar ski slopes, coming away with wind-bronzed skin and aching muscles. In the lodge later he met an angular auburn-haired woman from Portugal and took her to bed. She was very good, in a heartless, mechanically proficient way. Doubtless she thought the same of him. She asked him whether he might be interested in joining her Group, which operated out of Lisbon and Ibiza. "I already have an affiliation," he said. He popped to Addis Ababa after breakfast, checked into the Hilton, slept for a day and a half, then went on to St Croix for a night of reef-bobbing. When he popped back to

California the next day he called Kay at once to learn the news.

"We've been discussing rearranging some of the Group couplings," she said. "Next week, what about you and Lanelle, me and Dirk?"

"Does that mean you're dropping me?"

"No, not at all, silly. But I do think we need some variety."

"Group was designed to provide us with all the variety we'd ever want."

"You know what I mean. Besides, you're developing an unhealthy fixation on me as isolated love-object."

"Why are you rejecting me?"

"I'm not. I'm trying to help you, Murray."

"I love you," he said.

"Love me in a healthier way, then."

That night it was the turn of Maria and Van. The next, Nikki and Finn. After them, Bruce and Mindy. He tuned in for all three, trying to erode his grief in nightly frenzies of lustful fulfillment. By the third night he was very tired and no less grief-smitten. He took the next night off. Then the schedule came up with the first Murray-Lanelle pairing.

He popped to Hawaii and set up his rig in her sprawling beachfront lanai on Molokai. He had bedded her before, of course. Everyone in Group had bedded everyone else during the preliminary months of compatibility testing. But then they had all settled into more or less regular pair-bonding, and he hadn't approached her since. In the past year the only Group woman he had slept with was Kay. By choice.

"I've always liked you," Lanelle said. She was tall, heavy-breasted, wide-shouldered, with warm brown eyes, yellow hair, skin the color of fine honey. "You're just a little crazy, but I don't mind that. And I love screwing Scorpios."

"I'm a Capricorn."

"Them too," she said. "I love screwing just about every sign. Except Virgos. I can't stand Virgos. Remember, we were supposed to have a Virgo in Group at the start. I blackballed him."

They swam and surfed for a couple of hours before doing the calibrating. The water was warm but a brisk breeze blew from the east, coming like a gust of bad news out of California. Lanelle nuzzled him playfully and then not so playfully in the water. She had always been an aggressive woman, a swaggerer, a strutter. Her appetites were enormous. Her eyes glistened with desire. "Come on," she said finally, tugging at him. They ran to the house and he began to adjust the equipment. It was still early. He thought of Kay and his soul drooped. What am I doing here? he wondered. He lined up the Group apparatus with nervous hands, making many errors. Lanelle stood behind him, rubbing her breasts against his bare back. He had to ask her to stop.

Eventually everything was ready and she hauled him to the spongy floor with her, covering his body with hers. Lanelle always liked to be the one on top. Her tongue probed his mouth and her hands clutched his hips and she pressed herself against him, but although her body was warm and smooth and alive he felt no onset of excitement, not a shred. She put her mouth to him but it was hopeless. He remained limp, dead, unable to function. With everyone tuned in and waiting. "What is it?" she whispered. "What should I do, love?" He closed his eyes and indulged in a fantasy of Kay coupling with Dirk, pure masochism, and it aroused him as far as a sort of half-erect condition and he slithered into her like a prurient eel. She rocked her way to ecstasy above him. This is garbage, he thought. I'm falling apart. Kay. Kay.

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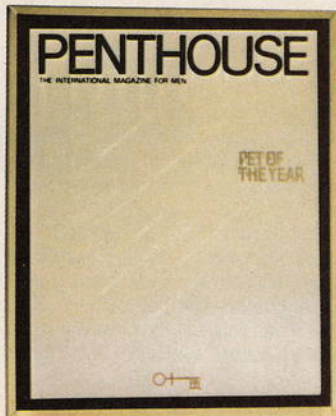
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Then Kay had her night with Dirk. At first Murray thought he would simply skip it. There was no reason, after all, why he had to subject himself to something like that if he expected it to give him pain. It had never been painful for him in the past when Kay did it with other men, inside Group or not, but since the onset of his jealousies everything was different. Nobody would be surprised or upset if he happened not to want to participate tonight. All during the day, though, he found himself obsessively fantasizing Kay and Dirk, every motion, every sound. By late afternoon it had taken place so many times in his fevered imagination that he saw no risk in experiencing the reality of it; at least he could have Kay, if only at one remove, by doing Group tonight. And it might help him shake off his obsessiveness. But it was worse than he imagined it could be. The sight of Dirk, all bulging muscles and tapering hips, terrified him; Dirk was ready for making love long before the foreplay started, and Murray somehow came to fear that he, not Kay, was going to be the target of that long rigid spear of his. Then Dirk began to caress Kay. With each insinuating touch of his hand it seemed some vital segment of Murray's relationship with Kay was being obliterated. He couldn't stand it. To think that every one of them was having Kay at once. The whole male Group complement. Kay giving herself to all of them gladly, willingly, enthusiastically. He had to escape, now, instantly, even though to drop out of Group communion at this point would unbalance everyone's tuning and set up chaotic eddy-currents that might induce nausea or worse in the others. He didn't care. He had to save himself. He screamed and uncoupled his rig.

He waited two days and went to see her. She was at her exercises, floating like a cloud through a dazzling arrangement of metal rings and loops that dangled at constantly varying heights from the ceiling of her solarium. He stood below her, craning his neck. "It isn't any good," he said. "I want us both to withdraw from Group, Kay."

"That was predictable."

"It's killing me. I love you so much I can't bear to share you."

"So loving me means owning me?"

"Let's just drop out for a while. Let's explore the ramifications of one-on-one. A month, two months, six months, Kay. Just until I get this craziness out of my system. Then we can go back in."

"So you admit it's craziness?"

"I never denied it." His neck was getting stiff. "Won't you please come down from those rings while we're talking?"

"I can hear you perfectly well from here, Murray."

"Will you drop out of Group and go away with me for a while?"

"No."

"Will you even consider it?"

"No."

"Do you realize that you're addicted to Group?" he asked.

"I don't think that's an accurate evaluation of the situation. But do you realize that you're dangerously fixated on me?"

"I realize it."

"What do you propose to do about it?"

"What I'm doing now," he said. "Coming to you, asking you to do a one-on-one with me."

"Stop it."

"One-on-one was good enough for the human race for thousands of years."

"It was a prison," she said. "It was a trap. We're out of the trap at last. You won't get

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me back in."

He wanted to pull her down from her rings and shake her. "I love you, Kay."

"You take a funny way of showing it. Trying to limit the range of my experience. Trying to hide me away in a vault somewhere. It won't work."

"Definitely no?"

"Definitely no."

She accelerated her pace, flinging herself recklessly from loop to loop. Her glistening nude form tantalized and infuriated him. He shrugged and turned away, shoulders slumping, head drooping. This was precisely how he had expected her to respond. Very well.

He crossed from the solarium into the bedroom and lifted her Group rig from its container. Slowly, methodically, he ripped it apart, bending the frame until it split, cracking the fragile leads, uprooting handfuls of connectors, crumpling the control panel. The instrument was already a ruin by the time Kay came in. "What are you doing?" she cried. He splintered the lovely gleaming calibration dials under his heel and kicked the wreckage of the rig toward her. It would take months before a replacement rig could be properly attuned and synchronized. "I had no choice," he told her sadly.

They would have to punish him. That was inevitable. But how? He waited at home, and before long they came to him, all of them, popping in from many quarters of the world, some of them dressed in evening clothes, some of them naked or nearly so, some of them unkempt and sleepy, all of them angry in a cold tight way. He tried to stare them down. Dirk said: "You must be terribly sick, Murray. We feel sorry for you."

"We really want to help you," said Lanelle.

"We're here to give you therapy," Finn told him.

Murray laughed. "Therapy. I bet. What kind of therapy?"

"To rid you of your exclusivism," Dirk said.

"To burn all the trash out of your mind."

"Shock treatment," Finn said.

Quickly they surrounded him. Bruce clamped an arm across his chest like an iron bar. Conrad seized his hands and brought his wrists together behind his back. Finn and Dirk pressed up against his sides. He was helpless.

Kay began to remove her clothing. Naked, she lay down on Murray's bed, flexed her knees, opened her thighs. Klaus got on top of her.

"What the hell is this?" Murray asked.

Efficiently but without passion Kay aroused Klaus, and efficiently but without passion he penetrated her. Murray writhed impotently as their bodies moved together. Klaus made no attempt at bringing Kay off. He reached his climax in four or five minutes, grunting once, and rolled away from her, redfaced, sweating. Van took his place between Kay's legs.

"No," Murray said. "Please, no."

Inexorably Van had his turn, quick, impersonal. Nate was next. Murray tried not to watch, but his eyes would not remain closed. A strange smile glittered on Kay's lips as she gave herself to Nate. Nate rose. Finn approached the bed.

"No!" Murray cried and lashed out in a backwards kick that sent Conrad screaming across the room. Murray's hands were free. He twisted and wrenched himself away from Bruce. Dirk and Nate intercepted him as he rushed toward Kay. They seized him and flung him to the floor.

"The therapy isn't working," Nate said.

"Let's skip the rest," said Dirk. "It's no use



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trying to heal him. He's beyond hope. Let him stand up."

Murray got cautiously to his feet. Dirk said: "By unanimous vote, Murray, we expel you from Group for unGrouplike attitudes and especially for your unGrouplike destruction of Kay's rig. All your Group privileges are canceled." At a signal from Dirk, Nate removed Murray's rig from its container and reduced it to unsalvageable rubble. Dirk said: "Speaking as your friend, Murray, I suggest you think seriously about undergoing a total personality reconstruct. You're in trouble, do you know that? You need a lot of help. You're a mess."

"Is there anything else you want to tell me?" Murray asked.

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"Nothing else. Goodbye, Murray."

They started to go out. Kay was the last to leave. She stood by the door, clutching her clothes in a small crumpled bundle. She seemed entirely unafraid of him. There was a peculiar look of—was it tenderness? pity?—on her face. Softly she said: "I'm sorry it had to come to this, Murray. I feel so unhappy for you. I know that what you did wasn't a hostile act. You did it out of love. You were all wrong, but you were doing it out of love." She walked toward him and kissed him lightly, on the cheek, on the tip of the nose, on the lips. He didn't move. She smiled. She touched his arm. "I'm so sorry," she murmured. "Goodbye, Murray." As she went through the door she looked back and said: "Such a damned shame. I could have loved you, you know? I could really have loved you."

He had told himself that he would wait until they all were gone before he let the tears flow. But when the door had closed behind Kay he discovered his eyes remained dry.

After a long while he put on fresh clothing and went out. He popped to London, found that it was raining there, popped to Prague, where there was something stifling about the atmosphere, and went on to Seoul, where he had barbecued beef and kimchi for dinner. Then he popped to New York. In front of a gallery on Lexington Avenue he picked up a complaisant young girl with long black hair. "Let's go to a hotel," he suggested, and she smiled and nodded. He registered for a six-hour stay. Upstairs, she undressed without waiting for him to ask. Her body was smooth and supple, flat belly, pale skin, high full breasts. They lay down together and, in silence, without preliminaries, he took her. She was eager and responsive. Kay, he thought. Kay. You are Kay. A spasm of culmination shook him with unexpected force.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" she said a few minutes later.

"I love you," he said.

"What?"

"I love you."

"You're sweet."

"Come live with me. Please. I'm serious."

"What?"

"Live with me. Marry me."

"What?"

"There's only one thing I ask. No Group stuff. That's all. Otherwise you can do as you please. I'm wealthy. I'll make you happy. I love you."

"You don't even know my name."

"I love you."

"Mister, you must be out of your head."

"Please. Please."

"A lunatic. Unless you're trying to make fun of me."

"I'm perfectly serious. I assure you."

"A lunatic," she said. "I'm getting out of here!" She leaped up and looked for her clothes. "Jesus, a madman!"

"No," he said, but she was on her way, not even pausing to get dressed, running helter-skelter from the room, her pink buttocks flashing like beacons as she made her escape. The door slammed. He shook his head. He sat rigid for half an hour, an hour, some long timeless span, thinking of Kay, thinking of Group, wondering what they'd be doing tonight, whose turn it was. At length he rose and put on his clothes and left the hotel. A terrible restlessness assailed him. He popped to Karachi and stayed 10 minutes. He popped to Vienna. To Hangchow. He didn't stay. Looking for what? He didn't know. Looking for Kay? Kay didn't exist. Looking. Just looking. Pop. Pop. Pop. 

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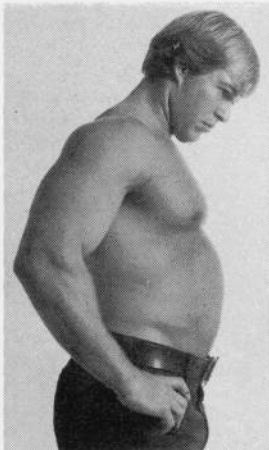
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*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (September, 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. The Chairman of the AMA Committee on Fitness, Dr. Kenneth Rose, agrees. In a nationwide report, he states simply, "YOU HAVE TO WORK OFF THE INCHES".

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VERY GRAND TOURING

by Parker Hodges

The Jensen Interceptor III is something unique in exclusive personal transport. Propelled by an American engine and transmission, clothed in an Italian-designed body, it is crafted in England by a veteran British coachwork firm now under independent U.S. direction. Originally conceived to contain the Ferguson system of four-wheel drive, the enduring Jensen has proved pretty enough and speedy enough to survive the demise of that ill-fated venture. In its latest refinement the car's appeal lies in its rare blend of exoticism and dependability.

It takes 10 weeks to make a Jensen, and the cars trickle out of the West Bromwich plant at the old-world rate of 18 a week—a car can't be hand-assembled at the snap of a finger. Time, they say, is money, and that helps to explain why you'll need about 15 grand to put a Jensen in the drive of your Acapulco casa. There are other reasons. It takes six matched Conolly hides to upholster the interior (the steering wheel is leather-covered). Things like a tape deck, AM/FM radio with electric aerial, air

conditioning, and fire extinguisher are standard items. Then there's the Vignale body, all steel, CO2-welded, with leaded seams so that there are no scars on this hand-made body—just the flow of self-satisfied metal.

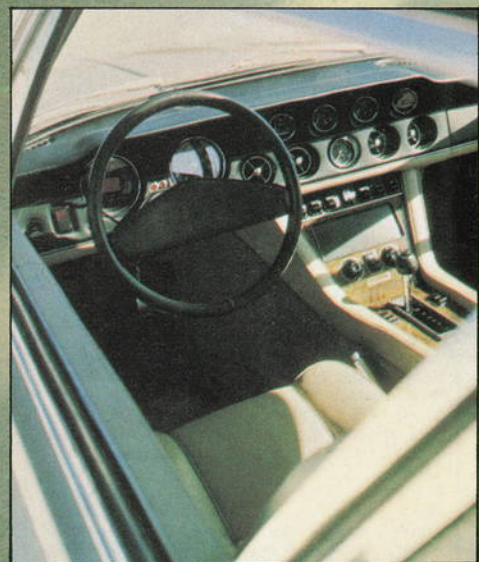
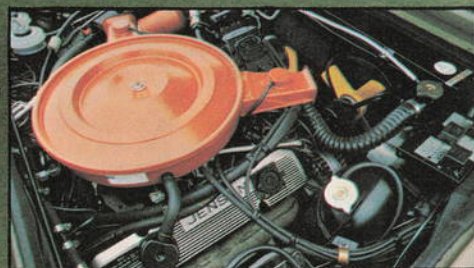
For performance the Jensen has a proven, easily serviced Chrysler powerplant, automatic transmission and power steering, along with Girling disk brakes on all wheels. The engine winds it up to somewhere in the neighborhood of 135-140 mph. Zero to 60 is achieved in under nine seconds—not bad for a luxury car with air conditioning and other drains on the power output.

Cornering, handling? Like it was bolted to the road, smooth and secure. Fat Pirelli tires lay the car on the road like it was tracking a rail. And incidentally, the car seems to be able to go almost anywhere. Of course with a 5.5 inch road clearance it can't be slewed around a quarry or a stump farm, but the wet, semi-hard sand of a Florida beach easily supported the Jensen's two-tons plus, with no spinning

wheels or paranoia about \$15,000 worth of machinery buried hub-deep to await high tide.

But all is not flawless in the Jensen world. The luggage capacity is on the smallish side, only 12 cubic feet. And for back-seat passengers to be comfortable, the Interceptor-III brochure points out that the front seats should be in "mid-position". So a tall driver should plan to have short friends. Fuel consumption is rather high, only 10 or 12 miles to the gallon—but if you can afford a Jensen, chances are you aren't going to be too upset by a little extra on your gas card.

The bodywork is especially fine. A friend who is a car freak of long standing estimates that as much as a third of the Jensen's cost goes into the impeccable detail work on the car. The doors fit, really fit. The chrome detailing everywhere on the body is precise, worked like jewelry. The grille is hand-formed. And the paint glows like a polished stone. Making a car that seems to deserve its high price is a difficult task. But the Jensen—as solid as it looks—is proven quality, proven luxury. It is the real thing. 



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Apathy Now!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

to work on the article, until finally I just let it go by.

"Is somebody else doing it now?" I asked.
"No," he said. "I guess they just didn't care that much whether they got it."

In order to plumb the deepest depths of American apathy, I decided to visit the place where more people care less about more things than anywhere else in the country. Miami. I called my deejay friend Ron Shafran of WBUS, Miami Beach, known to his legion of apathetic FM rock fans as The Cozmick Travler, to double-check my decision. "All I know is, at Burger Kings everywhere else, they hold The Whopper with two hands. In Miami they hold The Whopper with *one* hand, baby—and you ask me is it apathetic here!"

So I came on down, and the first thing I did was go to a birthday party on Key Biscayne. It was held in the palatial mansion of the richest hippy in Miami, and somebody brought an enormous birthday cake in the shape of his name, with 30 joints as candles. The party was very boring, so the guest of honor left early and stayed away most of the evening. I thought when he came back somebody would cut the cake, but instead he went in the bedroom and finally people began to just cadge hunks of cake with their fingers. Nobody lit the candle-joints, nobody sang "Happy Birthday" and finally everybody left without even snoking the dope. It was undoubtedly the most apathetic evening I had ever spent, but I didn't even care enough to leave.

But the most apathetic place in Miami is unquestionably the University of. Last fall, the climactic McGovern rally drew 40 people on a campus with 17,000 students, the vast majority of whom professed to be for the Democratic candidate. On my way into the student union I noted a cracked glass case enclosing one of those black felt bulletin boards with the white plastic letters. On the right side it said "NEVER PUT OFF UNTIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN AVOID ALTOGETHER." On the left was a list of student government officers—from the preceding year.

That very day the *Hurricane*, the student newspaper, had published the results of a survey of student gripes. "Do you fit the image of the average UM student?" the paper had asked. "Yes, apathetic," said the senior who was quoted. "This is my last year here and this school has always been apathetic. It probably always will be, too."

Dr. Butler, the University's Vice-President for Student Affairs, had just returned from a nationwide conference of vice-presidents for student affairs. He said that it was the consensus of his colleagues that it was the winding down of the draft that had caused the dramatic shift in student attitudes. "The absence of that pressure to make a commitment dissolved the common thread that united students in opposition to the war. What we've got now at Miami is a campus of minorities, each interested in only their own problems."

Dr. Butler gave me a lift to the office of the Rev. Thomas Crowder, the Chaplain.

"There's a feeling on this campus that what's going to happen is going to happen," said Crowder, who looked like a minister in an Ingmar Bergman movie. "Kids feel they are in a situation of change over which they have no

control. When people have lost control over the way they live the only alternatives are revolution and apathy. We didn't have a revolution."

In its spasmodic rejection of the values of Western industrial society, the kiddie kounter kulchur of the 60s rushed from everything Western to embrace the basic Eastern existentialist concept of saintly union with the all in-one through spiritual isometrics, passivity and submission. In their dilettantish passion for things redolent of patchouli, they managed to reject the ancient Western tradition of heroic union with the bigger-than-both-of-us through spiritual weightlifting, action and mastery without even discovering that it had been lost, let alone attempting to recover and experience it.

The passivity inculcated by the various toy gurus and proselytized by the orientophilic bigmouths of kiddie kulchur (e.g. the Beatles' "Let it be") too often transfigured common occidental laziness into ersatz devotional ardor. Suggest that a freak get off his ass and it was as if you'd asked the Pope to bless a Trojan-Erz. This was okay as long as the hippoids were sitting at one end of the teeter-totter and the activities at the other. But when the activities suddenly excused themselves to go make brain wee-wee it left the great seesaw of youthcult rather heavily weighted toward the passives on the saw end.

The turbaned God Squad of the '60s bears a heavy load of responsibility for Consciousness IV, which none of them seems to be holy enough to cop to, though I notice some of them have a hard time looking you in the third eye.

Fakirs on the make, anxious to achieve saintly union with the Learjet Corporation, still humbly slap down plastic at the Air India counter in New Delhi, and before you can say kiss-my-



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How To Organize a Group Sex Party: The title explains it all. Written by a psychiatrist.

How to Turn on a Sex-Lazy Husband: The internationally famous sexologist, Dr Robert Chartham suggests ways by which a wife can arouse her mate.

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You'll enjoy reading the May issue of Forum now on sale at your news-stand. However, if you're having trouble finding Forum and if the news-stand is always sold out, why don't you take out a year's subscription and at the same time save two dollars on the twelve copies of Forum? The cost is only \$10 for "the best thing that will influence your sex life since the pill!"

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It so happened that who should arrive on the University of Miami campus—that frenetic vortex of classically western hyperactivity, superhuman striving, Faustian overreaching, Will to Power and *Ding an Sich*—while I was apathetically poking around, but the Perfect Master himself. The Yogi Bhajan went immediately to where this seething tempest of human strife was about to pop its whitehead—the Episcopal Center—and gave a free introductory lesson to a group of students eager to find spiritual respite from the unremitting turbulence of worldly concern that swirled about them.

First we chanted some syllables in one of India's 1,652 languages and dialects which the Yogi Bhajan, dressed all in guess-what-color, assured us was *the* mantra. Then we were all silent for a while except for a few farts from the groom's family's side. Two people in front of me got up and left. I guess they probably saw God—either that or their car was on a meter. Then the Yogi Bhajan led us all in a chorus of the Incredible String Band tune that goes "May the longtime sun shine upon you dum de dum dum dum dum dum dum de dum dum." Then the Yogi Bhajan said: "This is my method, I have taught it to you freely. If you like it, use it. If you don't like it, don't use it. If it works for you, fine. If it doesn't work for you, call me collect." With that, he arose and departed, led by his followers.

P.S. He forgot to give his phone number.

Many pundits have tried to account for the massive public apathy over the Watergate bugging and the Nixon campaign fund scandal by noting that people don't trust politicians anyway and expect them to deal off the bottom of the deck. But this is trying to attribute the fact that the public doesn't want to *do* anything about untrustworthy public "servants" to the very fact that they found them untrustworthy. Sociologists Edward McDill and Jeanne Ridley once wrote an article for the *American Journal of Sociology* postulating that "political alienation involves . . . apathy as a response to political powerlessness [and] also a general distrust of political leaders who are the wielders of this power. "Note that "also": it means that you could have general distrust of political leaders independent of apathy. Apathy was a *separate phenomenon*, a response to a feeling of powerlessness. In other words, the crucial component of apathy is the realization that we have allowed public "servants" to become public *masters*, and that since we don't have the power to get them backstairs again, we might as well keep quiet about it and not remind ourselves how powerless we are every night on the Seven o'Clock News.

Information glut is one of the most powerful factors responsible for apathy. Liberal theory has always been that "if only people knew, they would care." But the cumulative effect of the unprecedented flow of news of trendy injustices to masses of people, particularly via television, has been the opposite. The human capacity for empathy and sympathy is sizeable

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but finite. If people are asked to care about too many things at once they must spread that capacity so thin that instead of caring deeply about two or three situations they care hardly at all about 100. Public opinion polls feed apathy by validating the notion that people should have opinions about everything. A good working rule would be that people who have opinions about too many things care about too few things. The Gallup and Harris polls would reflect the true state of American public opinion more accurately if they made it possible for respondents to answer not just "Yes" "No" and "Don't Know", but "Don't care".

Recently, researching apathy, I attended the Milton Berle Show featuring Abbe Lane at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas. We sat with Mr & Mrs Nate Lipson. Mr Lipson, a Los Angeles liquor dealer, explained that he and his wife had met in a Displaced Persons camp after having spent the war in concentration camps. "The trouble with young people over the last 10 years," he said, "is that they were always worried about what was happening to other people—Vietnamese, grape pickers, anybody but themselves. *We cared about ourselves and each other, that's how we survived to be able to care about others!*" The hyper-concern of the late '60s was largely vicarious, and as soon as the going got rough it was shifted right back to yours truly. Caring begins with the self; apathy ends with it.

An instructor at the City College of New York has published a book called *Generations*, the theses of which are that youthful social "involvement" during the '60s was largely mythical and that, moreover, of three distinct "generations" he identified among college youth in 1971, the eldest (those born between 1939 and 1945) had been the most involved,

the younger ones (those born between 1946 and 1950) less so, and the youngest (those born between 1951 and 1954, barely awake, let alone involved).

Adelman surveyed 530 students at 12 colleges and universities, mostly in the supposedly "politically active" Northeast. If they were "concerned", many were concerned about things they knew little about. 32% of the youngest group couldn't name the Secretary of Defense. 67% couldn't name the Chief Justice of the United States—and only 62.5% of the eldest group could, either. 34% of the youngest had no idea what J. William Fulbright "does for a living". 54% of the eldest had never heard of Lon Nol. 62% of the younger group and 82% of the youngest; so much for the intellectual depth of the Cambodia/Kent State "crisis" which seemed to be the peak of "concern". 43% of the youngest didn't know who Ernest Medina is, 92% drew a blank on Sam Ervin (a whopping 37.5% of the eldest could identify him), and 55% wouldn't know Cesar Chavez from Juan Valdez. (Lest you think these people's ignorance was confined to the political arena, 58% of the oldies couldn't name the originator of the geodesic dome, 64% had no idea who wrote *Magister Ludi*, 57.5% couldn't peg Eric Clapton as some sort of musician, 38% of the youngies didn't know that James Earl Jones is an actor, 63% of the middles didn't know whether Altamont was animal, vegetable or mineral.)

Adelman coined a name for "the principle of . . . utilizing a 'radical' political line to cover one's lack of commitment to counter politics": politibullshit.

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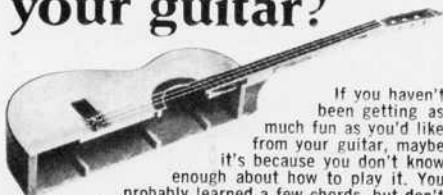
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Cambodia invasion demonstration, one was on her way to a music class and another was on his way to a military tactics class, wearing his ROTC uniform?

Recently social psychologist Donald L. Thistlethwaite of Vanderbilt U., Nashville, Tenn., published the results of a three year study of college activism which began with the 1968-69 academic year and ended with 1970-71. There are several surprising figures in the study. For instance, between '68-'69 and '69-'70, the number of students supporting demonstrations protesting the Vietnam war shot from 3.4% to 53.7%. By '70-'71 the number had skidded to 21%. Yet during the same period, the percentage of kids who said they agreed with the statement, "It is against my principles to participate in war and the killing of other people" went from 41.6 to 57.8 to 71.8%. In other words, the more students who opposed the war, the fewer did anything about it. Not caring is bad enough. But caring, but not caring enough about what you do care about to actually *do* anything is really limp.

The apathy of 1972-3 is as much a reaction to the overenthusiasm of the '60s as it is to current non-events. Isn't the situation today pretty much as the German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche saw it in the late 1880s? In *The Will To Power*, Nietzsche analyzed nihilism—from the Latin *nihil*, nothing—the theory that when you come right down to it, moral value judgments don't amount to a hill of beans. "Nihilism as a psychological state will . . . be reached . . . when we have sought a 'meaning' in all events that is not there; so the seeker eventually becomes discouraged. Nihilism, then, is the recognition of the long waste of strength . . . the lack of any opportunity to recover and to regain composure—being ashamed in front of oneself,

as if one had *deceived* oneself all too long."

Substitute the word "apathy" for Nietzsche's "nihilism" and we see that he would be perfectly at home in the spring of 1973: apathy is nothing but nihilism in action. Or should I say inaction?

The apathy of the '70s incorporates a heavy quotient of what sociologists call "anomie." The term was coined from the Greek word for "lawlessness" by Emile Durkheim in the 1890s to describe a social phenomenon which he believed was caused by industrialization. "Industrial and commercial life escapes all regulation," he wrote. "One no longer knows what is possible and what is not, what is just and what is unjust; which claims and hopes are legitimate and which are beyond the limits." The competitiveness that the individual must cultivate in order to survive causes a breakdown in his relationships with the groups that used to enforce moral values. When an individual recognizes only those rules of conduct that are based on covering his own ass, that's anomie. When masses of Americans are too busy covering their own asses to be bothered with the fact that their collective social/environmental ass is out there singing to the moon from the rear window of a '54 Merc, that's apathy.

Back in 1968, when you didn't go to a campus or a political convention without your helmet and flak jacket and all you had to do to get people to join an organization was make sure the word "Concerned" was in its name, psychologist Rollo May was writing that "apathy is . . . a dominant mood emerging in our day." The theme of *Love and Will*, which went on to become a bestseller the following year, was that the opposite of love is not hate but apathy—as May defines it, "want of feeling; lack of passion, emotion, or excitement; indifference." At a time when more enthusiastic observers thought they were seeing an explosion of involvement in social causes, May believed that we were descending into what British psychiatrist R. D. Laing had described as "a hell of frenetic passivity."

"This affectlessness," said May, "is a shrinking-up in the winds of continuous demands, a freezing in the face of hyperstimuli . . ." May postulated that apathy causes sexual impotence—an interesting theory in the light of recent hoo-hah about "the new impotence" among males. He went on to describe the typical case of the patient complaining of premature ejaculation, whose physician recommends an anaesthetic ointment to be applied to the penis. He characterizes this way of dealing with impotence as "making one's self *feel less* in order to perform better." It would seem that this is precisely the social function of the new apathy—mass-psychological Dé-Lâ ointment.

During the '60s many Movement people drew inspiration from Henry David Thoreau, the one who went to live alone at Walden Pond during the Mexican-American war. A lot of them think he stayed there the rest of his life. In fact he returned to "civilization" after two years for the same reason as he left—"because", he said, "I was ready to go". In his *Journal* there is a passage called "The Self, Lost and Found".

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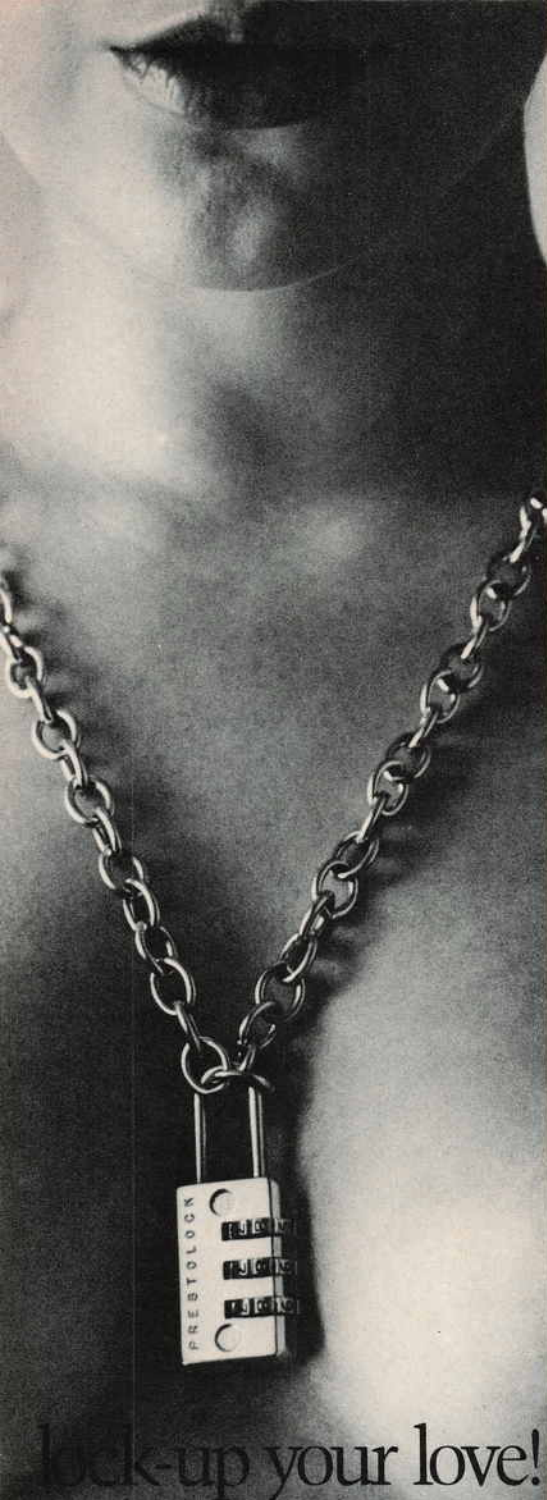
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Pacific Pinks

by Lionel Braun



To criticize rosé wines because of their lack of complexity is akin to complaining about a Rockette because she doesn't have a Ph.D. So it is not surprising that the wonderfully hued rosés and their pale-pink cousins the *vins gris* should have a ready appeal to a modern generation of empirically-minded adults. It's not unnatural that they are influenced by the appearance of wine, or *sa robe* as the French say.

In California, where twice as much wine per head is consumed as anywhere else in the United States, there is a trend to enjoy table wine as an appetizer as well as to drink later on with the meal, and for an evening pickmeup young fresh fruity rosés from California are hard to beat. Furthermore, unlike some European versions, the West Coast pinks are dry and provocatively edgy. The latest addition to the wine list of excellent West Coast pinks is a rosé of the Navalle family which, all by itself, could serve to reverse completely the out-of-date prejudice against rosé wines.

The contemporary Californian, whose droopy mustache has been dampened down by an hour or so on the homelap freeway, starts to sleeken up when his car is parked and he begins sipping his first wine of the evening. And, instead of dry sherry or a traditional aperitif, very often he chooses one of the state's great bunch of rosés. Among the more prominent pink table wines are Grenache, Gamay, Cabernet (rare, but recommended), Zinfandel (the most popular) and Grignolino, all of which are named from the principal grape used. Among popular generic labels are Beaulieu, Château Vin Rosé, Mount Nectar and Vin Rosé Sec.

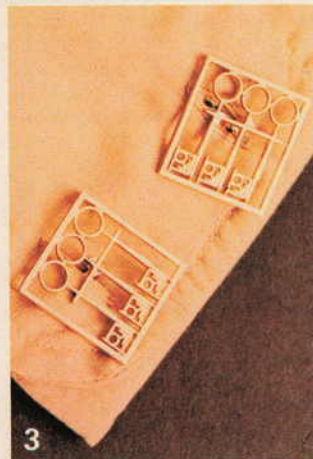
Quite apart from what might be seen as a merely trendy use of pinks for sunset and sun-downer use, the appreciation of pink tablewines

has also been marred by the mistaken notion that, as a group, they are the wines most often selected by hick imbibers. Too often, snobbish wine critics conjure up the picture of an embarrassed customer who opts for a "middle of the road" rosé to escape the wine waiter's scorn. The fact is that pink-hued wines were probably the best and most popular wines available until the end of the 18th century. All along the Mediterranean, rosé is the indispensable adjunct to fish and fowl.

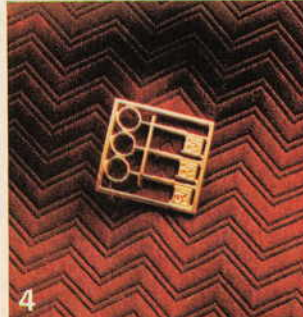
Since the juice of all grapes is colorless, how are rosés produced? Though there are still some pink wines that are no more than a cocktail blend of white and red wines, the true rosé is traditionally made by feeding special varieties of red grapes through the crusher and directly into a vat, complete with their skins, to begin fermentation. The colorless juice for rosé takes on a light pink color from the skins and then is immediately run off into another vat to complete fermentation without them.

As far as one can generalize, the majority of white wines are at their best around three years after bottling, rosés at around two years after. A potentially great red wine takes far longer. Until the "invention" of the cork—which by a happy accident of nature allows just enough air to reach the bottled wine, but not so much as to encourage the growth of vinegar bacteria—red wines could not be preserved and developed to reach the fantastically mellow old age that is possible today. Formerly, rosés were the premier wines of Europe mainly because of the problems involved in creating and cellaring worthwhile reds. Today the rosés are making a comeback on their own merits among those who readily appreciate that the essence of winemanship is variety. 

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A SOUTHERN SHERIFF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

treated myself. There's nothing worse than finding yourself behind bars."

Which brings us to the sheriff's thoughts on law and order. He doesn't know how they do things in New York, California, or down in Miami; all he knows is that he has to keep certain things in mind in Carter County.

(1) A man who's caught committing the same crime twice is a goner. The first time may have been a mistake; you can scare or lecture him into going straight. But when it happens twice, forget it. To the end of the man's life he's going to be in trouble. Your only hope is that he leaves the county or is shot.

(2) Boys from broken homes get in more trouble than those not.

(3) Longtime churchgoers do not commit crimes of passion; they commit wrongs perhaps, but not in the sheriff's bailiwick.

(4) Prostitutes *per se* do not cause trouble.

(5) Any man with the least bit of Indian blood goes crazy on drink.

The sheriff also believes that trouble is averted by just showing that he and his men are around: the slow-moving squad car, the uniformed officer at a ball game, the picture in the paper of a still being axed to pieces.

On Saturday night the sheriff cruises the trouble spots: The Big B Drive-In, a row of mobile homes, an out-of-the-way filling station. Sullen youths swivel their heads as the squad car passes, lowering their cans of beer, but all is quiet. The first haul of the evening comes when a team of deputies brings in five boys after a raid on a mobile home. A tip had come in that drugs were being taken there, and a search warrant was issued. Now the stunned-looking boys fidget in the fluorescent-lit reception room, giving up their valuables and doing what they're told. The oldest is 17, in Frye boots, tasseled jacket, and shoulder-length hair. All are outfitted in styles that wouldn't be out of place at a rock concert or on the streets of Greenwich Village. It comes as a shock then when they open their mouths and a mountain twang comes out.

"You ain't a-goin' to tell my daddy about this aire you?" a stocky boy, with bushy sideburns and corduroy bell-bottoms, says. "I'd sure be obliged if you'd let me get to him first."

"You're a Bingham, ain't you?" the sheriff says, studying the boy's features. "Well, you've got to have some grown-up relative come down to get you out. Maybe we can get a hold of an uncle or something. But you got to tell your daddy before you appear in court. You understand that?"

"Yes, sir. He ain't going to like her, but I'll do hit."

"He's more afraid of his daddy than he is of jail," the sheriff says, as the boys are led away to the drunk tank. "That's a good sign."

The "evidence" uncovered in the mobile home is contained in a small paper bag which is passed around the reception room. There are hypodermic syringes, among other items, and a large glob of glue whose aroma is not unpleasant. One frail, stoop-shouldered deputy tries to explain the attraction of sniffing glue, recounting the delirium he had experienced

recently while painting his bathroom with the windows shut. "I went on a high, I want to tell you. It was the cheapest drunk I ever got on."

All look off sagely, nodding, trying to remember any similar experience. It is extremely important to *understand*, to delve into one's own make-up and discover any links with those technically on the other side. And so another Saturday night passes, one calmer than usual, with only one grand larceny and nine booked for public drunkenness. The sheriff calls it quits at around 1:30, after a 16-hour day, leaving word with the deputy at the desk to give him a call if anything really big develops in the night. Tomorrow being the sabbath he'll only have to put in a token appearance with time to lounge around home and eat a big dinner in peace.

Sheriff Buckles lives in a spotless home on land inherited from his father, 100 acres of black river bottom land. He grows an allotment of burley tobacco and has a herd of white-faced cattle, all work being done by his teenage son or by himself when he can spare a few hours. He has not only been elected to the office of sheriff three times for two-year terms, he has been defeated three times. When not in office he works as a bulldozer operator, a solitary and outdoors way of life he enjoys. How did he ever become sheriff?

"Well, in politics around here there are just certain people who come up to you and say you'd make a good candidate and ought to run. You don't know why they pick you out. Nobody runs as a Democrat or a Republican because everybody's already a Republican. And you don't make speeches or anything either. The people vote you in or out for reasons I really don't understand myself."

One thing the people want in Carter County is peace and quiet—most of them, the voters. And the sheriff must walk that fine line between enforcing the law too much or not enough. Always the example of what *not* to do is the case of a sheriff in neighboring Washington County circa 1950. He ran on a platform to end all vice and bootlegging, the standard promise from all candidates, only in this instance he set out to do just that. He raided the Country Club, catching preachers and judges lifting a few. He hauled in surgeons for fornicating, reporters for gambling, and fruit stand vendors for selling on Sunday. He lasted a term, and is still regarded in awe.

Sheriff Buckles knows that many people take a drink behind closed doors. (In Carter County only beer is sold legally, in highly regulated package stores.) What he feels he must do is crack down just enough on bootleggers to keep them well under control, to keep things behind doors and not let loose on the streets. In times past a Carter County sheriff spent 85% of his time raiding stills and closing in on bootleggers, but with the modern introduction of dope and so much burglary he spends less and less time in that pursuit.

But he must keep his hand in. And on Monday he receives a tip that there is a still perking away in a hollow at Lick Branch. The anonymous telephone message comes from a woman, as most do, someone with a grudge. In late afternoon the sheriff pulls his squad car onto the graveled parking lot of the Holly Springs Free Will Baptist Church, down in Dry Branch, keeping radio contact with Jerry Weaver, the jailer, who's moving through the bush at Lick Branch with a walkie-talkie. The sheriff must keep his car well away from the area until the still is located; otherwise, the word will spread like wildfire and the still evaporate.

"One-five-one to walkie-talkie. One-five-one to walkie-talkie."

"Walkie-talkie to one-five-one. I read you."

"Any sign?"

"Negative. I hain't seen nothing all over the durn hollow. Ten-four."

"Ten-four." The Sheriff snaps off his hand mike. "Looks like we got us another water haul. Sometimes these women who call in can't give you directions. They get too hysterical."

We drive back at twilight toward the jail. New prosperous-looking housing dots both sides of the winding, macadam road. The sheriff remembers when there was not one house along this stretch, only green pasture for as far as the eye could see. He doesn't read books, can't remember the last picture show he saw, and for all he knows Clark Gable still lives. He is not all that keen on TV either, except to watch University of Tennessee football games. Everything, in fact, that emanates from the Outside has the eerie effect of maybe not happening at all. The sheriff is too sophisticated, though, to blame everything that displeases him on Communists, and he appears far less upset by Supreme Court decisions than the Average New York City policeman—except that the suspicion arises that the sheriff might not pay all that much attention to what the Supreme Court says in the first place. To him Carter County is all that counts.

And now before one neat white-framed home he slows, eyes darting over the grounds. "Somebody's been shooting the lights out of this place like clockwork, and it beats me why. They're good people, used to run a store . . ." Something clicks in the Sheriff's head, and he presses down on the gas, eyes happily back on the road. "Maybe they didn't give someone credit once."

He can understand a motive now, and all's right with Carter County once again. 

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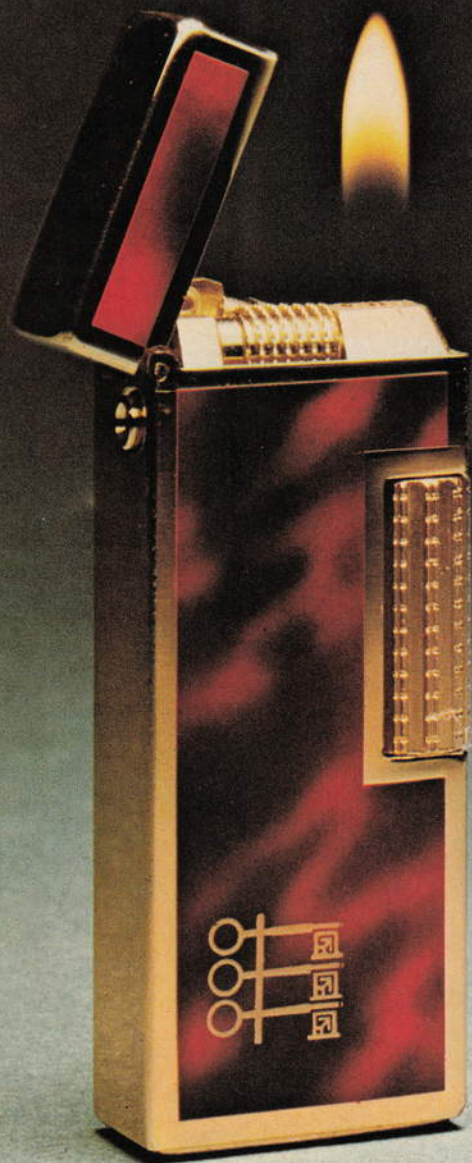
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(text and photos by George M. Hester)

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